6.14.24.

LIBRARY OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PRINCETON, N. J.

BV 3680 .R32 B893
Sunderland, J. P.
Mission life in the islands
of the Pacific

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY JOHN SNOW & CO.

Sixty-first Thousand. This day is Published, with Engravings, a New and Cheap Edition, for world-wide circulation, price only One Shilling, originally 12*s.*, of the Noble Work,

NARRATIVE OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISES

in the SOUTH SEA ISLANDS. By the Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, with an Introductory Notice, including a History of the New Missionary Ship, by the Rev. Dr. Tidman.

John Williams' Missionary Enterprises, Shilling Edition.—"The tens of thousands of Sunday-scholars who have contributed to the building of the new missionary ship, 'John Williams,' should be informed that the wonderful tale of missionary enterprise, written and published by the Martyr of Erromanga himself, may now be had for one shilling. It was originally a goodly twelve shilling octavo; and now, in connection with the building and equipment of a new ship, Mr. Snow ventures to publish it for one shilling. It is a venture, and nothing but a very large sale can prevent its being a loss."—*Christian Witness*, December, 1865.

Cheap Edition, Sixth Thousand, now ready, with beautiful full-length Portrait, etc., price 3*s.*, or in 8vo, price 12*s.*,

THE LIFE OF THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS,

Missionary. Compiled from his Journals, Correspondence, and other Authentic Sources. By the Rev. E. PROUT, Home Secretary of the London Missionary Society.

Nineteenth Thousand, beautifully illustrated, Cheap Edition, price 3*s.*; or the Library Edition, cloth, 12*s.*,

MISSIONARY LABOURS AND SCENES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

By the Rev. ROBERT MOFFAT, Twenty-three Years an Agent of the London Missionary Society in that Continent.

This day is published, in crown 8vo, cloth lettered, 3*s.* 6*d.*,

CHRISTIAN FRUITFULNESS; or, Practical Developments of Spiritual Life.

By Rev. JOSIAH VINEY.

"This volume deserves the earnest study of both ministers and people. It is a book which, if thought over and prayed over, will be the means of a true revival to many a heart."—*Christian Witness.*

Sixth Edition, bound in cloth elegant, price 3*s.* 6*d.*,

GLIMPSES OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME; or, the Destiny of the Glorified.

By the Author of "Life at Bethany."

"A beautiful book on a theme full of loveliness and glory. Our readers will be greatly charmed and edified with so valuable a companion for many an hour of devout meditation."—*Baptist Magazine.*

Second Edition, fcap. 8vo, cloth elegant, price 3*s.*,

LIFE AT BETHANY; or, the Words and Tears of Jesus.

By the Author of "Glimpses of our Heavenly Home," etc., etc.

Fourth Thousand, cloth lettered, price 2*s.* 6*d.*,

THE DOMESTIC ALTAR; or, Prayers for the Use of Families.

With Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings. By the Rev. E. TEMPLE.

Second Edition, post 8vo, cloth lettered, 5*s*.,

SELF-MADE MEN. By Rev. W. ANDERSON.

Twenty-sixth Thousand, crown 8vo, cloth, with Portrait, 4*s*.,

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER TRIUMPHING OVER DEATH; a Narrative of the Closing Scenes in the Life of the late W. Gordon, M.D., F.L.S. By the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

This day is published, with Map and Illustrations, in One Volume 8vo, cloth lettered, price 10*s*. 6*d*.,

MISSIONS IN WESTERN POLYNESIA; being Historical Sketches of these Missions from their commencement in 1839 to the present time. By A. W. MURRAY, Twenty-five Years a Missionary in Polynesia in connection with the London Missionary Society.

Wedding Present. Twenty-seventh Thousand, cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*.; in white silk, 2*s*. 6*d*.,

COUNSELS TO A NEWLY-WEDDED PAIR; or, Friendly Suggestions to Husbands and Wives. A Companion for the Honeymoon, and a Remembrancer for Life. By the Rev. JOHN MORISON, D.D.

Two Handsome Volumes, 8vo, with Portrait, cloth lettered, 21*s*.,

LECTURES ON CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY. By the late Rev. GEORGE PAYNE, LL.D., Professor of Divinity in the Western College. With Reminiscences by Rev. RALPH WARDLAW, D.D.

Fifth Edition, 8vo, cloth, 8*s*. 6*d*.,

ELEMENTS OF MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE. By the Rev. GEORGE PAYNE, LL.D.

Sixth Thousand, in fcap. 8vo, price 2*s*. 6*d*., cloth,

THE MOTHER'S PRACTICAL GUIDE in the Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Training of her Children; with Additional Chapters on "Our Elder Sons and Daughters," and on the "Claims and Responsibilities of Grandmothers and Stepmothers." By Mrs. J. BAKEWELL.

Fourth Edition, price 2*s*.; in cloth case, 2*s*. 6*d*.,

SUGGESTIVE CONVERSATION CARDS, on Intellectual and Moral Subjects. Designed for Social Parties. By Mrs. J. BAKEWELL.

Second Thousand, this day is published, in One Handsome Volume, 8vo, beautifully illustrated, cloth, 12*s*.,

NINETEEN YEARS IN POLYNESIA. Missionary Life, Travels, and Researches in the Islands of the Pacific. By the Rev. GEORGE TURNER, of the London Missionary Society.

Tenth Thousand, 18mo, sewed, 1*s*.; cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*.,

THE YOUTH'S KEY TO THE BIBLE; including the Evidences and History of the Sacred Books, and a Dictionary of every Important Word in the Old and New Testaments. Adapted for the use of Families and Schools and Bible-classes. By the Rev. T. TIMPSON.

MISSION LIFE

IN THE

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

Yours faithfully
Aaron Bugacott

D. R. Brown 1868

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
JUN 14 1924
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

MISSION LIFE

IN THE

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

BEING

A NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE AND LABOURS

OF

THE REV. A. BUZACOTT,

MISSIONARY OF RAROTONGA, FOR SOME TIME CO-WORKER WITH THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, MARTYR OF ERROMANGA.

EDITED BY

THE REV. J. P. SUNDERLAND AND THE REV. A. BUZACOTT, B.A.

WITH

PREFACE BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON.

LONDON:

JOHN SNOW AND CO.,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1866.

HARRILD PRINTER LONDON

"I SING the men who left their home,
Amidst barbarian hordes to roam,
Who land and ocean crossed;
Led by a load-star, marked on high
By Faith's unseen, all-seeing eye,
To seek and save the lost;
Where'er the curse on Adam spread,
To call his offspring from the dead.

"Strong in the great Redeemer's name,
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
And like their Master here,
Wrestled with danger, pain, distress,
Hunger, and cold, and nakedness,
And every form of fear;
To feel his love their only joy,
To tell that love their sole employ."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PREFACE.

THE records of a missionary's life may fairly be expected to contain much that is of great and varied interest. The missionary combines characteristics not often found in combination. He is necessarily a traveller, and often in remote and unfamiliar countries; of which he is sometimes the discoverer and explorer. He is, moreover, a resident, and has peculiar opportunities for becoming acquainted with things which the mere traveller either sees cursorily or does not see at all. Missionaries, therefore, have contributed very largely to our knowledge of new countries and races of men, and to various departments of science. In the early years of missions the missionary is also the witness, often the only intelligent witness of the greatest transformation that a people can undergo, their trans-

formation, namely, from barbarism to civilization, from heathenism to Christianity; and wherever, in modern times at least, this transformation has been effected, the missionary has been not only the witness but the instrument of it. Neither science nor commerce records such achievements—only religion. Even to the mere philosopher or politician, no possible process can have such deep and manifold interest as the twofold birth of a nation—the birth of its civil and the birth of its religious life. So that in the interests of science merely, the history of these by an intelligent and conscientious witness is of very great value; and science has often done grateful honour to the missionary explorer and discoverer on this account. Commerce, again, is as deeply interested in the discoveries, achievements, and information of the missionary, as science. When a people is thus redeemed from savagery, and introduced into the community of civilized nations, new fields of produce and new markets for manufactures are opened. It would be difficult to estimate the commercial value of modern missions.

But the chief interest of missions is the moral and religious transformations which they effect. To a

religious man, accustomed to estimate things by their moral and religious character, nothing can be so interesting as the record of the religious conversion of a people, their "turning from idols to serve the living and true God."

On any intelligent estimate of history, indeed, these are its great formative epochs; the conquest of one nation by the armies of another, the subversion of one dynasty and the establishment of another—the events upon which historians usually dilate, may leave the inner life of a nation altogether untouched, and do not often, perhaps, touch it very deeply; but the religious conversion of a people is a radical change of their inner life itself, and determines all the principles and impulses of their future actions. Just as in individual men, there is no change so radical and causative as religious conversion, so it is in a collective people. The history of the Bible is occupied entirely with this; all its estimates are founded upon this. In every respect it is infinitely more momentous than any other possible event. Of this change the missionary is often the witness, the means, and the historian. He is ever furnishing fresh "Acts of the Apostles;" and if in the destinies of the

future, any people thus converted become a great and dominant nation in the earth, the missionary will, in its history, rank as its apostle ; and the interest will attach to him that among ourselves attaches to Augustine, and to the first preachers of Christianity in Britain.

There is the further interest which religious men feel in the future of the kingdom of Christ. The conversion of unspiritual men in Christian countries is, of course, as important as the conversion of heathen men. But it is not an acquisition so palpable, a progress so sensible. It is the completion of Christian work rather than its inauguration, the perfecting of national Christianity rather than its introduction. But when, after more or less of external appeal, and preparatory process, a "nation is born in a day," idolatry is abjured, and Christian beliefs avowed, our Christian sympathies are more vividly and variously appealed to. We "thank God and take courage."

This varied interest, which has hitherto attached to modern missions, will necessarily diminish. We cannot always be discovering countries and converting nations. The work of the missionary will be increasingly a ministry to Christianized men, like our ministry at home.

It has been Mr. Buzacott's privilege to have taken his place among missionary pioneers. He was not among the first missionaries of the London Missionary Society. These, with but few exceptions, had fallen asleep before he went to the South Seas. He had, however, large experience of the kind that has been referred to. In some instances he reaped that for which his predecessors had sown, witnessed the transformation for which they had laboured. In many other instances he both prepared for the result and saw its realization. One of the companions and coadjutors of John Williams, he witnessed and took part in many of the remarkable triumphs of Christianity which that great Christian apostle has recorded, and which in their marvellousness surpass the imagination of romance; and if this narrative of what he did, and of what he saw, do not produce the almost wild, but very natural excitement of the "Missionary Enterprises," it will be only because there can be but one first.

During the greater part of his five years' visit to England (1847—1851), Mr. Buzacott was a communicant with the church under my pastoral care. His quiet goodness, his unostentatious devoutness, his varied, intelligent, and untiring usefulness, won for him

a high place in my esteem, and a warm place in my heart. Nor can less be said of his estimable wife, whose influence in her own sphere was greatly and beneficially felt in the church.

What Mr. Buzacott was, how he laboured, and in what esteem he was held by his brethren in the mission-field and his brethren at home, will be learnt from the following pages. Pre-eminently may it be said of him, that he was "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and much people was added to the Lord." "He served his own generation according to the will of God, and now he has fallen asleep."

HENRY ALLON.

CANONBURY, *May 4th*, 1866.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION xix

CHAPTER I.

THE EDUCATION OF A MISSIONARY.

Early days—A mother's influence—Conversion—Rev. R. Knill—A missionary family and its influence on his future career—College life—Rev. James Parsons—Ordination and marriage—Embarkation for Tahiti ..... 1—14

CHAPTER II.

TAHITI.

New scenes—First attempts at cabinet-making—Enthusiasm of the natives—A novel invitation—Appeal to force ..... 15—22

CHAPTER III.

RAROTONGA AND REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

A coral island—A missionary's reception—First native service—A new dialect—Progress of the Mission—The Rev. John Williams—A primitive smithy—"The Messenger of Peace".. 25—36

CHAPTER IV.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

PAGE

New Mission-house—Privations—Order produces discontent—Seduction—Incendiarism—"All's well"—A midnight note—An incendiary caught in the act—Trial and judgment—Conspiracy against chiefs and missionaries—War against Jehovah—Epidemic—A young chief's confession—Emigration—Illness of Mr. Buzacott—Grievous famine—Voyage to Tahiti—Advice of the brethren—Printing—Conviction of sin—Cannibalism—The first four communicants—A new day—Zeal of converts—Numerous inquirers—Triumphs ..... 37—60

CHAPTER V.

SCHOOLS.

Ignorance of the natives—Curious view of the alphabet—Adult and juvenile schools—Primitive slates and pencils—Lack of school-books—Gratifying progress of the pupils—High school for girls—General results ..... 63—72

CHAPTER VI.

ADULT CLASSES.

Origin of adult classes—Order—Evening conversations—Curious origin of sun and moon—Novel view of eclipses—An electric machine—Candidates for church-fellowship—Weekly class-meetings—Tumu—Abera—Vakapora—Specimens of native speeches. 73—83

CHAPTER VII.

HURRICANES AND FAMINES.

Cyclone of 1831—Total destruction of the settlement—Consequent famine—Introduction of new articles of diet—Mr. Armitage—Failure of cotton manufacture—Cyclone of 1846—Some stone buildings withstand the hurricane—Table of fall and rise of barometer ..... 84—97

CHAPTER VIII.

MEDICAL PRACTICE.

PAGE

The dispensary—Successful practice—General character of native diseases—Teatai, Elephantiasis, a nondescript disorder described by Mr. Hunt and Captain Belcher—Foreign diseases—Causes of decrease of population ..... 98—112

CHAPTER IX.

MISSIONARY VOYAGES.

An evening at Aitutaki—Tahiti—Queen Pomare learns some new tunes—1832—First visit to Samoa in 1834—Sailor-Lotus—Second visit to Samoa in 1836 in "Dunotar Castle"—A surprise—Introduction of new missionaries—Teava—Visitation of the native settlements—Tangipo—Joe Gimlet—Gratitude of Samoan brethren ..... 113—128

CHAPTER X.

NATIVE AGENCY.

Origin and establishment of first native college in South Sea Islands—Description of training—New Mission College—Story of Teava as an evangelist—180 evangelists ..... 131—138

CHAPTER XI.

MAKEA, CHIEF OF RAROTONGA.

His reluctance to abandon idolatry—Camera obscura—His height, size, weight, heathen character—Visits Tahiti—Circumstances of his conversion—His trial and condemnation—His consistent life and happy death ..... 141—152

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO AUSTRALIA, AND INSPECTION OF MISSION STATIONS IN WESTERN POLYNESIA.

Departure—Aitutaki—Savage Island—Manua—Tutuila—Upolu—Savaii—Location of native evangelists—Rotuma—Erromanga—

PAGE

Tanna — Nena — Fotuma — Aneityum — Mare — Lifu — Isle of Pines—New Caledonia—Sydney—Return voyage—Rarotonga —Children sent to England ..... 153—175

CHAPTER XIII.

TRANSLATIONS AND THE PRESS.

A new language—No books—Translations—Division of labour— Complete list of books translated, and printed at Mission-press at Rarotonga—The noblest monument ..... 176—188

CHAPTER XIV.

VISIT TO ENGLAND, AND RETURN WITH FIRST COMPLETE EDITION OF THE RAROTONGAN BIBLE.

Serious illness—Advised to visit England—Sorrow of the natives— Speeches—Tahiti—Death of Mr. Smee—First sight of locomotive engines—George Hitchcock, Esq.—Children—An aged Christian mother—South-Moulton—Dartmouth—Translations —Kiro—London—Return with Bible, viâ Tasmania—Australia and Eastward Islands—A Rarotongan welcome to their missionary—A spiritual harvest ..... 191—207

CHAPTER XV.

THE MISSIONARY ARCHITECT.

The original native shed—The first settlement—Homes—Wattle cottages—Streets — New chapel — Hurricanes — New town— Captain Sir Edward Belcher describes settlement in 1840— Coral cottages—Mission College in 1843—Coral Gothic church in 1853 ..... 208—220

CHAPTER XVI.

FAREWELL TO RAROTONGA.

Manifold labours—Care of the whole Mission, of press and of college —Dangerous illness—Determines to leave Rarotonga—Distress of

PAGE

the natives—The missionary bishop—A little grave—The last Sunday—A weeping multitude—"The bitterness of death"—Out-stations—Pukapuka—Sydney ..... 221—235

CHAPTER XVII.

RAROTONGA IN 1828 AND IN 1857.

Contrasts in Appearance and Dress—in Dwellings—in Diet—in Employments—in Education—in Laws—and in Religion 236—246

CHAPTER XVIII.

LAST DAYS.

Improved health—Forms auxiliary societies in several colonies—General agent for South Sea Mission—Last illness—Happy death—Funeral—General expression of grief..... 247—257

CHAPTER XIX.

ENGLISH AND NATIVE ESTIMATE OF HIS WORK AND WORTH.

Dr. Livingstone's estimate of missionary—Estimate of Mr. Buzacott by Makea, Maretu, Rev. E. and Mrs. Krause, P. E. H., Captain Sir Edward Belcher, Revs. Henry Royle, Wyatt Gill, George Platt, George Pratt, John Inglis, T. Johnson, and Dr. Tidman —Conclusion ..... 258—282

APPENDIX.

A complete list of diseases prevalent in the islands of South Pacific 285—288

INTRODUCTION.

THE title of this little volume describes accurately its contents. It aims at supplying a great want in missionary literature—viz., a small book on a great subject; one which gives a brief and vivid narrative of the principal departments of mission life in the Islands of the Pacific; and which produces interesting illustrations of toil and success in each department, out of the life and labours of one whom his missionary brethren, and all who knew him at Rarotonga, unite with one voice in pronouncing as "the model missionary." This award satisfies the devout ambition of Aaron Buzacott.

No attempt has been made to give a complete history of the Rarotongan Mission, or even all the interesting details in the life of the subject of this memoir. This will explain why more frequent

reference has not been made to other missionaries. Care has been taken to avoid such a style of expression as would lead the reader to attribute to one worker the results of many or of other men's toil.

It should also be stated, that this volume appears in response to the kindly demands of many friends in Australia, who subscribed for nearly two-thirds of the first edition before a single chapter had been written.

The material out of which these memorials have been composed, was left by Mr. Buzacott in the shape of autobiographical jottings, diaries kept at different intervals, and letters and documents supplied by his beloved wife. As far as possible, the missionary has told his own story.

It has been sought to portrait in the simplest language, the Man, his Work and Worth; in the assurance that if the thrilling facts of his life can only be accurately told, some readers will be constrained to consecrate themselves to the same noble enterprise, while most will feel a deeper sympathy with the manifold endeavours of the Holy Catholic Church, to conquer the whole world for Him who conquers when He saves, who subdues his foes when He converts "children of wrath" into the redeemed sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

The Editors venture to commend to every student who is preparing to obey the call of Jesus, to go and

teach all nations, the story of Aaron Buzacott. Similar successes will follow similar labours and sacrifices. "He was one of the most loveable of men, the most modest, and unpretending of the servants of Christ, the most active and successful of missionaries." The scholarly missionary of Matautu, (see page 274) writes, "For a long time I have been in the habit of pointing to him as the model missionary. His very varied talents, and his untiring trading with them, are not surpassed; and, as I think, are not equalled by any Polynesian missionary of whom we know anything." Captain Sir Edward Belcher says, "He is a pattern for missionaries" (see page 266). "He being dead, yet speaketh."

The attention of the missionary student is particularly called to the Appendix (page 284), which contains a complete list of diseases prevalent at present amongst the South Sea Islands. For his own convenience, and in order to aid his efforts on behalf of the conversion of the heathen, it is obvious that a course of wise and practical instruction in the different modes of curing these disorders, before he leaves the shores of England, would give him confidence and success in his future medical practice.

For a comparative view of the Polynesian dialects, the reader is referred to Dr. Turner's "Nineteen Years in Polynesia;" and for a brief sketch of each

mission, to the Rev. William Gills "Gems from the Coral Islands," 2 vols.

Should this little book prompt any disciple of Christ to devote himself to the life and labours and rewards of a missionary, its highest purpose will be fulfilled.

"Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light."

MEMORIALS OF THE REV. A. BUZACOTT.

CHAPTER I.

THE EDUCATION OF A MISSIONARY.

Aaron Buzacott was born at South Moulton, Devon, March 4, 1800. His father was engaged in business in that town as a whitesmith and ironmonger, and attended the Congregational Church. His mother, although brought up an Episcopalian, upon her marriage accompanied her husband to his place of worship, and was converted under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Tapril. If the mothers of England would aim at producing early impressions in the hearts of their sons and daughters, like those indicated in the following extracts, our English homes would soon become as gardens of the Lord, and all their strength and their beauty fill and adorn our Christian temples :—

"My earliest recollections of my dear mother are of the most pleasing kind. Her anxiety for the spiritual welfare of her children was great and unwearied. She improved every opportunity of impressing our minds with the solemnities of eternity. During

a thunderstorm, which would awaken considerable alarm in our infantile bosoms, we were wont to flee to her, as to the only place of safety. On such occasions she would direct our minds to the Day of Judgment, and describe the terror which the wicked would experience when they heard the trump of God, and the voice of the Archangel summoning them to appear, and she would generally conclude by repeating slowly and solemnly the hymn—

> 'Day of Judgment! Day of Wonders!
> Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
> Louder than ten thousand thunders
> Shakes the vast creation round.
> How the summons
> Will the sinner's heart confound!'"

The heart of man is made capable of fear, and there are objects clearly designed to excite alarm. It is the part of wisdom to fasten attention—as soon as fears are aroused by any circumstance—on the true causes of terror, so that children need not fear poverty, nor disease, nor suffering, nor death, but only sin unforgiven, and the frown of their Father in heaven. Only let sin be forgiven, and the smile of our reconciled Father will unveil this earth, and this earthly life, as crowded with the deeds and the tender sympathies of Divine Love.

Such motives seemed to prompt this holy mother, as a second extract will prove. "She was also in the habit once during the day, of taking as many of us as she could collect into her bedroom for prayer, when she would pour out her soul before God in earnest

supplication for each of us. This produced in me a tender and an enlightened conscience, and prevented me giving way to temptation, like many of my youthful companions." Thus, in this home were the tender lambs of the flock trained for God, and guarded from the power of the prowling wolf. Mr. Buzacott's educational advantages in early life, were only such as a village grammar school of fifty years ago could supply. Being delicate in constitution, he was put at the age of twelve years under the care of a gentleman farmer, who lived in the neighbourhood of South Moulton. Three years' employment in the open air gave him health and strength, and stirred within him that love of activity which distinguished him through life, and gave him that knowledge of agriculture, which proved of great value at Rarotonga.

At the termination of that period, it was deemed advisable by his friends that he should leave farming, and devote himself to his father's business. It will be seen, in the sequel, how the years spent in learning that business enabled him to render great service to the Rev. John Williams in the completion and repairs of the "Messenger of Peace," and qualified him, in part, to become the missionary architect. And just as Saul left his parents in Tarsus a Jew, and returned home a Christian, so Aaron left his watchful mother without giving her any evidence that he was other than a child of nature, yet on his return, he came home a Christian, a child of grace, to that mother's inexpressible joy.

It was while living on the farm, increasing in

health and in stature, that the voice of Jesus called him, and he became a lowly, zealous disciple of Christ. No thunder roll brought him to God, but rather the still small voice of Divine Yearning, appealing to him even through the breathings of the pure country air, and through the beams of sun and star. Without conscious effort, his mother's instructions and prayers came vividly to mind; words which fell from his teacher in the Sunday school, where he had been a constant scholar for several years, stirred his conscience; shame began to fill his soul that, he had so long delayed to give himself to Christ—then followed deep sorrow for sin, and faith in the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world; and thus in his fifteenth year, that wondrous change wrought by the Holy Ghost came over our young friend, which translates the soul out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light and glory. Henceforth the well-known verses of Doddridge oft expressed the grateful feelings of his heart:—

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God,
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all around.

"'Tis done! the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

"High Heaven that heard my solemn vow
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

Early in the year 1816, the Rev. R. Knill visited Devonshire, his native county, prior to his embarkation as a missionary to Madras. In several towns of North Devon he gave his reasons for becoming a missionary, and his addresses created some excitement. On one of these occasions, Aaron Buzacott was sitting with the choir in the gallery, behind the pulpit, when Mr. Knill, after relating how he himself had been led to say, "Lord, here am I, send me," turned round, and as if pointing directly to him, said, "There is a young man in that gallery who is now saying, 'Lord, here am I, send me.'" Our young friend had already secretly uttered this prayer, and when Mr. Knill made this appeal, he could scarcely refrain from uttering it aloud. It will be readily believed that this circumstance exerted no small influence upon his future career. Timidity, however, frustrated an attempt he made to see Mr. Knill, but the appeal was never forgotten. Through many a day, and through many a sleepless night, his heart was ever ejaculating, "Lord, here am I, send me." He says, "In consequence of my youth, and conscious unfitness for such a work, shame prevented me from mentioning the subject to any earthly friend; but I did not soon give up the hope that God would some day hear and answer my prayer."

It becomes now essential to our story to give a brief account of the church at South Moulton. It was founded in the year 1662, by the Rev. Mr. Hunt, who had been ejected the same year from his living at

Dunchuddock, or Dunchidcock. This ejectment is admitted even by the notorious Dr. Walker, in his "Sufferings of the Clergy," to have been contrary to law, since Mr. Meliar, the former incumbent, had died in 1645. John Howe and Mr. Hunt left their livings in North Devon at the same time, and each founded a Congregational Church that exists to this hour. Mr. Hunt's church at South Moulton has been signally honoured by its divine Lord. Its numbers have scarcely exceeded one hundred at any one time, yet within a few years it sent forth into the Lord's vineyard no less than twenty-seven labourers.* Few of our largest churches have provided so many for the home and foreign service of God. Surely the Spirit of Jesus must have energized mightily in that

* Of these, the editors have been able to trace the following:—Mr. Joshua Rowe, who became a Baptist missionary to the East Indies; Mr. Samuel Trawin, who was one of our missionaries to India, and died at Calcutta, being recognized by all who knew him as an eminently holy man; Mr. Henry Trawin (brother of the above) is a deacon of the Congregational Church at South Moulton at the present time; Mr. John Locke, who went as one of our missionaries to Graham's Town, Africa; Mr. William Locke, his brother, became a home missionary; Mr. Matthew Hodge, who went as a missionary to the West Indies; Miss Grace Buzacott, who engaged in female education in connection with the late Dr. Philip of Cape Town; Mr. Josiah Widgery, who became a home missionary, and died in the service of the Surrey Mission; Mr. James Vernon and his wife, now in the service of the London City Mission; Mr. Orlando Curtis and his wife, also now in the London City Mission; Mr. William Lewis, the present Congregational minister of Weymouth; Mr. William Thorn joined the church under Mr. Tapril, and subsequently supplied the pulpit at South Moulton for many years; Rev. A. Buzacott and Mrs. Buzacott, Mrs. Hardie, and Mrs. Sewell. *See* page 7.

little flock. To join such a church must have begun a new epoch in the history of any true convert. At the age of seventeen, Aaron Buzacott was admitted into its fellowship, the Rev. Robert Meek* being then its pastor. Ever since his conversion, he had toiled as a teacher in the Sunday school, and these labours were only interrupted by others of a more arduous and responsible character. "I was after some years' experience induced by the solicitation of the district home missionary, to take alternate Sabbaths with him in preaching at six villages, preaching three times every Sunday at as many villages, and riding more than twenty miles each day." One new sermon every fortnight was all that this service demanded.

About this period, an event occurred which had considerable influence upon his future life and usefulness. A gentleman—a corn factor and maltster—being brought near to death, became alarmed about his prospects for eternity. In his distress, he sent for the clergyman, who readily came, read the prayers provided for sick persons, and administered the sacrament; but the sick man gained no relief, no peace, no hope of eternal life. His wife at length suggested that Mr. Meek, the Independent minister, should be sent for. Mr. Meek came, and his visits were so blessed to the anxious inquirer, that he died rejoicing in Christ his Saviour. With his dying lips he had urged his wife and children to attend the Congregational Church. The widow led her orphans thither, and

* Mr. Meek, after filling with considerable acceptance the pastoral office at South Moulton, *conformed* to the Established Church.

the result was very noteworthy. She became a Christian, and found that God was the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless. Her eldest daughter was next brought to Christ, and after many years' acquaintance, became the wife of Aaron Buzacott. Her third and fourth daughters also gave themselves to the Saviour—the former became the wife of the Rev. Charles Hardie, missionary in Samoa for about twenty years; the latter became the wife of the Rev. James Sewell, missionary at Bungalore, India; while the eldest son was none other than the late well-known Mr. George Hitchcock, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

In 1819 Mr. Knill paid a second visit to North Devon, and revived Mr. Buzacott's earnest longings to be engaged in missionary work. His pastor, however, gave him no encouragement, and his future way was opened to him in an unexpected manner. The Rev. Joseph Hardy, of Wheatly, Herefordshire, had determined to visit London, in order to collect funds towards paying off the debt burdening a chapel he had built at Pembroke. In some way he had heard of Mr. Buzacott, and now invited him to supply his pulpit during his absence—intimating that this engagement might lead to an admission to one of the London colleges. Regarding this invitation as a direct answer to prayer, he promptly accepted it, although his father was strongly averse to his relinquishing business. Through Mr. Hardy, Mr. Thomas Wilson, heard of him, and generously arranged that he should spend a year under the tuition of the Rev. D. Francis, of Ludlow, Shrop-

shire, preparatory to his admission to college. In the following year he entered Hoxton Academy, and devoted himself for three years to the study of general and classical literature.

One incident will give the reader some idea of his student-life at Hoxton. There were at that time forty-three students in the college, and as a junior, only few preaching engagements fell to his lot. When, therefore, one of his friends, Mr. Richard Perkins, pointed out to him the woeful spiritual destitution of the poor inhabitants of Somers Town, he resolved to commence a mission in that neighbourhood. The only house that could be secured was in a most miserable condition, having only one recommendation that it stood in the midst of the field for labour. The preaching-room boasted of a "mud floor, and a window in which every pane of glass was broken, and all the holes stuffed with rags, except one which had an old hat thrust into it." Some ladies belonging to Tonbridge Chapel aided him by distributing tracts and urging the people to come to the place. The great Societies which now aim at the social improvement and spiritual advantage of working men were not then in existence, and the needs of the perishing poor of the Metropolis seemed totally disregarded. Under such circumstances it was not surprising that, for a while the people looked upon the student's efforts as novel, and being such, excited their suspicion. Their incredulity soon yielded to his warm enthusiasm, while the Master did not fail to give His servant the highest reward in leading perishing souls to the

Lamb of God.* These efforts excited the interest of many Christian friends, and led to the formation of the Christian Instruction Society, whose first meeting was held in the vestry of Moorfields Chapel.

Towards the close of his third year at college, the Rev. James Parsons of York visited London, and preached at Tottenham-court Road Chapel, and at the Tabernacle. At one of the services the preacher took for his text, "Say ye not, there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." After giving a most graphic description of the state of the heathen world, he turned his eyes towards the gallery, where Mr. Buzacott and several of his fellow-students were sitting, and in his most solemn and earnest manner demanded, "Who is willing to go for us?" This appeal came home to the heart of the student, and he resolved to consult his friends and tutors, with a view to ascertain the will of God in reference to the mission-field. "My father would have nothing to say in the matter. My mother at once gave me up,

* One instance may be given. He found a poor man in the last stage of consumption, with a wife and numerous family, and without a loaf, or the means of buying one. The sick man at first resented his intrusion, and boldly avowed himself an infidel. A rapid glance round the wretched room, and upon the faces of the children, at once suggested his first duty. He slipped a shilling into the hand of the poor wife, who immediately sent for some bread. On its arrival, the scene baffled description, for the family were literally starving. His kindness won a hearing for his Master's message. The sick man humbly took his seat at the feet of Jesus, as one "clothed, and in his right mind," and died assuring his weeping wife that he "was going to sleep in the arms of Jesus."

thanking God that one of her sons was willing to be engaged in so good a cause; and from *my friend* I received only approval." His tutors immediately commended him to the Board of Directors of the London Missionary Society, and after examination he was accepted and transferred to the Mission College, then under the care of Dr. Bogue, of Gosport. The next two years were wholly devoted to the study of theology. The venerable Doctor required, *inter alia*, that every student should write out an accurate copy of his own theological lectures. These were of sterling worth, and in after years Mr. Buzacott translated them into Rarotongan for the use of native students, and an edition was printed at the "Mission Press." Upon the death of Dr. Bogue, the students were transferred to London. Prior to their return, Highbury College had been opened, and the Directors had secured the use of the old Hoxton Academy for a Mission College. There, Mr. Buzacott completed his academic course under the tuition of the learned Dr. Henderson, and at the close of 1826 he was appointed to labour at Rarotonga.

The early days of Christian missions were also the early days of English commerce in the South Seas. Both enterprises were regarded by the public in the light of heroic ventures. Religion and commerce were bravely and cautiously entering upon new and barbarous regions. Accordingly, passages had to be taken for missionaries in any vessel that was bound for the South Pacific. Moreover, the usual course at that time was round stormy Cape

Horn, instead as now, *via* the Cape of Good Hope and Australia. Under such circumstances the Directors eagerly accepted the generous offer made by a Christian shipowner, Mr. Birnie, "of a free passage for any missionaries to the South Seas." This noble-hearted gentleman did his utmost to promote the comfort of his passengers, and put on board an ample supply of preserved meats, etc., for their special use.

Mr. Buzacott was ordained to missionary work on January 17, 1827, in Castle Street Congregational Church, Exeter. He married Miss Hitchcock in the following month, and subsequently set sail from Gravesend in company with Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, missionaries to Eimeo, and the venerable Mr. Nott, who was returning to Tahiti, where he had already spent thirty years in mission work. The Directors and a goodly company of friends accompanied the missionaries on board, and in a valedictory service commended them to the love and keeping of the Lord of winds and waves. In order to enlist the sympathies of the captain and his officers in favour of their passengers, the Directors gave the captain a present of £100, the chief officer £80, the second mate £40, the third £20, and the fourth £10. In consequence of strong westerly gales, the vessel put in at Plymouth, and waited till the weather cleared. All denominations in that town vied with each other in acts of kindly sympathy to the missionary party during their detention. They finally left on the 13th March, and began one of the most miserable voyages on modern missionary record. The captain and

his crew eagerly took every opportunity to annoy the brethren. From the moment the shores of old England became lost to view, Mr. Birnie's kind intentions were frustrated. Instead of the preserved meats put on board for their special use, they were served with old "salt meat, so hard that it was believed quite capable of taking a good polish;" instead of good water, of which there was plenty on board, they could obtain only such as "came out of oily casks put on board for ballast. Soon after we set sail, the ship's decks began to leak, and our cabins became very uncomfortable." The captain laughed at their discomfort, and refused to employ the ship's carpenter in stopping the leakage, except over his own berth:—in rough weather, the water streamed down from above. "I managed to secure a tolerably dry place for my wife, by nailing thickly-folded blankets to the roof of my cabin, whilst I had to rest as best I could on a form in the saloon. At length, I procured a piece of bamboo from one of the officers and with this made a shoot, by which the water was drawn off into a large empty meat-tin; and thus I was enabled to lie down in my bed subject only to the inconvenience of rising three or four times during the night to empty the tin."

A succession of westerly gales retarded their progress. One of these swept the decks, carrying away the bulwarks, and leaving the vessel almost a wreck. During this stormy weather, the passengers were closely shut down in their cabins; no food could be cooked on deck, and the fire in the saloon was so small that they could scarcely boil water enough to

make a little tea or arrowroot. The water itself was a thick fluid, with a most offensive odour. Mrs. Buzacott suffered grievously during the whole voyage from sea-sickness, which induced great weakness. She needed every comfort the ship could supply and obtained none, so that, while off Cape Horn, she unwittingly exclaimed in the hearing of the captain, "Oh, that I was in my father's stable, and had some of the water his horses used to drink." This touched the captain's heart, and he ordered some good water to be supplied. Mr. Buzacott also had not recovered from a severe attack of rheumatic fever when he was carried on board at Gravesend. His prostration excited the fears and sympathies of all his friends. The reader may therefore imagine the wretchedness and suffering of that long voyage of five months. It is only necessary to add, to complete the picture, that the language of the crew was awful in the extreme. Every remonstrance or entreaty was met with oaths and curses, the name of God was blasphemed every hour, and especially when any of our brethren were supposed to be within hearing.

CHAPTER II.

TAHITI.

A VOYAGE of five months in a leaky vessel, and dependent for every comfort upon the selfish caprices of an unprincipled captain and crew, prepared the missionary party to hail with unwonted joy the cry of "Land ho!" They reached Tahiti on 24th August, 1827. Mr. Buzacott writes—"I cannot describe my feelings on first making Tahiti. It was a beautiful day, such as is not uncommon in this sunny clime; the sky and sea were of a rich deep purple, the trade winds gently filling our sails caused our ship to glide gently along the shore of this romantic isle. The mountains, one of which is 9000 feet high, were clothed with the richest and most varied verdure from their bases to their summits. The coral reefs, by which these islands are girt, extend in some parts only a few yards from the shore, and at others some miles distant, forming a placid lagoon, and safe harbour at many of the settlements. However calm the sea may be, there is generally sufficient swell from the vast Pacific Ocean to cause a silvery fringe of spray to break upon the reef. In the lagoons formed by the

reef, there is an inexhaustible supply of fish; and a lover of nature can scarcely enjoy a richer treat than a sail on a fine day, in order to look down into the water on the beautiful miniature forests of coral below, exhibiting all the colours of the rainbow, with fish of various hues and shapes sporting amongst the branches, and hiding within the caverns. The water is clear as crystal. Objects at the depth of ten fathoms may be distinctly seen."

As the ship drew near the magnificent harbour, known as Matavai Bay, canoes came off, and the natives quickly recognizing their old friend Mr. Nott paddled back again to the shore, and soon from valley to valley resounded the name of "Noti," "Noti." The excitement became intense. The bay was rapidly crowded with canoes, and it was with no small difficulty that at length the anchor was dropped near the very spot where Captain Cook watched the transit of Venus. The cordiality with which the natives welcomed their old friend augured well for missionary enterprises in the South Seas. One alteration in Mr. Nott's appearance at once arrested the observation of the Tahitians. When he left them for England his head was quite bald, on his return he had a fine crop of hair on his head. Amusing inquiries were persistently made concerning the method of this improvement. Mr. Nott inquired, "When the thatch of your houses is worn off, what do you do?" "We thatch them again," they replied. "Just so," said he; "I have had my head re-thatched in England."

Tahiti appeared a promising field of evangelistic labour. Six European missionaries were toiling at as many stations. In each of these a church had been formed; and schools, both for adults and for children, were numerously attended, and in full work. Throughout the whole population, a public sentiment was gaining ground in favour of Christianity, and many were eagerly seeking admission into the visible fold of Christ.

Thus the first island supplied an illustration of the words of Jesus, of those very words which Mr. Parsons had taken as the ground of his appeal to the students of Hoxton Academy—"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" (John iv. 35). And if any doubt as to the aptness of this illustration could have lingered in the minds of the young missionary and his wife, the following extraordinary events would effectually dissipate their doubts:—

The captain had been ordered by Mr. Birnie to leave the missionaries at Tahiti, as Rarotonga lay quite out of the track of commerce. Here, therefore, our friends were obliged to remain, and take the first opportunity of a passage to their appointed station. During this stay, which lasted more than five months, they visited several stations, and observed the plans and proceedings of their predecessors in mission toil. Part of this time they spent with Mr. and Mrs. Crook, at Taiarapu, and here their first and only son was born.

They had naturally supposed that furniture suf-

ficient for their purposes, and well seasoned by the climate could be obtained at Tahiti; we can therefore imagine their amazement at the discovery that "missionaries had to be their own carpenters, cabinet-makers, and upholsterers." Neither a table, chair, nor bed could be purchased on the island. Accordingly Mr. Buzacott resolved to begin some experiments while residing at Mr. Crook's station. He says, "My first attempt was to make a footstool; a four-post bed-frame was the next, but for this the wood had first to be found in the bush." Several natives eagerly volunteered their services. "These men cut down what wood I wanted, cut it square, carried it home, and continued to help me till the bed-frame was completed. We were proud of our work; it was a noble piece of furniture, when compared with some others we saw in use. The natives refused to be paid." It proved that these men had further designs concerning the young missionary. They belonged to a distant station round the east side of the island, where no missionary resided. Their chief, Vairatoa, was uncle to Pomare, and on several occasions, had very urgently pressed upon our friends to come and live at his station.

"If you will only consent, the whole of the people shall be your servants, we will build you a chapel, school-house, and dwelling. We will fence in a garden without payment, and do everything else you require. All the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees shall be yours. All the pigs and poultry you may want, shall be given. Indeed, you shall be our king and our priest." It would seem scarcely possible, that so

generous an offer, presented by the chief, could be declined. No doubt the beautiful novel bedstead had its share in intensifying this appeal. "My only reply was, I came for Rarotonga, and I could not think of any other place. They tried to intimidate me by saying, that the natives of Rarotonga were cannibals."

When arguments and persuasions proved vain, they inquired, "Is there any other method of procedure more effective?" Vairatoa and his people thought of a last resource. They quietly waited for the day on which our friends left Mr. Crook's station, in order to return to Matavai Bay. "Mr. Wilson had kindly sent a boat and crew to convey us back there. All being ready, we started early in the morning, so as to allow time for resting during the mid-day heat; on getting into the boat, I was surprised to find it manned by strangers, and not by the parties sent with the boat.

"Among the crew, I perceived one of my friends who had helped me to make the bed, and suspecting that all was not right, I took hold of the rudder of the boat and determined to steer her. The boat had just got off the shore, when another of my friends came wading through the water, and laying hold of the stern of the boat offered me a basket of eggs, and when I refused to allow him to come in and steer, he attempted to force himself in and to thrust me away. The boat now being in deep water, I succeeded in pushing him off, when he swam round and got in among the crew. I then adjusted the rudder for my course, but

it was some time before they began to pull; when they did, I found to my dismay, that instead of going ahead the boat was fast going astern. They had rigged a steer-oar at the bows, and we were being taken by force towards the east-end of the island round to Vairatoa's station.

"The plot was now detected for the first time by our friend Mr. Crook on shore, who called upon the chief and people of his station to come to our rescue. A number of men had been secreted in the bush, to help, if necessary, the missionary-stealers, and stones began to fly in all directions. After a while, the chief came off in his canoe, and ordered our crew to take us back to the landing-place. I was much concerned for my wife, lest the excitement should make her ill, but happily nothing serious arose out of this extraordinary affair. We had to wait a few days at the station while we held several meetings with Vairatoa's party. They justified their conduct, and would not promise not to do the same again whenever we should attempt to leave. They excused themselves by saying, they had tried all other means they could think of in vain to induce me to comply, and now as they had an opportunity, they determined to help themselves; for though it was a sin to steal, it could not be a sin to steal a missionary. Nothing was gained by assuring them that I had no intention of settling at Tahiti. They thought if they could only get me to their village, that by kindness they could soon pacify me, and all would be right."

The natives further designed to seize and run

away, with their infant, as the surest method of detaining its parents; the strictest watch had therefore to be kept over the child. At length, after many expostulations, the missionary-stealers departed, "promising not to annoy us again; but we were afraid to trust them, as our route lay by the isthmus which connected Little with Great Tahiti." When regretting the failure of their schemes, some had lamented that they had not allowed our friends to depart in peace from Taiarapu, and waylay them at the isthmus, where it would have been easy to carry boat and all across to their own village. "To guard against a surprise, we secured the services of the chief who had already once rescued us, and set sail with him as our protector until we were quite out of danger." They arrived safely at Matavai Bay, and waited anxiously for an opportunity of reaching their island home. They perceived readily that the mission field supplied only such necessaries and comforts, as the ingenuity and resources of each missionary created and supplied. Accordingly at an auction, Mr. Buzacott gladly bought a quantity of old iron, which proved more valuable than gold. Mr. Wilson also gave him a pair of turkeys, and a young sow.

In January, 1828, a small schooner, the "Industry," was engaged to convey them, and on the 22nd of that month they sailed for Rarotonga. Strong westerly gales converted a voyage of five or six into one of twenty-five days. Nor were their hearts free from anxieties as they approached the island. In the previous May the Rev. John Williams and the Rev.

Charles Pitman had been landed there. No news had been heard of them since; and the captain in whose vessel they had sailed, reported that Mr. Williams on leaving his vessel in his own boat remarked to him, "I do not like the appearance of things here, I do not know how soon we may have to take to our boats." These last words of that prince of missionaries, filled the young missionary and his wife with many fears as they approached their destined home.

PAPEIHA.

CHAPTER III.

RAROTONGA, AND REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

THE "Industry" reached Rarotonga on 16th February, 1828. The island presented a most romantic appearance. Range upon range of mountains towered above each other, forming to the eye a gigantic ladder, by which Titans might ascend far above the clouds, and hold intercourse with the immortals. The lowlands revealed cultivated spots amid stately trees and forests. The very hills and mountains, from base to summit, were covered with dense wood of varied growth and colour. Mountain torrents leaped from crag to crag—forming the most lovely cascades and miniature waterfalls, and breathing a grateful coolness through the hot atmosphere. A vegetation of wondrous luxuriance grew down to the sea-shore, and seemed to contend with the ocean for every inch of ground. The battlefield of this bloodless war was a narrow strip of white sand which fringed the whole island. Then came the lagoon with its inexhaustible treasures of fish and coral of diverse hues; while beyond, at varying distances, stood the reef of block coral girdling the entire island, and protecting the soil from the absolute conquest of

the rolling Pacific, whose waves of deepest blue rose on high, always in beauty, and often in majestic grandeur, and curling, broke into white silvery spray on the coral wall, and sent swift wavelets towards the sandy beach. The isle was the very ideal of beauty and loveliness—a home for the great and good. Alas! it was the dwelling of cruel errors and lust and sin. Can this paradise be regained for its rightful Lord; be won to the love of the cross, and to the crown of Prince Emmanuel?

Mr. Buzacott writes:—"On the 16th February, our wedding day, and just twelve months from the time of our bidding good-bye to our beloved friends in England, we sighted Rarotonga. I cannot describe our feelings on beholding this long-anticipated spot. The weather was beautifully fine; but as this was one of the hurricane months, the captain was naturally anxious to land his passengers with their goods as quickly as possible.

"A boat put off to our schooner while we were still at a considerable distance. As they drew near, we perceived that the rowers were all clad with native cloth, except the man at the helm who wore a white shirt; he proved to be a Tahitian, brought to this island on a former visit by Mr. Williams. Our first inquiry was, 'Where are Viriami and Pitimani?' and the reply was alike ready and satisfactory, 'All well ashore, with their families.'"

The ship's boat was lowered, and Captain Ebril took Mrs. Buzacott and her infant, with some packages, on shore; while her husband remained to look

after the rest of their luggage. Not being overburdened with goods, he accompanied the last boat-load long before the time of the evening service, and landed upon the island "destined to be my home for more than thirty years."

"Great excitement had been created by my wife landing with the baby in the former part of the day. An immense crowd of semi-savages collected on the beach, and it required no small amount of courage to step on shore amid so vast a host of men with long hair, tatooed faces, arms, and legs; some, indeed, had their whole bodies tatooed. The men wore a skirt, and the women were partially covered with cloth, while the children from infancy to eight or ten years of age ran about in a state of nudity.

"The exclamations of wonderment proceeding from this great throng of several thousand people sounded ominously in the ears of those who had never heard such sounds before. The natives pressed round the boat as she grounded, and Mrs. Buzacott became alarmed; but some friends, in the shape of native police, were sent from head-quarters, and these, armed with stout sticks or ropes, began to strike about them in good earnest, and a pathway was speedily cleared.

"Mr. Williams came down to the beach, and welcomed her most cordially; yet the whole scene was so novel and exciting, that one of her first questions was, 'Is there any danger?' 'There is none,' replied Mr. Williams, and his words gave inexpressible relief.

"Suddenly a part of the crowd ran on. Curiosity

moved them to hasten to the Mission-House, to occupy every available space within and without. When our friends arrived, they found to their amusement, as well as annoyance, every space in the dining-room and passage packed with natives, while from every window from top to bottom, through the rough venetians, eyes, nothing but eyes, could be seen. Entrance was effected with great difficulty, and the crowds without the building, unable to find admittance, pressed so heavily against the windows, that one of them burst in with a great crash. The heat and odour became intolerable. The police had again to interfere, and disperse the people. It is impossible to describe the novel sensations which such circumstances involuntarily excite. Everything was strange to English eyes, English ears, and English habits.

"An amusing instance occurred the same afternoon. About half an hour before the time for the evening service, the new missionaries were astonished to hear sounds like those made by a cooper driving hoops on a cask. Mrs. Buzacott inquired if the people were in the habit of working on the Sabbath? Mrs. Williams replied, 'That sound comes from our paté, or bell, to call the people together for worship.' The paté was a rough kind of gong, made out of a round piece of hard wood about two feet long and six inches in diameter, scooped out, and beaten with a rod of iron-wood. Two persons performed this duty, one going to the east and the other to the west end of the settlement, drumming a rude tune all the way there and back.

"The incidents also of the first native service will never lose the vividness of their impression. The native church was a large building 100 feet long by 50 wide, and it was crammed with natives. The mission seat was near the centre. Every part of the service was utterly unintelligible to our friends—and every eye was fixed on them with a stare that defied the hope of satiety. Mrs. Buzacott did not dare to face the crowd until the close of public worship, when she ventured to lift her eyes, and look upon the vast assembly. She saw eyes from every quarter fixed upon her—wide, open mouths, full of pearly teeth; and long hair, which had never known a comb, giving the wearers a most hideous appearance. In every way it was a scene never to be forgotten."

The dialect of Rarotonga differs from that of Tahiti, in the rejection of the *f* and *h*, and in the free use of *k* and *nga*. It is scarcely credible what a difference these trifling peculiarities make in the sound of the spoken dialect. The young missionary tried to catch some words similar to those which he had acquired at Tahiti. At that date the Rarotongan dialect had not been reduced to writing; the number of alphabetic sounds had not been ascertained. The spoken dialect seemed such a chaos of noises, musical and discordant, that the new missionary began to fear he should never acquire the barbarian speech so as to proclaim with freedom and clearness the wonderful story of redeeming love. Mr. Williams, however, soon convinced him that there was no radical difference between the two dialects, and he proved so apt a lin-

guist that at the end of three months he preached his first sermon to the people.

It is now needful to describe briefly the exact stage of the mission. Mr. Williams with Mr. and Mrs. Pitman, had been residing on the island for more than nine months. Some four years prior to their arrival, Mr. Williams had sought to introduce the gospel at Rarotonga. After securing the promised protection of their chiefs, he landed Tahitian teachers with their wives, and "lay off and on" for the night, filled with anxiety, and praying earnestly for their safety. He had found some Rarotongans on the island of Aitutaki, who had there witnessed the power of the gospel, had renounced heathenism, and put themselves under Christian instruction. Giving these exiles a free passage home, Mr. Williams hoped through their influence that no serious harm would befall the native pioneers. Tapaeru, one of these Rarotongans, had embraced Christianity, and as she was a relative of the principal chief, and promised to protect the teachers, there was some good ground for believing that in spite of appearances, a door of entrance for the gospel was secured. As it turned out this noble woman saved the lives of the teachers, and literally fought for their preservation. On the following morning the teachers returned on board with bruised limbs and torn garments, robbed of all their property, and saying that they had barely escaped with their lives. "These people are the fiercest savages we have ever known; the Tahitians were bad, but these are much worse. But for Tapaeru we

should not be alive this morning." It was resolved to abandon the island, at least for a while; but this resolution had scarcely been made when Papeiha, a young native Christian, volunteered to attempt the evangelization of the island alone. "Let the savages spare me or kill me, I will land among them; Jehovah is my shield, I am in his hand." Leaving all his goods on board, clad in a skirt, and girt with a few yards of calico, and with the portions of Scripture already rendered into Tahitian tied in a pocket handkerchief, he swam on shore, and landed amidst a crowd of tall armed men. Papeiha was protected and blessed by his Master, and in two years and a half the idols were demolished throughout the island. Rough chapels and school-houses were erected, and large congregations attended the services conducted by this untutored evangelist. Mr. Williams found the island in this gratifying condition on his arrival in May, 1827. The great majority of the chiefs and people had renounced idolatry, and expressed their readiness to be instructed in the "Evangelia a Jesu." Hope grew strong and bright in the hearts of all the Christian labourers; but still, not one conversion had taken place; not one Rarotongan mind had been opened to the glorious light of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Idolatrous practices had been laid aside; the adults were fairly clothed, and "the reign of peace and good will" had begun in the island. These were wonderful changes in the short space of two years, and augured well for the future. But with these the natives seemed satisfied, and could not comprehend what was meant

by "being born again," by "becoming new creatures in Christ Jesus." They were eager to learn the novel arts of civilization, but seemed to have no conception of their need of regeneration by the Holy Ghost.

We must refer the reader to the next chapter for further information touching the moral attitude of the natives towards Christianity.

Meanwhile, let the reader observe that two well-known missionaries have met for the first time. The acquaintance thus begun will speedily ripen into a warm friendship. Henceforth, John Williams and Aaron Buzacott become bound to each other in the closest bonds of a holy brotherhood.

Mr. Williams had landed at Rarotonga, as already intimated, on May 6th, 1827, with the intention of staying only about three months; but to his regret, no opportunity offered by which to return to Raiatea, and as the months passed by, he resolved to build a small schooner for mission purposes. The chief and people were delighted with the suggestion, and begged him to begin at once. When Mr. Buzacott arrived in February 16th, 1828, this schooner was nearly finished. In the absence of a sufficient quantity of iron, her timbers had been fastened together with wooden pins. The surprising manner in which Mr. Williams had laid bare to his own mind all the mysteries, and had overcome in practice all the difficulties involved in the art of ship-building, indicated a perfect genius for mechanical contrivance, and a mirthful triumph over obstacles such as paralyze ordinary minds. That

prince of missionaries might often be seen in those days with sleeves turned up, wearing a curious apron made of native tapa, throwing his whole mind and strength into his work. His example was irresistible in its attraction upon the new missionary. Accordingly, so soon as his household goods were unpacked, and something like order restored out of the chaos of boxes and casks, Mr. Buzacott presented himself to his friend, with his sleeves turned up, and girt with an English workman's apron, ready to help in any way in his power. Mr. Williams gazed with surprise at his new acquaintance, and, handing over the tools into his hand, challenged him to make a few nails.

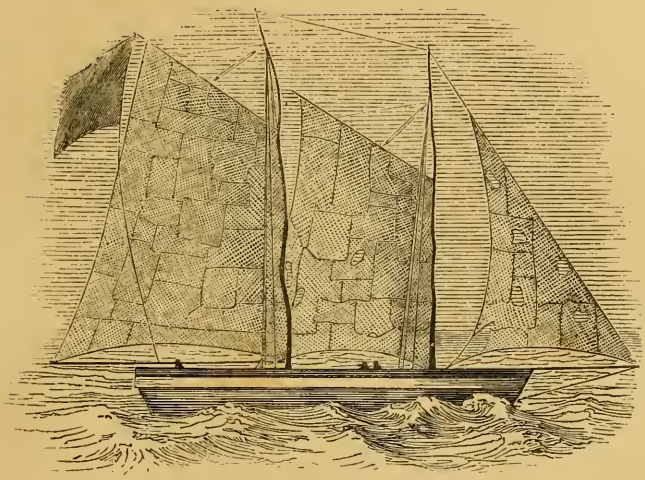
Forging was as great a mystery to the South Sea Islanders as the fabled smithy of Hephæstus to the ancient Greeks. The sound of the hammer always gathered a crowd of spectators, amongst whom was usually Makea, the principal chief of Rarotonga. He was present on this occasion with Mr. Williams. He saw the new missionary handle his tools with ease, and forge the huge nails and bolts required for the schooner in a workman-like style. The eyes of the older missionary filled with tears of joy, for the art of Vulcan did not come easily to his hand; and, turning to the chief, who was looking on in mute astonishment, he put his hand upon Mr. Buzacott's shoulder, and exclaimed in the native language, "This is the man we want." In that smithy the acquaintance grew into fast friendship.

Our readers will be amused at the following description of this primitive forge, as given in our friend's

diary:—"It was a large open shed, covered with thatch made of the palmetta-tree, very inflammable, but raised high to be out of the way of sparks. For an anvil, there was a large block of basalt, and the bellows amused me very much. The poles which worked the pumps were long and heavy pieces of iron-wood. It required thirty men to keep up the blast. These were divided into two parties—the one-half resting whilst the others were working. Such a machine for 'raising the wind' was never before invented. To make the suckers air-tight, folds of *tapa*, or native cloth, were bound around them, and if the (bellows) blowers did not so mind their work as to raise the break in regular succession, the blast failed to be continuous, while through the spout live coals would not unfrequently be drawn in and set the bellows on fire. Frequent stoppages were thus occasioned. On looking at this immense machine, I thought that with canvas I could certainly make a better one. Mr. Williams was anxious I should try, as he had tried and failed; and to my mortification, I also failed, just as he had done, by making a passage for the air through both chambers of the bellows, instead of only in the upper one—the under chamber to supply the upper with air through a valve. When Mr. Williams visited us again, he told us that when at home, he had ripped open a pair of bellows to see, as he jocosely expressed it, where the wind lay; but long before this, I too had discovered our mistake, and with goats' skins, had made a serviceable pair of bellows."

The old iron bought at Tahiti now proved of great value in the completion of the schooner, and in building a new mission-house.

Time flew past more swiftly than our ship-builder desired. He had hoped to have finished his schooner and to have reached Raiatea before the new missionaries arrived. But with only natives as workmen, and



"MESSENGER OF PEACE."

with the timber still growing in the dense forests till it was actually wanted, delay was unavoidable. The Rarotongan method of preparing planks was most wasteful. No matter whether the log was large or small, it was split into two, and adzed to the required thinness. Cocoa-nut fibre was used instead of oakum, sails were constructed out of native matting, and the

little schooner, when launched, presented a very gratifying appearance. Her first trip was to Aitutaki, about 150 miles distant; and this trial so satisfied her builder, that on his return, he left Rarotonga with his wife and family and several natives, and sailed for Raiatea.

There can be little doubt that they owed their safe voyage quite as much to the special care of the Lord of winds and waves as to the sea-worthiness of the schooner. God gave them a fair and moderate wind until they cast anchor in the harbour at Raiatea. Had the weather been rough, the "Messenger of Peace" must have foundered; for when they reached safe anchorage, the caulking was hanging from the sides of the ship in long strips. The straining caused by rough weather would have released the caulking completely, and the vessel must have filled rapidly and sunk to the bottom.

The little schooner was vulnerable in many points. Her mat-sails were suited only to fine weather and gentle breezes. A strong blast would have torn them into shreds, and left the ship like a huge log of floating timber at the mercy of the elements. Mr. Williams accordingly repaired his vessel, and purchased canvas sails, ere he paid his next visit to Rarotonga.

CHAPTER IV.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—PSALM cxxvi. 6.

BEFORE the departure of the "Messenger of Peace" for Raiatea it had been resolved to build a new mission-house. The two families had been living in a large hut, very rough and very inconvenient, built for the native teacher. Rats swarmed everywhere, and it was not an easy task to keep them off the table at meal times. Mr. Williams had assisted the new missionary in the choice of what was then considered a good site, and had given a plan of his own house at Raiatea, at that time the best mission-house in the islands, simply because every missionary could only possess and enjoy what his own wit and the conquest of innumerable difficulties provided. The new house excited the interest of the natives, for its foundation, consisting of stone and lime, was raised two feet from the ground, and the wood-work placed upon the stone-work. The natives had never seen a house thus built; they always planted the supports of roof and wall deep

in the earth. The universal conviction was that the new building must come down. It stood, however, some three years, and then was carried away by mighty floods occasioned by a terrific rainstorm. Meanwhile, the supply of English provisions which our friends had brought with them was coming to an end. They found Mr. Williams and his family utterly destitute, and had promptly shared with their friends their own store. On his arrival at Raiatea, Mr. Williams had sent whatever he could purchase, but this additional supply was very limited, and soon exhausted. Rarotonga was to commerce still a *terra incognita*, and for sixteen months the two mission families were placed in the most trying circumstances for want of proper food.

The native language was acquired whilst working with the people. Mr. Buzacott's pencil and paper were ever at hand to note down new words and idioms, and thus, through many a blunder, and as one groping his way in dim twilight, he gradually acquired the dialect so perfectly as to speak it with greater ease than his own English tongue.

When the house was completed, the furniture had to be made. "We had only two cane-bottomed chairs, and a small toilet-table, besides the four-post bedstead made at Tahiti. I tried to make some chairs; the wood was green, the joints became loose, and they soon fell to pieces; but we so improved in practical knowledge in after years, that our house was well furnished throughout."

It is not easy to realize how needful to European comfort and health are plentiful supplies of sugar and

salt until deprived of these articles of daily consumption, and placed beyond the reach of purchase. Mr. Buzacott tried to manufacture both. He planted a field with sugar-cane, and constructed a mill to crush the cane. The only pan in which to boil the juice was a large saucepan, and the experiment yielded a good supply of treacle; but how to granulate the sugar continued a mystery for a long time. The secret was learnt from an encyclopædia, and henceforth the mission families were never without sugar. As for salt, the sea-water was boiled down, and salt obtained in very small quantities. Attempts were made to grow wheat, but the climate was too hot, and rotted all the seed that escaped the ravages of the rats. For further particulars on this subject we must refer the reader to Chapter VII. Our present reference is made only with the view of stating that the lack of bread, and tea, and sugar, and salt, induced great weakness in the missionaries. At Rarotonga the stock of flour, on one occasion at least, became so small, that every effort was made to find a substitute. Taro and sweet potatoes were cooked, and powdered, and mixed with flour, in order to eke out the scanty supply, while our friends, as they sat round the board, tried hard to persuade each other that the new compound still retained the taste as well as the nutriment of English bread. Their diminished strength and failing health told another tale.

But these privations sank into utter insignificance in comparison with the storms which suddenly burst upon the Rarotongan mission, and for a while threatened

its utter extinction. The introduction of Christianity amongst any people is speedily followed by the establishment of a code of laws. Crime meets with certain punishment. This enthronement of law and justice immediately brings about great changes in the relative *position*, *influence*, and *resources* of many native chiefs. Old warriors, who have been the terror of a whole settlement, feel their importance lessened, find themselves unable "to levy black mail on the unoffending and helpless," and become very discontented. At Rarotonga a numerous party of this description grew secretly into strength, and at length determined to crush the new religion and the new code of laws. Instinctively they ascribed the law to the religion, and hence directed all their fury against the missionaries, and all who favoured their views and work.

It was a happy circumstance that "all the principal chiefs of the island felt their position and influence decidedly improved by the introduction of Christianity and of law. These could see no reason for returning to a state of lawlessness and licentiousness. Indeed the hope of putting an end to their ceaseless wars was the motive which induced one of them to burn his marae and deliver up all his gods to the iconoclast. And the other chiefs, for the same reason, followed his example.

Weary of wars, and famines entailed by war, they threw their influence into the defence and advocacy of Christian missions. The first disaster that came upon the mission owed its origin to friend and not to foe. One of the Tahitian teachers (not Papeiha, of whom

it is scarcely possible to speak too highly), a man of naturally imperious passions, yielded to the promptings of his lusts, and seduced the daughter of one of the chiefs. The missionaries were cut to the heart. The poor father, maddened by the wrong, at once joined the malcontents, and the antagonism to religion became open and violent. Not unnaturally, perhaps, the old priests, whose gains had followed their dishonoured idols, attached themselves to the new faction. "Seventy of them vowed a vow over their sacred fires, and in the names of their dethroned gods, to die rather than submit" to the sway of Immanuel. The whole party sought at first to excite jealousies, in the hope that thus the different tribes might drift into war.

This scheme failing, they became incendiaries. "The chapel and school-house were successively set on fire. It was no uncommon thing on a windy night to hear the alarm of fire, and, on looking out, to discover that the house of some native favourable to the new religion was in flames. Upwards of twenty-eight houses were destroyed; and so skilful was the enemy, that it was most difficult to find him out. A piece of native cloth, twisted into the shape of a small rope, with a live coal inserted in the bend of it, was thrown upon the thatch, on the windward side of the house. This cloth is like tinder, and once ignited, and fanned by the wind, the spark would soon burst into a flame, and before the inmates could be aware of their danger, the whole roof would be in a blaze. Glad to escape with their lives, they often abandoned their little property to the fury of the flames. The greatest anxiety

was displayed to save their books. One man rushed into a blazing chapel, at the risk of his life, to save the pulpit Bible from destruction, and emerged in safety, bearing the valued prize, amidst the shouts of those who were standing by."

This was a time of great trial to the missionaries. The hostile natives especially directed their wrath against them. Their friends, however, organized a guard of several hundred men, who, in detachments, alternately surrounded the missionary's house every night, and to keep themselves awake, were wont to keep up a ceaseless drumming on their patés. Every half-hour the accustomed "All's well" would pass around the house. This practice they had been taught by one of the teachers, who had first heard it on board of a ship of war. In addition to burning the houses, some persons had their plantations destroyed, and many cocoa-nut trees cut down.

Amidst circumstances so grave and saddening, it is amusing to come across the following item: The hen turkey which our friends had received from Mr. Wilson had been sitting for some time on eleven eggs, and it was hoped she would in a few days add considerably to their small stock of poultry. But her nest was discovered by the enemy, and although the chickens must have been of good size, this to a savage maw only made the prize the more valuable, and so the poor hen and her unhatched brood were cooked and eaten.

The school-house was set on fire twice. On the first occasion, the beautiful building was burnt to the

ground. On the second, the fire was discovered on its first blaze. Some young men sprang on to the roof, and stripped off the thatch surrounding the ignited portion, and the building was saved.

All these events took place at Avarua, Mr. Buzacott's station. Similar deeds of violence were wrought at Ngatangia, where Mr. Pitman resided. One stormy night, Mr. Buzacott was aroused at dead of night by a messenger bringing a note from Mr. Pitman to the following effect:—

DEAR BROTHER,—Our chief-judge's house is burnt to ashes; the chapel is now in a blaze, and if the wind shift a point, our own house must go too.

I remain, etc.,

CHARLES PITMAN.

This information was alike distressing and alarming; but it roused the zeal of the friendly watchers, who beat their gongs with renewed vigour, while the night-police perambulated the streets in greater numbers, lest the new chapel and mission should also be destroyed. The nights were sometimes very dark, and the watchmen, and even Makea, had many narrow escapes from stones hurled at them by men laid in ambush.

"It was not long after this that one of the opposing party was taken in the act of thrusting the customary fire-brand into the thatch at the windward end of the chapel, by the aid of a long bamboo pole. He was at once secured, and being the first caught in the

act, it was difficult to know what to do with him. In their heathen state, instant death would have been inflicted. They were advised to have a meeting of all the chiefs of the island, and adopt some plan of punishment which might deter others from similar offences. On an appointed day, all the chiefs met together at Avarua, where the offence had been committed. The trial took place in the school-room, amidst a large concourse of people; and the chiefs came to the unanimous conclusion to put him to death by crucifixion. They were advised to spare the life of the offender, to which at length they agreed, and sentenced him to receive a certain number of lashes, and to be kept for some time working on the public roads.

"Whilst this meeting was being held, the disaffected party were holding close by a secret conference, and actually conspiring to kill the chiefs and missionaries on that very day. An opportunity soon presented itself, so that, had not discord entered their ranks, they could have easily effected their purpose. For as soon as the sentence was passed upon the guilty man, he was led away to an appointed place to receive his punishment. The people all followed, unwittingly leaving the chiefs alone. This the rebels had anticipated, and sent one of their party to reconnoitre. He was a brother of the offender. He passed through the school-house with an axe in his hand. One of the chiefs spoke to him about his brother in a condoling strain; and he replied, 'It serves him right; let them give it him well.' He then hastened back to his party, exclaiming, 'Now is our time; the way is

quite clear, we can easily effect our purpose.' 'Stop,' cried their leader; 'let there be no confusion—let us each choose our man.' Not one of the conspirators could be induced to take Makea as his victim. This led to altercation and quarrelling among themselves, until the opportunity was lost. The people returned to the school-house, where the chiefs had remained, and the assault was adjourned *sine die*."

All the particulars of this attempt upon the lives of the chiefs and missionaries came to light in a most remarkable manner many months after the danger had passed by. Little did either chiefs or missionaries dream of their perilous situation. The conspirators themselves first told their secret under the following circumstances:—

An unusually rainy season had caused all the low-lands to be flooded, and induced much dysentery and ague. Some idea of these floods may be formed from the following fact: The mission-house at Avarua had been built on low ground, on the site recommended by Mr. Williams. One night, when the whole family were fast asleep, a rush of water came down from the hills. It was pitch dark; and when the noise woke up our friends, their first thought was for a light. Springing out of bed to get one, Mr. Buzacott found himself knee-deep in water. The framework of the house resting upon stonework, it is obvious that a flood might easily carry away the superstructure. The house was destroyed: the family escaped with great difficulty. Mrs. Buzacott was laid aside by sickness for three months. The dysentery became an awfully

fatal epidemic. The floods *alone* could scarcely have wrought much mischief. This was the conviction of the people, for they ever regarded the epidemic as a visitation of divine wrath.

Accordingly, the fears of the people were awakened. Confessions were made of past deeds of darkness. After the dangers from incendiarism were past, this terrible epidemic broke out, and in a few months carried off 900 of the natives. It was remarkable that most of the rebels were among the victims. Some of the ringleaders were the first attacked; and most of them before they died confessed to the part they had taken in their hostility towards Jehovah and his cause. One young chief said, "We have long been striving against Jehovah, and we were foolish enough to think He had no power to avenge an insult. I myself, with a number of others, braved Him to do his worst, by treating with contempt his holy day. We said among ourselves, 'Let us try if this new God has any power to punish;' and on the Sabbath-day we went to our farms, hunted a hog, dug up some taro, plucked some bread-fruit, and cut down bananas for a feast. We prepared an oven, and cooked what we had procured, and when ready we divided portions to our heathen gods, but we said, 'Who knows anything about this new God? We will not give Him any portion;' then at a given signal we had a general scramble for the remainder, and ate it with shouts and laughter, saying in our hearts 'there is no God.' *Now*," he added, "I feel there is a God, and that He has power to avenge an insult."

Thus, according to the voluntary confession of the rebels, their violent opposition had been deliberately designed as a "war against Jehovah," and in favour of idolatry; and many circumstances seem to indicate that Jehovah had accepted the challenge—had delivered those that trusted in Him, and destroyed his enemies. Such was the universal opinion of the natives; and this opinion does appear to be confirmed by two singular facts which we now give as briefly as possible.

Six weeks prior to the breaking out of the epidemic, a vessel belonging to one of the Tahitian merchants called at Avarua, to hire any natives willing to help in securing a cargo of sandal-wood in West Polynesia. Twelve Rarotongans, deeply implicated in the "war against Jehovah," beginning to despair of the success of their diabolical schemes, resolved to emigrate. These men offered their services to the captain, and asked as their only reward, that when the cargo was obtained, they should be landed on one of the Figi Islands, where Christianity had not been introduced, and where, of course, they might freely indulge in their plundering and cannibal propensities. The attempt to gain sandal-wood failed, and the captain landed the party on Tongatapu, an island situated more than a thousand miles from Rarotonga. Observe, these men had left their homes six weeks before the fatal epidemic appeared at Rarotonga, yet strange to say, they had not long landed at Tongatapu, when the very disease which was carrying off their associates in crime at home, broke out amongst themselves. The whole number were attacked; ten died, only two recovered.

The survivors then sought to return home, ignorant of all that was taking place there. They secured a passage in a small schooner bound for Tahiti. One of them, who had been a fierce and cruel heathen warrior, and who had been the very life and soul of the rebellion, became utterly broken in spirit. He refused to work his passage according to agreement, or, as the sailors represented it, "he was skulking." The poor fellow was frequently beaten with ropes' ends, dragged on deck, drenched with pails of salt water, and otherwise maltreated. Nothing could induce him to work. This treatment ceased only with the voyage. The crew landed both the natives on one of the back settlements of Tahiti. By the aid of his companion, the poor warrior crawled to one of the native houses, where he was most kindly received, and everything conducive to his comfort provided. But he was now beyond the healing art of human kindness, and he died the next day. In course of time, the solitary survivor of the whole band, found his way back to his native place and told the above story, which he might have concluded in the words used by the servants of Job, "I only am left to tell it." It is cheering to know that the survivor submitted to the Great Being whose power he had so impiously defied, and became a useful, intelligent, and zealous native teacher.

The second fact which seemed to demonstrate that the hand of God was in this chastisement, was this :— The only person who could administer any relief to the natives during the prevalence of the plague, was the missionary, and he was suddenly prostrated, not by the

epidemic, but with inflammation of the lungs, and ere he could rise from his couch the woeful scourge had done its work, had carried off no less than nine hundred victims. The scourge swept away all the ring-leaders, and completely crushed the numerous party who had set themselves against the establishment of Christianity and of law.

"Are we wrong," inquires the missionary, "in coming to the conclusion which all the natives have come to, 'This visitation is from God?'" It touched the whole population, and began a new era in the moral susceptibility of the people.

For many years afterwards, this judgment was used as a text, from which class-leaders exhorted their inattentive scholars; parents were wont to warn their refractory sons and daughters by reference to it; and occasionally, the voice of the missionary pleaded tenderly with ungodly youth, and entreated them to beware lest they too should "fall into the hands of the living God."

The following items from the missionary's diary deserve the reader's consideration:—

"The American whaler the 'Trio' touched here, *the first since our arrival, now three years ago.*" This extract will give some idea of the painful isolation of the mission families, during the early years of Christian missions in the South Seas.

The following is equally significant:—

"A Sydney whaler called, wanting supplies. The captain informed us of the death of George IV., and of the ascension of William to the throne."

These will enable the reader to appreciate the following :—

"*October* 18, 1831.—Our hearts were refreshed by the return of Mr. and Mrs. Williams and family." War had broken out at Raiatea ; Mrs. Williams was in a delicate state of health ; and the "Messenger of Peace" needed immediate and extensive repairs. Under these circumstances, Mr. Williams brought all his family away from the scene of conflict, and arrived at Avarua on October 18th. No language can describe the joy and comfort which this arrival brought into the mission-house at Rarotonga. Our friends had passed through three years of severe trial, "and the end was not yet."

The missionary ship was hauled up on the beach, and Mr. Williams having brought an abundance of nails and tools, the repairs were rapidly proceeded with. In December, a terrific hurricane swept over the island ; the readers will find details given in the seventh chapter. It is only needful here to state generally, that the tornado carried all before it. The sea rose and submerged all the low country, and washed the very bases of the eternal hills. All provisions were destroyed, and a famine came over the land, whose bitter effects are felt even to the present hour. Until the newly-planted farms could yield fresh crops, the population lived upon wild roots, and anything that hunger could enable men to eat. In the expressive language of the natives, "*a full belly was a thing unknown*," a matter of history, not of present experience. This famine was one of the severest

trials of the Rarotongan mission, and closed the long period of woes, through which that mission was called to pass.

The rebellion, the epidemic, the hurricane, and the famine, were the means employed by God to produce a new state of things. Quietly and secretly the islanders were being prepared "to see," and "to enter into the kingdom of God."

When the "Messenger of Peace" was repaired, it was resolved to visit the Samoan islands, and ascertain whether the inhabitants were willing to receive native teachers. Mr. Williams and Mr. Buzacott accordingly set sail in June, in the missionary schooner, but in a few days she sprang a leak, and they hastened back to Rarotonga. The leakage was discovered and stopped, and then it became necessary to proceed to Tahiti for supplies, as their provisions were nearly exhausted. Thither they set sail in July; the voyage occupied six weeks. The brethren at Tahiti, on hearing of the trials of the Rarotongan mission, unanimously urged our friends to give up the island, and go where the people were ready to receive the gospel. Mr. Buzacott could not find it in his heart to do this; and while it was impossible to say how much longer this trying period would continue, still how could he forsake a people who filled the churches with attentive audiences, and the schools with plodding scholars? It is true that not a single native had, as yet, given any evidence of the possession of vital godliness; yet who could look upon those large congregations and schools, without hoping that better

times were surely near at hand? The "Messenger of Peace" returned to Rarotonga, having on board seven barrels of old flour, which had most unexpectedly been offered for sale at Tahiti, a good supply of pigs, two calves, and a pair of horses, which Mr. Buzacott had also been able to purchase. The heat of the climate, and the pressure of manifold duties, necessitated the latter purchase for the sake of visiting out stations. The arrival of the animals created a profound sensation, and with the natives, was not without its influence in favour of the mission. The bitter experiences of famine pointed out the importance of obtaining a breed of cattle on the island.

The "Messenger of Peace" was hauled up on the beach, lengthened and repaired. Preparations were made, and Mr. Williams visited the Samoan group of islands, and found to his joy, that the isles were waiting for His Law, that the fields were white already to harvest. It was not till after the return from this voyage, that our brethren began to see the first-fruits of their labour and sacrifices at Rarotonga. One little incident came to light, which explained to a certain degree, the regularity and largeness of the attendance upon public worship.

"About this time I found out," writes Mr. Buzacott, "that the chief had been in the habit of sending round his servants or police every Saturday, commanding the people to come to worship on the morrow. I remonstrated with him, and told him I wished him to discontinue this practice; but it was not

until he had heard a sermon on the death of Uzzah that he consented. He told me the church and schools would be deserted. I replied, 'Never mind. The people come now just because they are afraid of you, and therefore no good is done.' Many of them did become very irregular in their attendance, and some deserted their dwellings in the settlement, and built houses on their little farms and gardens, which were some two or three miles from the station. But this was the darkness before the dawn.

"It seemed impossible to awaken in the minds of the natives any adequate conception of sin against God. Most of them considered that only sinful which was openly discovered to be such. There was no godly sorrow for sin. It was a long time before the mass of the people appeared to comprehend what sin was in the sight of a holy God. We had no reason to complain of want of attendance on the means of grace. There was the greatest apparent attention to instruction. They could repeat the whole of the sermons at the meetings for conversation on the subject of Sabbath discourse, but there was an utter lack of impressions on the heart. We had to pray and wait, and continue instant in season and out of season.

"At length, to our inexpressible joy, the grey dawn of the day of Christ appeared in the east, and soon the light, and warmth, and life of His glorious day filled the whole island. We observed indications of a change in the speech and manner of several of our hearers.

"The Spirit was evidently striving with them. Up to this time, they had stoutly denied that they had had anything to do with cannibalism. They would acknowledge that it had been practised, but always by others on the opposite side of the island. Now the truth came out. First one came under great concern, being particularly anxious to know if such a sin could be forgiven. Marau, one of these awakened converts, confessed the part he had taken in a very terrible affair, wherein a party had waylaid a poor man and his seven children, who were flying by night from a place where his life was in danger, to seek safety and protection under another chief. All these were killed, baked in the same oven, and divided among the murderers, who, without provocation, had in cold blood been guilty of this atrocity.

"So shocked was I at the horrid narrative, that for a time I scarcely knew what to say. I saw the agony the poor man was in; when, suddenly, the beautiful words of Scripture came to my mind—'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' Here was no exception, 'all sin;' and if God made no exception, to whom was known all the abominations of the heathen, who was I, that I should say, Except cannibalism? The text seemed intended to meet the case; and Marau, after a while, found peace in believing. This appeared to be a genuine case of conversion. Next came Uriarau, an old warrior, who appeared to be under deep conviction of sin. Tuata was the third; and last, but not least, came Ma, who had practised the art of sorcery.

"These sorcerers professed to be able to burn the spirits of living men upon a red-hot oven. They were employed by those who had been robbed, and who had vainly sought to discover the thief. A present was taken to the sorcerer, and if the article stolen was valuable, a bargain would be struck for two, or three, or more ovens. The sorcerer generally lived in some secluded, shaded spot, much feared by all, because all were thieves. In the darkness of the night, and in a little shed used for the purpose, he would prepare an oven in the following manner: A round pit, about two feet in diameter, and six inches in depth, would first be dug. This shallow pit would be filled, and heaped over with firewood, some stones laid upon the wood, and the pile set on fire. The stones would speedily become red hot. This was their usual mode of preparing an oven for cooking, but the sorcerer had no visible food for his oven. It was intended for the spirit of the thief. As the flames arose, and the stones waxed hot, spear in hand he would dance round the oven, uttering the most dreadful imprecations on the unknown thief. In order to excite the anger of the gods against the thief, and *cause them to bring* his spirit and burn it upon his oven, each god came in for a round of curses. As the pile consumed, the sorcerer pretended to see the spirit of the thief actually writhing upon the burning stones, when, as if mad with rage, he would thrust it through and through with his spear until he supposed it to be quite dead. In case the lost property was valuable, or the losers very wroth at their loss, he would agree to repeat this strange performance

two or three times. And such was the universal terror inspired by these incantations, that attempts would often be made to kill the sorcerer ere he completed his purpose, so that the spell might be broken. Not unfrequently the thief would die of sheer fright. Such was Ma's profession. The introduction of the gospel put a speedy end to his fame and his gains, yet no native rejoiced more than he in the change from the savage customs of heathenism to the religion of love and mercy."

After a while, the above four natives were selected to form the nucleus of the first Christian Church. They were frequently examined as to their views, and when they were judged ready to eat and drink worthily of the symbolic elements of the Lord's Supper, they entered into a sacred covenant with Christ, and with each other, to serve and love "Him who loved them, and gave Himself for them."

The first communion was celebrated on the first Sabbath in May, 1833. Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott, with these four converts, observed the ordinance, "while nearly the whole congregation remained as spectators." If it be true, as the wit of one man expresses the experience of all ages, that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," it is none the less true that "when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life." There was new joy in the hearts of the missionaries, new zest in mission work, and new power in the pulpit.

"This celebration began a new era in the moral history of Rarotonga. It was as if God had expressly

commissioned his prophet Haggai to utter at this laying the foundation of a spiritual temple at Rarotonga, the words he had spoken when laying the foundation-stone of the second Hebrew temple at Jerusalem—'From this day will I bless you.' God did bless His work; here and there the shoots of life broke through the surface of the soil, until by and by the whole field waved with growing corn.

"The means employed, in addition to preaching the gospel, were domiciliary visits by the church members. The four communicants appeared full of love to Christ, and love for the souls of their countrymen. Nearly the whole of their time was cheerfully given to the Lord's work. They would go two and two together in some cases, and in others singly. In many houses they were heartily welcomed, in others they were shunned. The principal chief was frequently visited, and as faithfully dealt with as the poorest in the land. Their efforts were principally directed at first to those who for some time had paid but little attention to the means of grace; and lest this class should think their main object was to invite them to church and school, they were advised to say nothing about either, but simply to deliver the message of mercy, the gospel of peace, which God had sent to them, and to point out the position of responsibility in which God had placed them. If they believed the message they would be saved; if they rejected it, they would be lost. These glad tidings appeared now to many a dark mind as a new thing. They had looked at religion in connection with the chief; they were

joint worshippers of his gods in their heathenism, and when the chief cast away his heathen vanities, and professed to be a worshipper of Jehovah, they were content to follow him in what they considered his whims. Now they were addressed by their own countrymen on their personal responsibility. Life and death were plainly set before them. They were told that each of them had a soul as valuable in the sight of God as that of the chief; that God was no respecter of persons, and that the chief could only command their bodies, but had no absolute power over their souls. These things they had heard often from the pulpit from the commencement of the mission, but they had been unheeded until now. The visits of the members were always ended by prayer. The effects produced by these visitations were soon apparent; those who had left the station returned—cleared the sites of their former dwellings, and began to erect buildings of a more substantial character. The church was always filled with serious and attentive audiences, although no commands were issued by Makea."

Scarcely a sermon was preached without a blessing. Lasting impressions were produced by a discourse from the text, "The axe is laid unto the root of the tree; therefore, every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire." Great numbers professed to be deeply moved by that sermon. Years afterwards, members were admitted to the church, who attributed their first religious convictions to the above discourse.

The usual routine of mission labour was suspended. Penitents came daily, anxiously inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" and often by night the missionaries would be aroused by some sin-stricken soul unable to wait till morning light for relief. Every hour not spent in the schools was spent in guiding anxious inquirers. Many of them dated their first concern for their own souls to the domiciliary visits of the church members; while the devotion of these holy men made a profound impression upon the whole community.*

* It may gratify the reader to be told something more of those four apostolic men, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," who formed the nucleus of the Rarotongan church. As the society grew in numbers, and deacons were required, these four men were unanimously chosen to fill that honourable office, for had they not first been proved "and found blameless?" Three of them are now in heaven. Marau was called first; his departure was triumphant, hastening with bounding joy to receive the crown of life from the hands of the Prince he loved and served so well. Tuata followed, dying with the words of exhortation half-finished on his lips, addressed to an ungodly nephew; in death as in life, pleading with souls to come to Christ; and as in life, so also in death, he did not plead in vain. His last words brought his nephew to Jesus; and after due preparation he went forth as a native teacher, and died at his post in the island of New Caledonia. Uriarau passed away in a calm firm trust in the Saviour, with a heart overflowing with gratitude that he had been spared to see the glorious days of the gospel. He was gratified that "the spirits had been subject unto him" as an officer in the church of Christ, but he rejoiced exceedingly that "his name was written in the Lamb's book of life." Ma is still alive, a venerable old man of at least fourscore years; his grey hairs a crown of glory, being found in the ways of righteousness. Little did he dream that he should survive his beloved Parakoti—his father in Christ. When the tidings reached Rarotonga that the venerable missionary had been summoned to receive his reward, Ma's hands, trembling with age and grief, assisted in draping the church in mourning, and his wail and tears of sorrow mingled with the loud and pitiful cry of the whole people.

About the same time a church was formed by Mr. Buzacott at Arorangi, which steadily grew in numbers and piety.

The days of darkness and of anxious toil were now past, and, as by the law of secret yet mighty growth, the whole island became as a garden of the Lord; and to the present day no spot of the mission-field can compare with Rarotonga in the variety and abundance of its precious fruit, gathered and garnered to the honour and praise of the great Lord of the vineyard.

"The hand of God sows not in vain:
Long sleeps the darkling seed below.
The seasons come, and change and go,
And all the fields are deep with grain."

INTERIOR OF CHAPEL.

CHAPTER V.

SCHOOLS.

SCHOOLS constitute one of the most important departments of missionary labour. In order to realize the difficulties which seemed to bar and defy all progress, the reader must fairly estimate the following facts: The whole population had no knowledge of letters. The natives seemed unable to regard the alphabet in any other light than as a religious mystery, utterly unintelligible to the uninitiated, and as the primary test of the sincerity and earnestness of those who were anxious to adopt the new doctrines. Accordingly, so soon as idolatry was put away out of their sight, old and young readily wished to learn the strange cabalistic sounds, and to study the forms of the new characters. The language had not yet been reduced to writing. The only means of instruction were a few Tahitian books, being a first school-book, and a few portions of the New Testament in that language, and a few sheets of Roman letters in large print.

Hundreds of adult persons presented themselves for instruction. Their very numbers, while

gratifying the teacher by the universal willingness to learn, constituted his chief difficulty. The monitorial system could not be resorted to, since all were on the same level of knowledge, or rather of ignorance. For a while, therefore, the teacher taught all his scholars as one class, requiring them to repeat after him each letter, or primary syllable. As some showed a quicker aptitude than the others for learning, these were formed into classes, and taught privately. In course of time, these qualified themselves to act as monitors, and the school was immediately split up into classes.

Under the belief that the alphabet and the primary syllables were, as already intimated, a series of cabalistic sounds and signs peculiar to Christianity, "many of the natives were wont to congregate together in the cool of the day and chant over the lessons they had learned at school, just as they had been wont to chant their heathen songs. Some even imagined them to be *forms of prayer*, to be repeated in times of danger." In illustration, an amusing story is told of an aged couple who resided near the mission-house, and who were greatly alarmed by the evening visit of a cat belonging to the native teacher. The cat's peculiar mew drew their attention to the door of their dwelling, and being pitch dark, they saw what they described as two balls of fire. The wife began to remonstrate with her husband for having anything to do with the new religion; for, without her consent, and contrary to her wishes, he had attended the daily instructions. "See," said she, "what your conduct has brought upon us! Here is this monster come from the teacher to visit

us. Alas! we shall be destroyed." Poor puss, hearing the sound of muffled conversation, became frightened too, and began to send forth some of her most terrific cries. "Oh, Tiaki," exclaimed the wife, "say the prayers you have learned." Both immediately dropped on their knees, and Tiaki began most earnestly to cry, "*B a, ba; b e, be; b i, bi; b o, bo.*" The cat flew home in terror at such unwonted supplications, leaving the aged couple very grateful for their deliverance, and profoundly impressed with the efficacy of the new cabalistic sounds.

In order that the daily instruction of the whole population should not interfere with the culture of their small farms, and their domestic duties, the adults assembled in the school-house at sunrise for an hour and a half; the children came to school in the same building as soon as their parents reached home, and remained about the same time. Thus, by nine o'clock, one thousand adults, and about fifteen hundred children, had received their lessons for the day. The people scattered, the men and boys to their farms, the women and girls to their homes. The Tahitian teachers succeeded in persuading the people to attend the school, which was a great advantage in itself, but were unable to give them much information; for they themselves had not received any special training for their work, and were simply the best and wisest members of the infant churches gathered at Tahiti; nor did they acquire the Rarotongan dialect readily or accurately. It was only natural, therefore, that when the new missionary took the oversight of the station, and superintended the

schools, he found the scholars but little advanced in any kind of knowledge. The education of the people had yet to be begun.

The want of slates was another serious drawback. Having only a dozen, these were made sufficient for the training of monitors; but what were a dozen slates amongst one thousand or fifteen hundred pupils?

The art of writing amazed the natives as much as any novelty introduced by foreigners. In their ignorance of the art of penmanship, quite as much depended upon the intelligence and trustworthiness of the messenger, as upon the substance and wording of the message. The chiefs therefore employed only men of known intelligence and integrity. But when they saw the missionaries employing any one to carry a letter, and observed that no hint was given of its contents to the bearer, it puzzled them greatly how letters could enable our brethren to communicate with each other. This mysterious secrecy became at times very distressing to the poor natives, for when any jealousies arose between the different tribes—and many such caused great excitement in the early days of the mission—they were anxious to learn the sentiments of their teachers upon the matters in dispute. Guided by true wisdom, our brethren refused to take any part, or to express any opinion upon these often very insignificant questions. Hence native curiosity resorted to strange experiments in order to gain information. Nothing could be more absurd and amusing than to notice how a number of natives would follow the letter-carrier, and put their ears as near the

letter as they could, in the vain hope of *hearing* something of its contents.

"In reference to slates," Mr. Buzacott writes, "our necessities were supplied in a way we never expected. An intelligent lad one day came to school, bringing in his hand a stone he had found on one of the mountains, about six inches long, and three or four broad, and from a quarter to one inch in thickness. He had succeeded, by rubbing one of the surfaces on another stone in making it tolerably smooth. He had also brought with him something resembling a pencil, an arm of the echinus or sea-egg, he had picked up on the beach. The other boys laughed at him, but his monitor brought him to me, and to my surprise and delight, the new pencil and slate answered remarkably well. It was held up to the whole school, and we soon had as many slates and pencils as we needed of this kind. Hundreds of the children learned both to read and write on these primitive slates."

Beyond all question, the greatest hindrance was the lack of books in the Rarotongan dialect. Mr. Williams had managed during his stay, to make a rough translation of the Gospel of John, and of the Epistle to the Galatians. These translations were subsequently printed at the Mission Press at Huahine by the Rev. Charles Barff, and two thousand copies sent to Rarotonga. The copies arrived in the form of loose sheets. The natives sewed them together, and bound them in a very primitive way. Instead of millboards, they employed wood. Dogs, goats, and wild

cats were killed, their skins prepared, and the books were covered with them.

Mr. Williams observes that "from the moment the people received books in their own dialect, their progress has been so rapid, that at the present time, there is a greater number of persons who can read at Rarotonga than at any other of our stations; and I may here add that I think it a circumstance of very rare occurrence, that a religious impression is produced upon the minds of a people, except by addressing them in their mother tongue."

In the year 1832, Mr. Buzacott obtained possession at Huahine of an old worm-eaten press, and of an equally old fount of letter, and having repaired the wooden frame he set to work, and speedily little books in the native dialect came forth from the printing-office. The complete list may be found in the chapter on Translations and the Press. Here it is only needful to give the general results. The adult school at Avarua, included one thousand scholars. Some of the more aged found it impossible to learn the art of reading. In lieu of this, they were able to store away in their memories, long portions of the Scriptures. Whole chapters were repeated almost without a single blunder. By far the great majority learned to read, many also to write.

The children's school contained some fifteen hundred scholars, who with scarce an exception, soon learned on their primitive slates both to read and to write, and as fast as elementary books could be supplied, their progress became rapid and gratifying

to the laborious and self-denying missionaries. For eleven years, Arorangi was also under the care of Mr. Buzacott, assisted by the noble-hearted evangelist already mentioned, Papeiha. Large schools were formed as at Avarua. Adults and children laboured under similar difficulties, but as in the former case, the majority of the adults, and the great mass of the children learned to read and write. Our friends bore the burden of these two stations, including manifold labours, in preaching, in translation, in printing, in journeyings, in teaching, in medical practice, etc. Great however, as were the toil and burden, so great, nay infinitely greater, were the reward and the joy.

In February, 1839, the "Camden" sighted Rarotonga, bringing the Rev. J. Williams and a goodly band of missionaries for different stations in the islands. Mr. Buzacott soon leaped on the deck of the missionary brig, and the new missionaries beheld the novel greeting of these two brothers in toil and love—John Williams and Aaron Buzacott locked in each other's arms as if they never more meant to be parted.

One of the new missionaries, the Rev. William Gill, with his wife, had been appointed to Arorangi. Let his words describe the change which eleven years' toil had wrought at Avarua: "On landing in the midst of the people, we were pleasingly affected with the mildness of their manners, and general decorum of conduct, as compared with what we had expected to see in a semi-heathen population." "It was a wonder-

ful and overpowering sight, our first Sabbath on shore, to see the house of prayer filled with more than sixteen hundred natives, all, with but few exceptions, clothed in native cloth; and to remember that only ten years before, they were wild naked savages, but now subdued, and a goodly number of them thirsting for instruction which should still further dignify and enrich them."

When, therefore, Mr. Williams landed on this visit 5000 copies of the first edition of the Rarotongan Testament, translated in the island, and printed in England under the auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the people were ready to appreciate the advantage of possessing a copy of the Word of God. The demand speedily exhausted the edition, and many were constrained to wait a long period before a second could be supplied. This fact speaks for itself, and both as regards the education and piety of the natives, is a beautiful modern illustration of those old words, "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed."

The English custom of special annual examinations and school festivals was introduced by our friends into Rarotonga. The scholars of Avarua and Arorangi united on these occasions; the two schools alternately entertaining each other. The children formed gay processions on these occasions, each class headed by its teacher, bearing an ornamental flag of original design; the school coming from a distance, entered the village with shouts and songs of joy, while their hosts drawn up in single file on either side the high road, would

greet their guests with shouts of welcome, and follow them into the house of God, where an appropriate service was held, and prizes distributed; and then both schools sallying forth, squatted down under an extensive awning, and ate their meat with gladness of heart. Then followed short speeches, the farewell cheerings, and the return home.

The engraving at the head of this chapter, represents Mr. Buzacott distributing prizes to the children belonging to his day and Sunday schools in the Coral Church, which he built in 1853; the most beautiful place of worship to be found in all the South Seas, and of which a description is given in Chapter XVI.

Of course the schools varied somewhat in numbers and in efficiency up to 1857; yet it is no exaggeration to state, that it would have been no easy matter to find a boy or girl at Avarua, of eight to ten years of age unable to read and write. In the upper classes were to be found boys who could write a beautiful hand, or who could read with fluency and correctness of emphasis. Many of the scholars attained considerable proficiency in arithmetic, geography, and astronomy.

In the year 1852, soon after the return from England, it was deemed desirable to establish a school in which the children of the chiefs, and of the principal families could receive a much higher education than the day school furnished. The effort was crowned with great success. Miss Buzacott who superintended the new school, had no less than eighty-eight pupils under her care. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the

good results secured by this, and by such schools throughout the islands.

Let the reader compare the ignorance and helplessness of the people in 1828, with their thorough acquaintance with the Word of God, and with the above-mentioned elementary branches of education in 1857: the gain constitutes the joy and reward of the labourer.

CHAPTER VI.

ADULT CLASSES.

When the power of the gospel began to be felt by the people, multitudes sought admission into the fellowship of the church. It would have been easy to have gathered nearly the whole population into the church; but a wiser course was taken by the missionary. He resolved upon the formation of adult Bible-classes for both sexes, each to be conducted by an intelligent member of the church. And not only for their own advantage, but as an example unto those "without," every communicant joined one of these classes. Houses were built by the people, having one large room for the use of the class, and others for the convenience of their leader.

The leaders met the missionary once every week for the unravelling of difficult passages of Holy Scripture, and obtaining answers to questions which they could not give. The classes met after every service to converse about and to pray over what they had heard from their missionary in the chapel. The members in time acquired no little skill in reporting sermons at these class-meetings. The conversation served to

impress the truth upon their minds, and trained them to habits of earnest attention and thoughtful inquiry. The mission-house was open at least one evening every week, to any who wished for information on religion or on any other subject. Some scores availed themselves of this privilege on every opportunity, among whom was usually Makea. The thirst for general knowledge was thus excited and deepened; and every week the people felt that their missionary was qualified by knowledge as well as office to lead them into the truth.

In these evening conversations, instruction was given on a great variety of subjects. The following will illustrate the original ideas of the Rarotongans on astronomy. Their account of the origin of the sun and moon, and their explanation of solar eclipses, will amuse the reader.

"One of the goddesses brought forth a son. Two gods claimed the paternity of the child, and so equally balanced were their claims, that the child was adjudged to be cut in two, and half given to each. The god who received the head and shoulders for his portion, threw it into the sky, and it became the sun; the other god, not knowing what to do with his part, threw it away into the bush. He was soon after visited by the sun maker, who inquired what he had done with his portion; he said that he had thrown it away. 'Give it to me,' said the sun maker; and on receiving it, he threw it also into the heavens, and it became the moon. In the horned stage of the moon, the children were told by their parents that the horns were the legs

of the lad, and when full, the dark places were pointed out as the marks of decomposition which had taken place while it lay in the bush."

Eclipses excited their terror and dismay. Tangaroa, their principal god, was angry for not being properly fed, and the sun fell a prey to his voracious jaws. On the first occasion of a total eclipse subsequent to the arrival of missionaries, many of the natives came running in great excitement to the mission-house. They did not expect to see any more of Tangaroa's work now that idolatry was done away with ; but to their dismay, here was Tangaroa at his old tricks, in the very act of devouring the sun. Mr. Buzacott was called out to witness the destruction. The eclipse had just commenced. A small part of the sun's disc appeared gone. "Look," said they, "that is the first bite ; and he will not be content till he has swallowed the whole." The question was put, "If the sun had been eaten before by Tangaroa, how did they manage to get it back again?" They replied, "By giving him so much food as to make him sick, and cause him to vomit back the sun." Perceiving that Mr. Buzacott was much amused by this account, they earnestly inquired if he could solve the mystery. They were surprised to hear that it was caused by the moon. A simple illustration was given them, by placing the heads of three of them of equal height, in a row, to represent the earth, moon, and sun. On moving the middle one, representing the moon, to and fro, their fears ended in a good hearty laugh at their ignorance. One of the old priests was so wonder-struck

at the superior knowledge of the missionary, that he gravely asked if he had ever been up above in the moon, and there seen and watched her during the operation?

Mr. Buzacott constructed an electrical machine, for medical purposes. "I had no materials but medicine bottles; and for the coating of my Leyden phials I used the lead lining of tea-chests. Three of these formed my battery, and fed by a cylinder driven by a multiplying wheel, I could produce a powerful shock. This rough machine surprised and terrified the natives very much at first. One evening, at the close of conversation on a variety of subjects, I resolved to introduce my battery to my adult scholars. Having charged it, I brought my wires from my study into the dining-room, and formed the natives into a circle, by holding hands. Of course they all received at one moment a smart shock, producing such intense alarm that I might have set up at once for a miracle-worker, and obtained the fear, if not the worship, of all. Their fears, however, were speedily allayed by the examination of the machine, together with an explanation of its character and uses. At their request I made several amusing experiments, which delighted and instructed them. They designated my battery the 'Spirit Twister.'"

One of the first indications that a hearer had felt the power of the truth, was given in a request to join one of the adult classes. As a member he would frequently come under the observation of his leader. The male and female leaders laboured hard and devoutly, and

rarely lost an opportunity of directing an anxious inquirer to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. This was one primary object in the formation of these classes; another being the catechetical instruction of the people in the doctrines of the gospel. Thus the candidates for membership passed through in these classes at once a process of training and a period of probation. In addition to these meetings, all the classes assembled every Friday afternoon in the church for a special service. The missionary, as president, gave out a hymn, which was usually sung with warm heart and loud voice. A short prayer was offered, after which the president made a few remarks, and declared the meeting open to any speaker, but limiting each speech to about a quarter of an hour. Then four or five of the members spoke upon any matter they felt conducive to the spiritual life of the people; and the service closed with prayer. These special services proved of great value.

Mr. Buzacott gives many illustrations of the fears and doubts which exercised the young converts. Let the following suffice:—

"Tumu came to inquire whether or not he ought to go to the judge and confess all the sins of which he had been guilty, which had not been found out, in order to be punished for them all. I inquired if these were many? He replied, 'A great many, consisting chiefly of adultery and theft.' I told him he ought first to go and humbly confess all before God, and seek for mercy through the blood of Jesus; and then, as he

was able, to make restitution to those persons whose pigs he had stolen, and whose gardens he had robbed; but where the question of adultery was concerned, he would only do mischief by confessing, in bringing many families into trouble, and creating jealousies where at present they do not exist, and especially as the other guilty party, in more cases than one, had seen the folly of her conduct and was now a changed character; but if any of the guilty persons hereafter should charge him with these sins, he should freely confess, and submit to whatever punishment might be inflicted on him at the trial. He promised to act as he had been advised. He said he had suffered much already from the sneers and jeers of his old companions, but he hoped he should be able to stand firm."

"*September* 14, 1833.—On Thursday morning very early, I found Abera, an old chief, an uncle of Makea's, waiting at the door of my study. It was only about five o'clock, and he said he had been waiting long before daybreak. The sermon I had preached on the evening before had deprived him of sleep. He said it so exactly suited his case, that he felt as if I were preaching to him alone. The subject was, 'Who have fled for refuge,' etc. Holding his head down, he directed my attention to a large scar on the back of it, saying, it was done by his own brother in their heathenism. Their father had died, and left him a portion of land, at which his eldest brother was angry; and as he was not willing to give it up, he was determined to kill him. One day

as he was walking along, a short distance in advance, his brother hurled a large stone at his head, which laid it open. He fell down bleeding, and his brother, supposing him to be dead, dragged the body aside into the bush, and left it. After a while consciousness returned, and, weak as he was, he crawled away, and succeeded in reaching the residence of Makea, and put himself under his protection. Makea, the chief, received him, and defended his rights. Abera said, 'You told me in your sermon last night, that I was still in danger—that the justice of God was pursuing me on account of my sins, and that unless I fled to the refuge God had provided, I should be overtaken and perish.' Like as I was successful in obtaining protection from my own brother who sought my life, so now I wish to flee to Jesus to be saved from the hands of the avenger."

The reader will perhaps remember that the first trial in the Rarotongan mission consisted in the defection of Rio, a Tahitian teacher whom Mr. Williams had sent to assist the heroic evangelist Papeiha. The following narrative will now explain itself:—

The district visitors gave Mr. Buzacott an interesting account of Vakapora, the principal of seven independent chiefs, whose territory lay between Avarua and Ngatangiia.

"Vakapora was for a long time after the arrival of the missionaries a very troublesome man, and the cause of great anxiety at different times. He unfolded to the visitors his whole history, and the cause of his bad conduct. He said that soon after the word of God

was brought by the native teachers, Papeiha and Rio, he followed the example of the other chiefs, and burnt his gods, for which he was severely reprimanded by some of his friends. He was firm to his purpose, and afterwards became zealous in the cause of the truth. Being an influential chief, and of athletic proportions, he was employed by Rio as a sort of captain of a party whose calling it was to use their influence in suppressing idolatry, and all the evil customs connected therewith. He had sent away all his wives except one, and, as far as it was in his power, kept the laws of God; for the prevalent opinion was then that Jehovah would punish with instant death any violation of them. He was becoming firm in the conviction that the new religion was the true one, in which he intended to live and die, until one night he was surprised by Rio entering his house and taking away his daughter, who was sleeping in the same room. He looked at him with amazement. The conduct of this teacher made him almost an infidel, and he began to think that all religions were alike—that the teacher did not believe in what he had been inculcating upon others. Vakapora returned with greater avidity to his former evil habits. When Mr. Williams visited Rarotonga, the conduct of the teacher was kept secret, and Vakapora threatened to punish any one who should disclose his own base conduct. It was, however, divulged. The teacher was deprived of his office, and put out of the church; but Vakapora continued, first secretly, and afterwards openly, to oppose all good regulations, and lived in the constant practice of adultery.

"An epidemic came and took away his two sons, who were deeply involved in the rebellion against Jehovah. His wife's grief was inconsolable. She refused to take any food, and it was feared that she would starve herself to death. Vakapora's heart was hardened. All his desire ran after one of his women, a sister of the principal chief, and the beauty of the island, but she also was seized with the epidemic and died. Then for the first time he felt a little compunction, and resolved to amend. He joined one of the classes, but soon afterwards fell into temptation and sin, and was dismissed from the class. As soon as he was alone, he was stung by real remorse of conscience, so that he was ashamed to be seen by any one. He now felt that his heart was utterly evil, and seriously deplored his condition before God. He was taken ill, and was much afraid of death. His horror of hell was great. He sent one evening for Makea, and several others, to come and see a wicked man die. The pain of his body was intense, but light when contrasted with his mental agony in the prospect of eternal death.

"The Lord had mercy on him, and raised him up again, and he was asked what he intended to do. His answer was, 'Earnestly to seek the salvation of my soul.' The question was put, 'Do you think you will obtain it?' He replied, 'I am sure I shall. I will go to Jesus with my sins, my wicked heart, my ignorance, and all my other evils, and cast them all upon Him, and I know He will not cast me out.'"

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me;
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Some illustrations of native speeches shall close this chapter.

Abela said at one of these meetings: "We little thought of ever seeing such a day as this. See what the love of God has done for us, in sending his servant to instruct us. He came not to seek His own good, but our benefit. He pitied our souls; but in this we see the hand of God. It was He who put the desire in his heart, induced him to forsake his country and friends, and directed him here; not because we deserved a teacher, nor because we asked for one, for we knew nothing of the value of salvation. But God loved us, and had compassion on us; therefore, 'Blessed are our eyes, for they see; and our ears, for they hear.'"

Another said: "We were once very fond of kite-flying.* Some kites were very beautiful in appearance, and would mount upward with great speed, but the tail being too light, they would spin round and round, and would then come down with such force as to break them to pieces. Others, being properly ballasted, fly straight up, and are soon lost in the clouds, but are still under the command of the person who holds the

* Kite-flying was a national amusement at certain times of the year. The chiefs vied with each other in the *size* and *roundness* of their kites, and in the height of their flight. It was a common feat for the kite to reach, and occasionally be lost, in the passing clouds.

string, and when he wishes to draw them down, they come gently home to his hand. Let us not be like the former, guided merely by impulse, running swiftly in the right way for a time, and then get tired, and make shipwreck of faith, but let us be like the ballasted kite. Let Christ hold the string. Let us go to Him whenever He draws it. Listen to his gracious invitation, 'Come unto me all ye that labour,'" etc.

Marau said: "Let us be like children who are never tired of calling after their parents. Let us never cease to call on our heavenly Father. Let us have that faith which worketh by love, which will teach us our lost state, and our need of a Saviour. Let us go to Jesus now by prayer—seek Him in his Word, that we may hereafter be partakers of the heavenly mansions He has gone to prepare for His disciples. Do not let us depend upon our works, nor be so anxious about being partakers of the Lord's Supper, as we should be to be new creatures in Christ Jesus. Let us recollect that many of God's people are in heaven who never had the opportunity on earth of partaking of this ordinance, while there are perhaps many in hell who when on earth did partake. Let our works be like the scaffolding, which, when the house is finished, is to be thrown away as of no further use. So let us labour to get into Christ, the house that will shelter us when the scaffolding is thrown away."

CHAPTER VII.

HURRICANES AND FAMINES.

THE Harvey Group of islands suffers occasionally from severe hurricanes. Rarotonga appears to lie within the usual sweep of fearful cyclones, which carry all before them. The destruction caused it is difficult to estimate. We shall give brief extracts descriptive of two—that of December, 1831, whose bitter fruits in the famine it produced was probably the principal cause of the decrease of population; and that of March 1846, which is described as surpassing in severity any before witnessed by the missionaries on the island.

Cyclone of December, 1831.

The reader will remember that the Rev. John Williams had left Raiatea with his family on a visit to Rarotonga in the "Messenger of Peace," and this missionary vessel was undergoing repairs when the hurricane swept over the island. This will enable the reader to understand the following extracts:—

"On the 16th December, 1831, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, with their children, went to Ngatangiia to visit Mr. and Mrs. Pitman. The next day the wind began

to blow from the east, and increased to a gale. On the 18th, being the Sabbath, the rain and wind were such as to prevent us holding service, except in the morning. The storm continued to increase, until, in the course of Sunday night, a number of houses were blown down, and many trees were torn up by the roots. The vessel was in danger; although fastened ashore by two heavy anchors and stout chains, she was rolling from side to side. As the day dawned, we were aroused by the mate of the vessel. He had brought a long rope, and a number of natives followed to fasten down our house. We had slept soundly during the night, and were not aware of the danger. Mr. Williams, being anxious about his vessel, came from Ngatangiia through the swollen creeks, and in great danger from the falling trees. He found his ship dashing about in the breakers. No assistance could be given. The wind increased to a fearful hurricane, and veered round till it blew right in shore. A messenger soon came to say that the vessel had been carried inland some distance. Another came with the news that the lower part of the town was washed away, and that the inhabitants were swimming for their lives to the mountains, and seeking shelter in the caves. Our anxieties were now aroused for our beautiful church, and we were encouraged by one and another coming to report that it was still standing. Our hopes were soon dissipated; one end first gave way, and presently a native arrived saying that not a vestige of either church or school-house remained. The combined force of wind and sea had swept all

away. Our dwelling-house now began to show signs that it too would bow before the storm. The front doors were blown down, the partitions inside began to fall, and we had to depart as quickly as possible. A Dutch clock was hanging in the sitting-room, with the figure of a sentry walking to and fro. This clock was highly prized by the natives, and one of the young men ventured into the falling house to rescue it, and had a very narrow escape, as the house came suddenly down, crushing furniture, crockery ware, and all household things. We were greatly perplexed as to where we should go for safety. The sea was rising and washing over the site of our house.

"All the way inland was one sheet of water to the foot of the mountains. The chief was greatly concerned for our welfare. He sent round in various directions to see if any little hut still remained. One and another came with the report that the houses had fallen. At last, in a sheltered spot, a hut was found standing. With our three babes, assisted by the natives, we waded through the water, sometimes up to our arm-pits, for a distance of about half a mile, where we found a small ark of refuge from the deluge. Great fears were manifested lest our present refuge should also be broken to pieces by the violence of the wind. Every precaution was taken by tying and propping it, yet several hours elapsed ere we considered ourselves safe. We were obliged to remain a long time with all our wet clothes on, not being able to obtain others. The children were stripped and wrapped in native cloth. We cannot, however, but

feel grateful to our Heavenly Father for His goodness in preserving our lives; and although we have lost our dwelling-house, church, and school-room, the village has become a complete wreck, and much of our property and stores destroyed, we would say, 'Thy will be done.'"

The natives living in cottages much nearer the sea shore than the Mission House, had even less notice of the sudden rising of the sea. The ocean seemed to rise bodily, and sweep in over the low lands with frightful rapidity. The rain also descended in torrents, and threatened another deluge.

Many of the natives had to swim through the waves of the sea and the water from the mountains, to a place of safety. Women carried their children on their backs and shoulders. Some endeavoured to save their pigs, and what little property they had acquired, from the devouring elements. One poor child was carried away by the waves, but the mother fearlessly plunged into the foaming billows and rescued it.

The Rev. C. Pitman's station suffered severely, but fortunately his house stood, and became a harbour of shelter for the missionaries.

The wind changed—it blew from the south; the sea became calmer. Mr. Buzacott then went in search of Mr. Williams. They gazed with sad feelings upon the scene of desolation before them. They stood upon the heaps of coral rock that had been thrown ashore; and so completely buried was more than half the town, that a stranger would not have supposed that a house had been there. The destruction had been effected in

about three hours, the time the hurricane was at its height.

The mission vessel was lying some distance inland, where large trees had stood, but which were now either uprooted, or every branch and limb broken off. They expected that the "Messenger of Peace" was in her last resting-place; but, after some necessary work had been done in planting food, building temporary houses and a place of worship, Mr. Williams and Mr. Buzacott again examined the ship, repaired her where she lay, and when she was ready, a path was dug to the sea, and filled with slippery green boughs, and by main strength the natives dragged her into the water.

Under the most favourable circumstances it would take a long time to recover from such a cyclone. It is almost impossible for the English reader to conceive, much more to realize, the disastrous consequences caused by this hurricane at Rarotonga. For culture and beauty the island had been a garden of Eden. Provisions had been most abundant. In three short hours, the whole land had become one vast wreck; houses not only demolished, but their very sites buried deep beneath sand and masses of coral blocks.

All the property of the natives, being perishable by water, had been destroyed. The fruits and vegetables which supported the whole population, had been hurled to the ground and saturated with salt water—the trees themselves either torn up by the roots, or their boughs so broken off that no fruit could be expected from them for at least two years. Everywhere, after the waters had subsided, lay heaps of bruised green fruit.

This temporary abundance proved a great temptation, so great, as to overcome many of the people. In a few days it was certain that not a breadfruit, or banana, or taro (wild arum) could be obtained by rich or poor, at any price. Was it a marvel that the poor natives ate all they could, reckless of the consequences of consuming so much unripe fruit, in grief at the loss of their provisions, and in dread of the approaching famine? The taro, washed by salt water, began immediately to wither and rot. Some few patches had been drenched by rain floods, and these remained, and became more precious than gold. In a fortnight the people were driven to live upon roots, the roots of the Ti (*Dracæna terminalis*), fish, and anything that gnawing hunger could enable them to taste. It was a pitiful sight to see men and women and children losing flesh. Many became as walking skeletons. Gloom and despair brooded over the land; and it required all the efforts of the missionaries to encourage the despondding people to plant and sow without a day's delay. This famine drained the strength, and weakened the constitution of the whole community, and thus made it an easy prey to the glandular disease, or scrofula, which, unfortunately, was soon after introduced into the island, and carried off the people by hundreds in each village. Death as a strong reaper, had found a field ripe for his scythe, and he mowed with a will and with awful strides.

Doubtless the effects of this cyclone were mostly due to the extremely perishable nature of the fruits and vegetables upon which the natives lived. Henceforth

it became an earnest and unwearied aim of the missionary to import such kinds of food as wind and wave could not so easily destroy, and to teach himself and the natives how to build houses which might have some chance of withstanding the savage violence of the elements. The reader will find in the chapter on the "Missionary Architect," how the latter purpose was attained with great success—the coral blocks thrown up in huge masses by the ocean during hurricanes, being employed as the material for stone cottages, which could bear up against most gales. It is only needful to state in this place the measures taken to provide better clothing, and less perishable provisions for the natives.

Mr. Buzacott found great difficulty from the strong prejudices of the people. Having procured, at no small trouble, a quantity of sweet potatoes for planting, the natives refused to accept them and to plant them, declaring in true old tory fashion, that their fathers had managed to live without them, why could not they? Entreaties proved vain. Accordingly, Mr. Buzacott planted them in a piece of ground granted by the chief, and patiently waited until the crop came, as it did, in a few months. A whaler called at the island, and eagerly sought to buy some of these potatoes. "Now," thought the missionary, "is my opportunity. I will sell the captain some barrels in the presence of the people, and receive payment not in cash, but in coloured calicoes; and then, if I am not mistaken, there will be a perfect mania for planting potatoes." It thus proved. The natives

opened their eyes wide when they saw that for a barrel of potatoes so many yards of coloured calico could be gained. The effect was magical. Chiefs and people were eager for "eyes" and "tops" for planting. A suitable district was fixed upon, and on a given week the whole population turned out, and spent some days in the wood, clearing the ground for potatoes and for arrowroot. Hundreds of acres were thus subdued to the use and gains of man. In process of time the people easily obtained sufficient calico to dress very neatly—and also acquired a taste for sweet potatoes.

This vegetable keeps for a short time, but rots quickly if touched by salt water. Hence great efforts were made to encourage the cultivation of arrowroot, tapioca, rice, and coffee, and with considerable success. Some of these plants, as tapioca, were only recently introduced from South America. And it is confidently believed that by their means provisions have been secured, which, with care, can keep good for a long period, and thus prevent the recurrence of such a famine as that which followed the cyclone of 1831.

As mention has been made of clothing, it may be further added that so early as 1833, an effort was made to teach the natives the art of weaving cotton. Prior to his visit to England, Mr. Williams brought to Rarotonga a Mr. Elijah Armitage, who came out at the instigation of the directors of the London Missionary Society, with the intention of teaching the Tahitians to spin and weave cotton. He had not

succeeded there from various causes, and Mr. Buzacott, seeing the difficulty at that period of getting sufficient clothing for the people, was anxious that the experiment of weaving should be tried. There was an ample supply of cotton, for the missionaries had introduced the cotton-plant long before the arrival of Mr. Armitage.

Mr. Buzacott assisted Mr. Armitage in making spinning-wheels. When these were complete the cotton was prepared, by beating it with small rods on cords, made of the cocoa-nut fibre, stretched on a frame something like a dulcimer. Then came the labour of spinning; and in order to encourage the natives to learn this new industry, Mrs. Buzacott offered herself as the first scholar.

When the looms were made, the missionary received instructions in the art of weaving. The chief's wife and daughter, and most of the respectable girls of the settlement, were taught to spin, and soon thirty spinning-wheels were in motion all the day long, and a large quantity of cotton, under Mr. Armitage's direction, was prepared for the looms. Davida, the son of the chief, stuck well to the weaving, and several others acquired the art. Our friends began to think that success had attended their efforts to make the people independent of foreign sources. But they were mistaken; for American whale ships began to call at the island for supplies, and as they found a cheap and ample market, they came in great numbers. They brought for barter Manchester prints, fine white calico, ready-made clothing, etc. They soon supplied

the market at a much easier and cheaper rate than could be done by native hands, and the articles were superior to their own productions. The home-made calico was strong, but it looked rough and unfinished compared with that produced by machinery. The weaving of cotton was soon abandoned. The cloth could not be sold, the servants refused to take it as wages, and even the spinners and weavers grumbled at being paid in the material they themselves had wrought. Sixty or seventy whale ships visited Rarotonga annually. The natives cultivated yams, sweet potatoes, bananas, pumpkins, pine-apples, oranges, and cocoa-nuts, and they reared pigs and poultry; so that they were able to purchase suitable clothing.

Cyclone of 1846.

The year 1846 opened with angry weather. In January there were heavy gales of wind, February was very unsettled, but on the 16th of March, the island was visited by a hurricane which surpassed in severity any before witnessed by the missionaries on Rarotonga. The mercury commenced falling on the 15th of March, but not more than it generally did when a north or westerly wind prevailed. Mr. Buzacott thus describes the cyclone:—

"On Monday morning, the wind began to blow hard from the N.E. It veered round to E. and E.S.E., and continued to increase in violence till 1 a.m. of the 17th, when there was an awful lull. It was not long before a rumbling sound was heard in the distance

in an almost opposite direction, W.N.W., like thunder, and swept over the island. The night was of the most awful description. Though only a few days after the full of the moon, it was pitch dark. The only light was that afforded by incessant and vivid flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents. The trees were shivered to pieces or torn up by the roots, the houses blown to fragments, and their foundations swept away by the sea. Every inhabitant in our settlement was exposed to the pitiless storm from 10 p.m. till the morning dawned, except a few who managed to take shelter in our house, and two cottages in the settlement which escaped destruction. We placed heavy tables, or sofas, or large boxes against the doors of our house to prevent them being blown open. At eleven o'clock at night, we heard the voices of people outside begging for protection. With difficulty we opened the front door to admit them. There were more than a dozen from Makea's family, who had narrowly escaped a watery grave. The sea had suddenly risen, broke in over the reefs, and poured into their houses. The parents, in one case, had risen from their beds and left their dwellings, when suddenly recollecting their two children, the father returned to search for them. A little boy, about four years old, was soon found, but the girl, about eighteen months old, could not be seen. The father contended with the sea, and at length succeeded in finding his child, who seemed dead. He clasped her to his bosom, and made haste to a place of safety, and to his great joy, he felt the little arms move and clasp him round the

neck. The awful storm continued to increase. Fresh parties of natives came to seek shelter. We were continually hearing of houses falling all around us. One native informed us that the workshop and cooking-houses were blown down. Another told us that all the stone cottages, and our former dwelling-house, were destroyed. The printing-office, servants' house, store-room, shared the fate of the rest of the buildings. The roof of our verandah was blown off—one sheet of zinc was doubled up and sent through one of the glass doors of the school-room, and cut the face of one of the natives. The doors of the school-room were forced from their hinges, the kitchen window was driven out, and the wind, rushing into the house, burst a large hole in the roof. Another window in the pantry followed. The rush of the water from the mountains behind the house broke down the stone wall in the rear, came into the yard, and under our bedroom door. The pressure of the water forced open the passage door, and a large stream ran through it. The rain came through the thatch of the house; the whole place was deluged. Wishing some natives to go and clear away some rubbish, so as to let off the water, I put on my hat and went out with them. I was only away about three minutes. I thought I should have been beaten to the earth. It was like standing under a cataract.

"The next morning presented to our view a scene of desolation the most heart-rending. The island looks like a wreck. A few headless cocoa-nut trees are the only conspicuous objects in the universal

waste. Our beautiful stone school-house lies a mass of ruins, broken down by the united force of sea and wind. The streets are impassible from the heaps of large pieces of coral left by the receding waves. Looking around on the Institution premises, the bare walls of the student's cottages, our store-house, workshop, and other buildings, our hearts sink within us. But our hope is in the Lord, and we must not repine."

Mr. Buzacott became anxious about his fellow-labourers, and sent forward messengers to know how it had fared with Mr. Gill. He himself went to Mr. Pitman's station. There he had to listen to a sad tale of suffering. Mr. Pitman's dwelling-house was blown down. The sea arose rapidly all round the house. They sought refuge in another house, and through the inflowing of the sea they were obliged to abandon it. They then got on the top of a stone wall, and sat in the pelting storm for some time; but they were not able to keep their position, and Mr. and Mrs. Pitman were obliged to wade through the water, at times up to the chin, to a more secure spot inland. Mrs. Pitman requested the native attendant to leave her to die, as she could not wade through it; but the native persevered and brought the missionary's wife to a place of safety. Mr. Pitman was in delicate health, and thought he could not survive the night. The natives did all in their power to cheer them, and all were glad to see the light of day. The effects of this hurricane were felt for a long period. It produced great scarcity of food, and will be long remembered by the natives as one of the most severe visitations they have

experienced, although not equal in severity to that of 1831.

The following table will show the fall and rise of the mercury during the storm, March 16th and 17th, 1846:—

March	16.	At	10	A.M.	29·50
,,	,,	,,	7	P.M.	29·00
,,	,,	,,	10	,,	28·50
,,	,,	,,	12	,,	28·00
,,	17	,,	1	A.M.	27·70
,,	,,	,,	2	,,	28·00
,,	,,	,,	4	,,	29·00
,,	,,	,,	6	,,	29·50

The usual height of the barometer in fine weather was 29·90.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEDICAL PRACTICE.

It is greatly to be lamented that *all* our missionaries cannot pass through a brief and wise course of medical instruction, ere they are sent forth to the South Sea islands. Happily for them, the diseases which afflict the natives are few in number, and comparatively simple in their character.

The reader will not expect from a missionary, any other than a plain unscientific statement of facts. For although guided by the best English medical works on diseases and their cure; yet is the light thus gained only as twilight to the uninitiated. Surrounded by a people ignorant of medicine, except in the use of a few herbs, oils, etc, and appealed to for help, by those who cannot but recognize him as their superior in most things, it is impossible to refuse to make every effort to allay suffering, and stay the progress, if he cannot make a complete cure, of any complaint. At Avarua, a number of patients always presented themselves for examination and treatment, at six in the morning, and and at the same hour in the evening at the surgery. Visits were freely paid, whenever any case demanded

them. During the prevalence of an epidemic, the anxiety and labour thus involved were intense. None could long for an English surgeon in every island more than the missionary.

In England, the trained physician is constrained, to a certain extent, to make experiments in each case that comes before him; and the gift which makes the wise physician, is an almost divine sagacity, guided and quickened by careful induction in a great number and variety of cases. It is not, therefore, unreasonable, that the missionary, trained for a higher profession and untrained for this, should feel himself unequal to the art of treating simple physical disorders. It is of course an easy thing to disparage his judgment. Yet the natives of the South Sea islands, can bear emphatic testimony to the advantages derived from their attempts at medical practice. Often were little presents of food brought to the mission-house at Avarua, by patients who had, with God's blessing, been delivered from the grave. The Rarotongans were not remiss in the expression of their gratitude. Doubtless the success of the missionary may in great measure be attributed, as already stated, to the simple character of the prevalent diseases. Confining our remarks to Rarotonga; it is a fortunate circumstance, that the most perplexing complaint to which reference must be made, has been described by Mr. Hunt, the surgeon belonging to Her Majesty's Ship "Sulphur," under the command of Captain Belcher, who acknowledges the treatment to have been partly successful.

In an appendix, a fairly complete list of diseases will be

found. Of course as a first attempt at the publication of a complete list, it is very possible that some one or two omissions occur. It is given as applying generally to all the South Sea islands; and it shows that the natives were not wanting in observation and discrimination of symptoms, and in classification. It is given with a view of informing future missionary students for the South Seas, of the kind of diseases they will be called upon to treat, and of urging upon them, as greatly conducive to the success of their higher calling, a brief and wise study of the methods of curing these complaints before they leave their native shores.

As a general rule, fevers were unknown *at Rarotonga*, although cases of ague and rheumatism after seasons of unusual rain were not uncommon. The prevalent native disorders, were such as the climate, and the diet, and the former licentious habits of the people, would naturally lead us to expect.

Diarrhœa, or *maki-eké*, was the inevitable effect of a free indulgence in a vegetable diet, and in fruits.

No evidence can be found to show that dysentery, or the *eke-toto*, (literally, bloody flux) had ever raged amongst the people before the arrival of foreigners. Probably it did, but no trustworthy evidence could be obtained. Its first manifestation after the settlement of missionaries, took place soon after the arrival of a person from Tahiti, who was suffering from it; and hence many natives considered it as a foreign disease, and actually believed that it was in some degree contagious. On the other hand, it might have been generated by a long season of heavy rains, producing

ague and rheumatism; to which may be added as another element of causation, a free indulgence in *papaw apples* and fruits generally. Mr. Williams, in his narrative, inclines to the belief, that dysentery was introduced into the island. We simply give all the facts of the case.

The *kovi* is a term used to express all kinds and forms of leprosy, king's evil, and elephantiasis. One form sometimes developes bad ulcerous sores at the joints of fingers and toes, until they fall off. One poor fellow, Teatai, thus lost all his fingers and toes. He was a most pitiable object, yet a man not lacking in decision of action and moral worth. He used to tell how he cured himself of rheumatism in the hinder muscles of his legs, which were bent under. His mode of cure was worthy of a savage. He laid his bent leg upon a plank, and letting fall a heavy weight from a considerable height upon his knees, the blow straightened his crooked limbs—so he found when he recovered from a long period of unconsciousness. Unable to walk or work, Teatai taught himself to read in his old age, and used to collect a number of youths for the study of the Scriptures several evenings in the week. At length he lost his sight. This additional calamity drove him to despair for a while. He sent his Bible to the missionary, saying that the book could be of no further service to him, now his sight was gone. In a few days better thoughts came to him, and his Bible lay ever beside him, so that any friends calling to see him might read a short portion to him.

Cases of the more common leprosy rarely appeared. One case, however, exhibited an unusual feature. It not only covered a considerable portion of the body, and all one arm, but also spread over the face. The white thin scurfy scab, attended with violent itching, gave the patient the appearance of a man whom death had somehow failed to destroy—a bloodless moving human form.

The elephantiasis very rarely appeared at Rarotonga, although very common at Tahiti and Samoa. Nor was it confined to the natives. Some of the missionaries suffered severely from it. Mr. Buzacott gives his impressions of it, and the way in which it was usually treated.

"This is a dreadful disease, though not generally a dangerous one. It comes on with acute inflammatory or intermittent fever, and goes through the regular stages of a shivering, a hot, and a sweating fit, with violent headache during the two former stages. The patient is relieved by the perspiration, which is very profuse, and a swelling commences either in the foot, leg, arm, or other parts of the body. The attack lasts from a few days to a week, when the patient may enjoy a respite of some weeks, unless he takes cold, which would bring on another attack prematurely. Every attack is followed by an increase in the swollen limb, until it often attains an enormous size. The leg, in some cases, will swell so as to overlay and hide the foot altogether. No cure has yet been discovered, except when the disease is treated in its earliest stage. Arsenicum taken in the homœopathic form was found

of service. Cupping was resorted to, and produced instant relief; but from the weakness induced by the loss of blood, an earlier attack was generally the result. The missionaries in Tahiti and Samoa have suffered more or less from this complaint; but those residing on the more southerly islands, on the edge of the tropics, such as the Rarotongan group, have been happily free from this disorder."

Diseases of the eye were frequent during the hot or mosquito season. The most prevalent was an inflammation of the upper eyelid, and was cured by scarification.

Of pulmonary affections we must speak as we have spoken of dysentery. They might have been known before the arrival of foreigners, but no positive evidence can be adduced. When famines had reduced the strength and health of the people, these developed at the same time, as did other complaints, and proved fatal in many cases. The natives called them the *maki-maro*, or the withering diseases.

The population of the island in 1828, and up to 1831, averaged seven thousand. In the following sixteen years it fell down to little over three thousand, and continued to show a slight decrease until 1853, when the births exceeded the deaths by *one*, a circumstance so unusual, that it actually excited hopes for the future.

In the chapter on hurricanes and famines, we have given some account of the causes which seem to have prepared the whole population to become the victims of any serious disorder. We need now only remind

the reader that seven thousand persons were almost entirely dependent on the summer fruits, and a few vegetables, for their subsistence. These being destroyed by the hurricane of December, 1831, their sufferings for several years were great. The strong and robust, who could climb the mountains in search of roots, did better than the old and weakly. These were reduced to walking skeletons. Children suffered grievously. The missionaries did what they could for the most helpless. A huge tub of arrowroot was made ready every morning at the missionary's house for a long time, and fetched away by the natives in their cocoa-nut cups for their helpless friends. Mr. Buzacott obtained from a whaling-ship, about to return to America after a three years' voyage, three casks of biscuit; but what were these among so many?

While the people were in this weak and impoverished condition, a sick native teacher came to reside at Rarotonga. He was affected with a nondescript disease, resembling scrofula. Mr. Buzacott says, "We had no idea of the disease being contagious, but it spread on every side like a plague, until it had compassed the whole island. First the inmates of the chief's house, where the teacher lived, were taken ill —all were affected, and several died. The mortality went on increasing, until the deaths amounted to 500 annually, and the births scarcely 100. This state of things continued many years, until the population was reduced to less than half—upwards of 5000 had in a little over sixteen years passed into eternity, and not more than 500 births during the same period

had taken place. Many of those who died were from our classes of inquirers; and though many of them were not permitted to join the fellowship of the church on earth, we have reason to believe, from their dying testimony, that they are gone to join the church of the firstborn above. It frequently occurred to us that God had sent us to reap a harvest of souls. They will be our crown in the day of the Lord Jesus."

This fearful disorder, which, whether contagious or not, does not affect the issue, proved more fatal at Rarotonga than any other. Mr. Hunt, the surgeon of Her Majesty's ship "Sulphur," was induced by Mr. Buzacott to examine with him a number of typical cases. He thus describes one of them:—

"The accession is accompanied by the usual symptoms of fever; rigors followed by heat, dryness of skin, and some headache. This either entirely disappears or assumes an intermittent form, but in both is followed by an affection of the glands of the neck, groin, or axilla, and sometimes by tumours in the small of the back. An enlargement commences, due to chronic inflammation, which gradually increases until the tumour attains a large size, impeding the functions of the neighbouring parts.

"In the case I witnessed, the glands of the neck were affected on the right side, and an abscess had burst, leaving a large but superficial ulcer, discharging a thin serous matter. On the opposite side, large abscesses were in progress, and the back of the neck was also occupied by another in a less forward state. The patient had been previously a strong healthy man, but

the disease had deprived him of all energy, and his limbs were much emaciated.

"Although the disease did not extend much inwards, he experienced difficulty in speaking, swallowing, or respiring. The progress is slow, but generally fatal. The termination is perhaps assisted by the patient giving himself up immediately, and neglecting to pursue the remedies prescribed. The missionaries have used the liquor arsenicalis internally, and ointment of hydriodate of potash externally, with partial success. They also regard it as contagious; but this is a character which cannot be admitted except after strong proof. Hitherto no white people have been attacked, nor have I heard of its appearance elsewhere."

Captain Belcher, from whose narrative of a "Voyage round the World," etc., the above extract is taken, gives a description of a case seen by him:—

"The swellings are immense; at first sight appearing as huge wens. In a case which I witnessed, the left cheek was continued nearly to the shoulder and back of the neck; and this was in a youth who apparently gave himself little concern about it. This would go far to dispel the impression of contagion, as few would submit to his company, and yet he was always foremost among those who pressed around us. I took especial care, however, that he did not come in contact with any of our establishment. On its early presentation, the first symptoms, merely swellings of the throat, were considered certain monitors of speedy

death, attended with great torture; but latterly it has yielded to treatment" (vol. ii. p. 20).

These gentlemen seem to doubt the contagiousness of this disease, called by the natives *Taapuu*, because "no white people have been attacked, nor," continues Mr. Hunt, "have I heard of it elsewhere." This confident affirmation seems hasty in connection with the *fact* already given by one who was called in to attend every case that occurred. A native teacher came to Rarotonga afflicted with it, prior to which time it was entirely unknown. Moreover, those first affected amongst the Rarotongans were those living in the chief's house in which this sick foreigner lived; and from thence it spread throughout the whole island. The "Sulphur" visited the island, when, as Captain Belcher and Mr. Hunt both acknowledge, the disease had yielded to treatment; in other words, when the epidemic had done its worst, and had become a familiar thing to the natives. The arrival of a naval squadron at one of the islands is an event so rare and so exciting to the natives, that it was not unnatural that the patient should forget his malady for a while, and with his companions press round the visitors. It is scarcely possible to avoid smiling at the captain's distrust of his own reasoning; for while he refuses to believe in the contagiousness of the disease, because the lad affected with it was allowed by the natives to mingle freely with them, he nevertheless adds, "I took especial care, however, that he did not come in contact with any of our establishment."

It is satisfactory to know that the medical practice

of the missionary, under circumstances most disadvantageous to any system of treatment, actually caused the complaint to yield. Mr. Hunt most kindly gave a prescription and some medicines, which, however, did not prove more efficacious than the treatment already suggested by a careful induction of hundreds of cases.

The report of the terrible mortality caused by the small-pox at Tahiti, was brought to Rarotonga by a vessel, which happily brought also some vaccine lymph. As matter could be obtained, the whole population was vaccinated. The people came in scores for weeks to the surgery to be inoculated.

In 1848 the hooping-cough was introduced, and affected the whole population.

In 1850 another new disease was introduced into the island, viz., the mumps, and spread throughout the island.

In January, 1851, "the whole community," writes the Rev. William Gill, "was visited with severe attacks of fever, ague, and influenza. Many thus afflicted died; and for a few weeks, all work, schools, and public services were suspended, but in March the population was again in its usual health."

In 1854 the infection of measles was brought from Tahiti, and proved fatal to an extraordinary extent. It was during this epidemic that our friend Mr. Buzacott, being left alone on the island, and having taken out with him from England an ample quantity of medicines, resolved to make an experiment. Accordingly, he treated one-half the island, allopathically, and the other half homœopathically, and the

result amazed him. Many more died on the old system than on the new. Homœopathy produced a revolution in the ideas of the natives concerning medical treatment. They used to be eager advocates for large quantities of medicine, never deeming anything less than a good bowlful a proper dose for an adult. When the above experiment was tried, they rushed to the other extreme, and would believe in nothing but globules and tinctures.

A few words concerning the causes of the woeful decrease of population may not unfittingly close this chapter. Our remarks are intended to apply to Rarotonga alone. Surely more than enough has been said concerning the mystery of decrease in the natives. It is time to inquire more carefully into the causes of such decrease *in each district*. At Rarotonga there does not seem much room for mystery. A brief summary of historical facts will probably account for all. Prior to the introduction of Christianity there must have been considerable decrease or destruction of the people, for several districts were found without an inhabitant, which nevertheless gave evidence of having been fairly inhabited. When the native teachers arrived, the tribes at Arorangi had been so worsted in war, that they feared and expected extermination. Tinomana, the chief of that settlement, was the first to cast away his idols, and embrace Christianity, because the new faith introduced the reign of peace and goodwill—provided protection for the weak and helpless. The second fact is that the whole seven thousand people lived upon summer fruits and a few

vegetables. Meat, except in the form of fish, which was freely eaten at certain seasons of the year, was almost unknown. Only a few kept pigs, and when one of these was killed, custom required the head to be sent to the chief; all relatives and friends claimed and obtained a share, so that only some half a dozen pounds remained to the owner and his family. The early part of the year 1831 was signalized by an unusually long rainy season, and the lowlands, where the people lived, were constantly flooded. Hence ague, rheumatism, and dysentery, became prevalent, as they would in other parts of the world under similar circumstances. Dysentery carried off hundreds in each settlement, as described by the Rev. John Williams in his narrative.

Before the people could recover from the effects of this epidemic, the hurricane of December, 1831, swept over the island. The green fruit, hurled down by the gale, lay everywhere in heaps, was certain to rot in a few days, and certain also to be succeeded by a famine. It was not unnatural, although it was most unwise, that the natives should eat heartily of the fallen unripe fruit. Then came months of famine, in which the people lived upon roots, and were reduced to a most emaciated condition. The papaw apple-tree yields the quickest crop. Accordingly, these were planted, and so soon as the fruit *could* be eaten, the famished islanders plucked and did eat; nay, did eat without restraint, and thus engendered further weakness. Then came the nondescript disease resembling scrofula, the ravages of which the prostrated native constitution

could not resist, and the land was filled with the dead. Where is the medical skill or remedy which can save the famishing from death, or deliver those who have sunk much below par, when overtaken by an ulcerous exhausting malady ?

In 1846 another hurricane burst over the island, and made it again one heap of ruins. The coral-built houses alone stood. It is true that English hearts were touched by the tale of their woes, and English generosity sent ample funds and provisions to put a period to the consequent famine. Still the help could not arrive until nearly twelve months of bitter privation and famine had been endured. The effects were not so severe as in 1831, because the missionaries had introduced several new articles of food, which, with care, hurricanes could not easily destroy. In 1848 the hooping-cough, in 1851 the influenza, and in 1854 the measles, were introduced into the island, and wrought fearful havoc, yet, perhaps, not much more havoc than these diseases do in European towns when they rage as epidemics.

Women seemed less able than men to resist the effects produced by famine and epidemic; for in 1854 it was found that there were one hundred and fifty men to every hundred women. One third of the men could not marry. Children also suffered severely in times of scarcity and of disease. Is this peculiar to Rarotonga, or to the coloured races ?

It is believed that this simple summary of historical facts may be regarded as removing all unusual mystery from the decrease of population at Rarotonga. The

story is full of sadness, yet it is confidently hoped that the darkest days are past, that brighter days are coming. Coral houses are multiplying; sweet potatoes, coffee, arrowroot, tapioca, and Indian corn, have been introduced. Some of these, when prepared, will keep—as coffee, tapioca, arrowroot, and Indian corn. The missionary ship calls about once every year, and in case of urgent need, could easily alter her course, and bring supplies from the nearest port. By the efforts of the missionary the people have come into the possession of new securities against the violence of hurricanes, and new resources to ward off, or at least to moderate the evil effects of scarcity; while a certain amount of medical skill and of medicine are supplied, "*without money and without price*," by the resident pastor and bishop of their souls.

If it be objected that the natives pay heavily for their intercourse with foreigners, that the law of progress in some mysterious way seems to associate a disadvantage with every substantial gain, then the facts already given of decrease before the arrival of foreigners in part meets that objection. Moreover, the gains far exceed the losses. But the complete reply can only be obtained from the natives themselves. And in every island where the Evangelia a Jesu has taken root, the people unite as one man in blessing God for sending His servants to bring in, as they love to express it, "the reign of peace and goodwill," and to tell them of that life which alone becomes man as man on earth; and of that glory beyond, which they shall inherit who "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

CHAPTER IX.

MISSIONARY VOYAGES.

Mr. Buzacott made so many missionary voyages during the course of his thirty years' labour at Rarotonga, that a detailed account of each will not be necessary. Some have been already described in part by the Rev. John Williams, with whom they were made. It has been our aim, to avoid the repetition of incidents detailed in the Missionary Enterprises, except so far as they may be absolutely essential to the elucidation of our narrative.

Harvey Group.

In the year 1831, Mr. Buzacott visited all the islands of this group, with Mr. Williams.

As a narrative of this voyage is given in the Missionary Enterprises, it is only requisite to add an amusing account of a *night* spent at Aitutaki, as a sample of the way in which these devoted brethren spent their evenings, during their stay at the several islands. The reader will remember that the *days* were occupied in visiting the different chiefs and settlements, in examining the schools for children and adults, in public

services, and in holding conversations with the people upon everything connected with the mission. Questions too knotty for native evangelists are put, and, if possible, solved; and the people confirmed in their adhesion to the new religion. The natives are devotedly fond of singing, and seem to have no sense of fatigue. Their urgent requests to be taught *new* tunes, often deprived our brethren of their rest. Mr. Buzacott says, "Fortunately Mr. Williams and I could take turns, and one rest while the other was teaching. With this exercise, my throat has sometimes been so sore, as to cause me to spit blood for several days. At one of these islands I was so completely exhausted, that at midnight, when Mr. Williams had been aroused to take his turn, I retired to rest in another room, determined not to get up again until morning light. Mr. Williams had a good voice, and kept up the singing for two or three hours, and then was fairly exhausted. The singers made such a noise with their stentorian voices, that sleep was impossible. After waiting a little while, one of them came to my room, to see if I was awake. I closed my eyes as if in sleep; the light was held up over my face, if perchance that might arouse me. He then returned to report that Barakoti was sound asleep. One of them said, 'Why did you not wake him?' He answered, 'I was afraid.' Another native ventured into the room, and gently shook my head, but it was of no avail, and they either laid themselves down in the room of the teacher's house, where they had been practising, or went to their own homes."

Perhaps the following extract will suggest to the reader, how essential to the efficiency of our missions, in the islands of the South Pacific, is an annual visit from the missionary ship. The circumstance though insignificant, is not without suggestiveness.

"A little incident occurred at Mitiaro, which shows the state of destitution in which some of the native teachers have sometimes been placed. On leaving Rarotonga, Mrs. Buzacott gave me, amongst other things, a paper of needles. At this island I heard several teachers ask Mr. Williams for needles, stating they had not one left. They had tried to make needles out of iron hoops, by splitting them into suitable lengths, and making them round with a file. Instead of an eye, a notch was made, and the thread or banana fibre tied on to it. Many of their bonnets and hats were made by such rude instruments. On showing my paper of needles, there was a rush towards them; and to settle the difficulty, I passed the packet over to the teacher's wife.

Tahiti.

In the following year Messrs. Williams and Buzacott resolved to visit Samoa. Soon after, they started in the "Messenger of Peace," she sprang a leak, and they were compelled to hasten back to Rarotonga. The leakage was discovered and stopped. Then, however, it became imperative to sail to Tahiti for supplies of flour, tea, and other stores, for the mission families, a severe famine having succeeded the hurricane of 1831. This voyage enabled the brethren to

visit several of the eastern islands. Mr. Buzacott remained on Tahiti, while Mr. Williams hastened on to Raiatea, his own station. During this stay our friend managed to learn the art of printing at the Mission Press, and struck off hundreds of copies of 1st Peter in the Rarotongan dialect. He also attended a conference of the Tahitian missionaries. These brethren, hearing of the severe trials through which the Rarotongan mission was passing, unanimously urged our friend to leave that island, and take a more promising field of labour. The reader is already acquainted with his decision, and with the glorious triumphs that followed and grew out of those early bitter experiences.

During his brief stay at Tahiti, he had the honour of teaching Queen Pomare some new tunes. She had heard of his skill as a singer, and earnestly desired to increase her list of English tunes. The Queen possessed a good voice and a quick ear for music.

As soon as the Epistle of St. Peter was printed off, Mr. Buzacott gladly received the copies, though unbound, and sailed with Mr. Barff to Huahine, in a decked boat called the "Hauti Ore" (Anglicized "Steady"). Her name was a misnomer, for in build she was very short, and her motion in consequence so jerking that, although a good sailor, Mr. Buzacott was soon laid prostrate in all the miseries of sea-sickness. The heat of the little cabin was intolerable, and the rays of the tropical sun scorched all on deck. Happily this torture lasted only two days and a night. At Huahine, Mr. Barff kindly consented to assist in printing off the Gospel of Mark in the Rarotongan

dialect. Time, however, was precious; and this task was left to be completed by Mr. Barff, who generously consented to add it to his already heavy labour. Messrs. Williams and Buzacott returned to Rarotonga, taking back with them ample supplies for the mission families; also two calves, two horses, and a pair of donkeys. The landing of these animals at Avarua created a profound sensation, and the new puaka became the burden of conversation for many months amongst the natives.

First Visit to Samoa, 1834.

The Rev. C. Barff and family came to Rarotonga in May, 1834, to plan a missionary visit to the Western Islands. It was arranged that Mrs. Barff and children should remain with Mrs. Buzacott, whilst the two gentlemen proceeded to the Navigator's Group in a small schooner of fifty tons burden, which had been chartered at Raiatea for the purpose. Lieutenant Nightingale, a gentleman in search of specimens of the natural history of the South Seas, accompanied the missionaries. The vessel was well supplied with such provisions as the island furnished, but as was too often the case in these little crafts, the cook was both ignorant and dirty. The sight of a thick dirty woolly blanket for a table-cloth, did not tend to make the voyage pleasant, or to mitigate the horrors of sea-sickness.

On their arrival, Messrs. Barff and Buzacott found many of the Samoan chiefs with white men in their

train—American and English sailors, who had run away from whaling ships, touching at the islands for provisions. The chiefs found these men useful in promoting their trade with ships, for captains would frequently be induced to land where a white man resided.

As the desire for the new lotu (new religion) had become universal, and the natives supposed that these white men, who came from the land of the missionaries and the Bible, must understand it, chapels were erected at many of the villages, and these ignorant and in many cases wicked men, were requested to act as their instructors, and to conduct their worship. This, some of them attempted. The poor people would meet together, and the white man would ascend the pulpit and read to them in English out of any book in his possession. The natives understood not what was read or spoken, yet these pretenders obtained a considerable influence over part of the Samoans, and proceeded so far as to baptize, and administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on Christmas-day and Good Friday.

The deputation visited Savaii, the residence of Malietoa, under whose protection the native missionaries brought by Messrs. Williams and Barff on their first visit to these islands, had been placed. Great progress had been made since that time. The teachers were now preaching to large numbers of converts. In rotation they visited all the chiefs and people on the island, who professed to be willing to abandon idol-worship, and the abominable customs connected

therewith, and to become the worshippers of Jehovah. All the islands in this group appeared ripe unto the harvest, but the labourers were few. The resolution was formed in Mr. Buzacott's mind, that on his return to Rarotonga he would devote much more time and labour to the training of pious men and women for the work of God among the heathen.

The deputation, after an absence of six weeks, again landed on Rarotonga, and found their wives and families well. Mr. and Mrs. Barff returned to Huahine.

Mr. Buzacott remarks:—"It was pleasing to observe, by contrasting the present condition of Rarotonga with that of Samoa, the progress the gospel had already made among us. Our night of toil appears coming to an end, the day of gospel-light is breaking upon us. Many are awakening from their long and deadly slumbers to enjoy the light and heat of the Sun of Righteousness."

Second Visit to Samoa, 1836.

The visit of the Rev. John Williams to England aroused the missionary zeal of the churches at home, and a noble band of missionaries was sent out in the "Dunotar Castle." She also brought out instructions from the Directors to Mr. Barff and Mr. Buzacott to accompany the new missionaries, and introduce them to their appointed stations.

The "Dunotar Castle" reached Rarotonga in May, 1836. One of the new missionaries was the Rev. C. Hardie, who had married Mrs. Buzacott's third sister,

Jane. No news had been received from England for a long period, and the missionary ship arrived without any notice of her coming, and without, of course, any hint as to her passengers. The first boat conveyed Mr. and Mrs. Hardie on shore. Mr. Barff first jumped on the beach, "handed a lady out of the boat, and introduced her to me as my sister. I could see no likeness to any sister I had left in England, and I thought he must mean a sister in Christ; but judge of my surprise, when I found that she was indeed Mrs. Buzacott's sister, Jane, whom we had left nine years before a girl in her teens, now not only a woman, but a missionary, the wife of the Rev. C. Hardie. The joy of her sister may be better imagined than described. The natives partook of my joy, ran off with the intelligence, and rushed into our house, exclaiming, 'Barakoti vaine! Tera oki to tuaine'—Mrs. Buzacott, your sister is come. The shock was great, and it was some time ere we could realize the joyful event. Not a hint had reached us respecting such an occurrence. After our surprise had somewhat abated, we could most sincerely join in thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, and give our beloved sister and her husband a most hearty welcome."

The deputation, with the missionaries, left Rarotonga on the 30th of May, 1836, for Samoa. On their way they touched at Aitutaki to land some natives. After a sail of seven days they reached Tutuila. Several canoes came off to the ship. The natives informed the missionaries that Teava, the native teacher from Rarotonga, was ashore. On him,

as interpreter, depended the success of the efforts to introduce missionaries. Several of the brethren went on shore, and found that this zealous evangelist had paved the way for European labourers. It was resolved that the Rev. A. W. Murray, Mrs. Murray, and the Rev. G. Barnden, should be stationed on Tutuila.

Teava gave a most interesting account of his itinerary labours. He had been well received by nearly all the chiefs and the people. The desire for teachers was strong, and almost universal. At Upolu, the next island, the brethren received a hearty welcome, Mr. Buzacott being able to hold intercourse with the natives through the aid of Teava, the Rarotongan evangelist. By request of the missionaries, the principal chiefs assembled at Apia, and, after mutual explanations, the chiefs expressed their earnest desire for teachers, engaged to protect their persons and property, and in case of any war, they bound themselves to regard the brethren as neutral, while all parties would unite in protecting them from harm.

Arrangements were then made for the location of the new missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Mills were appointed to Apia. Mr. Buzacott then introduced Mr. and Mrs. Heath to the chiefs and people at Manono, and found that, under the direction of Teava, a neat plastered cottage had already been built for the expected missionary. "Matetau, the chief," says Mr. Buzacott, "was beyond measure delighted to see me. He shook me by the hand, and rubbed noses many times in the same day." Some twenty converts

in this station had rewarded the labours of the native evangelist.

Leaving Manono, the "Dunotar Castle" sailed for Savaii, the largest of the Samoan Islands, whose reefs extended a long distance out to sea. Unfortunately, ere the captain was aware, his ship struck upon the rocks, and missionaries and vessel were placed in great peril. The wind happily lulled, and by the help of the natives, the passengers and their goods were taken on shore in canoes, and the vessel towed off the sunken reef, having suffered but little damage, which was easily repaired on her return to Apia harbour. Mr. Barff returned to Huahine in the "Dunotar Castle."

Next in importance to the location of the new missionaries was the visitation of the different native settlements throughout the group. The villages on the islands of Savaii, Manono, Upolu, and Tutuila were all visited by our friend in succession. Having visited this group before, Mr. Buzacott was received by the people as an old friend, or as one familiar to them from report. His acquaintance with the manners and customs of the natives enabled the new labourers to avoid many unwitting occasions for little misunderstandings with the people, and, as the teacher and spiritual father of Teava, one of the native evangelists of Samoa, his presence and influence contributed in no small degree to the happy commencement and settlement of the new missions.

It is not our intention to describe at any length these long and exhausting journeys. Many incidents

of a novel and interesting character transpired. For some only of these can we find space.

The island of Savaii is, as already stated, the largest of the group, being about 150 miles in circumference, while Upolu is only 130, and Tutuila only 70. Savaii presents magnificent mountains, of above 4000 feet in height, innumerable wooded hills, and fertile valleys and plains. The group is obviously of volcanic origin, for there are a great number of extinct craters. One of them on the island of Upolu has been strangely transformed into a beautiful mountain park. Splendid trees grow up the outer surface of the volcano, and even descend down within the crater, where in some former period the lava, boiling and raging, gathered its force ere it poured forth the red-hot flood upon the plains beneath. Within the crater, a lovely fresh-water lake has been formed. The transformation seems miraculous. The scene is one of unrivalled beauty.

In the tour round Savaii, Mr. Buzacott was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Hardie, who had been appointed to this island. Mrs. Buzacott, with unwonted delight, spent the time with her beloved sister, Mrs. Hardie. Only those who have been long separated, and who unexpectedly meet each other on a foreign shore, can understand the feelings of these two sisters. Engaged now in the same divine enterprise, a heavenly joy seemed to penetrate and to hallow their sisterly joy in each other's presence, and love, and work.

This joy was quickly shaded by anxiety, excited

by the sudden illness of Mrs. Hardie. The tourists had not proceeded more than thirty miles from home when a native overtook them one evening, with the message to return immediately, as Mrs. Hardie had been taken seriously ill. Although weary, the travellers at once turned back, for well they knew that they alone possessed all the medical skill the island could boast.

Their path lay through a dense forest, extending more than twelve miles. The trees had grown up through a vast bed of black lava. The brightest sunbeam could scarcely penetrate the luxuriant foliage; the walk through it, after sunset, seemed like tracking a way through a silent Tartarus. However by the aid of a singularly constructed torch, our brethren managed in eight hours, to thread their way through this fearful forest jungle. Thence the bright stars guided them home. Happily Mrs. Hardie soon recovered, and after due rest, they set forth again on their travels, taking with them a mule, which Mr. Hardie had received as a gift at Rarotonga, from his brother. This arrival excited the marvel of the natives, who addressed her, and spoke of her in the peculiar style of speech, which they are wont to use towards their gods and highest chiefs. But so bad were the roads, that she gave more trouble than help.

These missionary tours around all these islands induced a considerable number of the chiefs with their people to forsake idolatry, and to put themselves under Christian instruction.

The Samoans are the French of the South Seas.

They have a distinct dialect for courtly intercourse, and always, in their politeness, address strangers, in royal speech. Amongst themselves, there are at least three distinct *modes* or styles of speech, corresponding to as many orders of social rank. Their salutation to their gods, principal chiefs, and distinguished strangers, is, Afio-mai; to their nobles, Susu-mai; to common people, Maliu-mai.

Sometimes in their anxiety to address a stranger in the style becoming his rank, and in their ignorance of his rank, they would address him in all three styles. It is impossible to be otherwise than amused and pleased with a people so studiously polite. Nor could the ancient Greeks be more careful than the Samoans to avoid the use of any word of evil omen, or any reference to sickness, calamity, or death. In illustration, the following incident may be given: One of our brethren had been very ill, and on his recovery, he began, according to his wont, to visit his out stations. He met, on the occasion referred to, an old man, who, with a graceful bow stepped out of the path, and inquired, "E ā ea, misi, lou ngasengase?" "How is your weariness, master?" Weariness is no sign of disease, but of healthful labour, whilst weakness implies and suggests many evils. Being assured of complete recovery, the old man replied, "Faafe tai i le Atua; ia matafi le langi." "Thanks be to God. May the heavens be bright."

In their tour round Savaii, Messrs. Buzacott and Hardie found several white men, who (there was reason to fear) had been convicts, and had managed to escape from confinement in Sydney, and succeeded one

night, in cutting a vessel out of the harbour, having the captain and crew on board. These villains compelled the captain to sail to Savaii, as a spot where none would think of pursuing them. On their arrival, they took out in the boats all the goods they wanted, and, scuttling the ship, landed on the west coast. Most of the crew, including the captain, were drowned in the attempt to gain the shore, not without grave suspicions of foul play. The convicts settled down at Tufu, where they had landed.

The location of native evangelists upon the Samoan islands and the influence which Teava gained with the natives induced some runaway sailors to assume the office of religious teachers. Varieties of so-called "sailor religions, or *lotu*," were found on the islands. Among others, was a young man who had assumed the title of Tangipo, the night crier. In a native hut, he erected a rough pulpit, and upon this placed and kept some old books, which he had brought on shore with him. These he styled sacred books, which he allowed to be uncovered only on Sundays. In imitation of the evangelists, he persuaded the people to assemble for worship on the Lord's-day. The service consisted on the part of the hearers, in bowing to the sacred books and listening to some paragraph read by the sailor out of one of his books, which he did not deign to explain to his audience. He managed to be regarded as the high priest of his lotu, or religion, and as such was held in high repute, and liberally supported by his disciples, of whom there were a few in several villages. On the arrival of the English missionaries, Mr. Hardie and

his brethren remonstrated with him on the folly and falsehood of his conduct. He frankly confessed his error, and nobly went round with the missionary amongst his followers, declaring that his lotu was an entire delusion, but that the English missionaries were the faithful teachers of the true religion.

Perhaps the most extraordinary corruption of Christianity, was that designed by a native of Savaii, who had visited Tahiti, and there formed some strange opinions respecting divine worship. On his return home, he proclaimed himself as the teacher of a new lotu.

Some runaway sailors had given him the nickname of Siovili (pronounced Ceovelé, *i. e.*, Joe Gimlet, from his acquaintance with the use of the gimlet). This name, oddly enough, became that of his lotu. Joe Gimlet taught the natives to keep the Sabbath as a day of feasting and worship. His followers met in their places of worship, and went through certain performances, which had been practised in their heathen superstitions, and to these he added the firing of muskets, and some absurd and unintelligible references to the name of Jesus Christ. Joe Gimlet and his disciples were in no way distinguished from their heathen neighbours in manner of life. He gained a considerable number of followers in Savaii, and many more in Upolu. On the arrival of English missionaries, Joe forbad all intercourse with the strangers, and thus for a while retained his influence. Of course this lotu has vanished, with all the lotūs bred of darkness and folly, before the light of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ.

In the course of nine months, every village of importance was visited, and a general disposition thus excited amongst the natives to embrace the Christian religion. At the end of that period, an opportunity was unexpectedly offered, of returning to Rarotonga, which Mr. Buzacott gladly seized, leaving his brethren with bright hopes as to the future of Samoa. The following extract from the minute-book of the Samoan mission, was forwarded to him by the secretary, Rev. T. Heath, and shows in what light the new missionaries estimated his labours in those islands. Some of the brethren were most anxious that he should join their mission, but the claims of Rarotonga seemed in the ill health of Mr. Pitman to be paramount.

"Mr. Buzacott having unexpectedly left Samoa, prior to the return of the mission vessel, we feel bound to record in our minutes the high and grateful sense we entertain of the kindness, prudence, and usefulness, both of himself and Mrs. Buzacott during their nine months' residence among us, in the aid afforded at the several stations, with regard both to our domestic arrangements and missionary proceedings. That we therefore transmit to him a copy of this record of our feelings and sentiments; together with thanks for his affectionate and judicious parting letter of advice; and also the assurance that our prayers on his behalf are and shall be, that his life may long be spared for increasing usefulness in the missionary cause."

MISSION-COLLEGE.

CHAPTER X.

NATIVE AGENCY.

The need of an efficient native agency has been felt by missionaries from the very commencement of the missionary enterprise. Accordingly, Mr. Williams sought out the best men he could find in the Tahitian churches, as evangelists, to be placed in new spheres of labour. Had he waited until these agents had received a special training for their work, the islands to the westward must have remained many a year longer than they did in the darkness of heathenism. The reader will remember how the intrepid Papeiha ventured amongst the savages of Rarotonga, whose cruel treatment of two teachers sent on shore, under the promised protection of the chiefs, had constrained Mr. Williams to resolve that no further attempt could then be made towards the evangelization of that island. "Whether the savages spare me or kill me, I will land among them. Ka Jehovah toku tiaki. Jehovah is my shield. Tei roto au i tona rima. I am in his hand."

Only by means of native agents could so many islands in so few years have seen the glorious light of

the gospel. Mr. Williams urged Mr. Buzacott to pay special attention to the selection and education of native agents—promising that so soon as he had located all the new missionaries he had brought out with him from England in the "Camden," he would return to Rarotonga, and assist in building and establishing a suitable institution for this purpose.

Mr. Williams sailed to the west, and, as is well known, won a martyr's crown at Erromanga.

The burden of the new undertaking was thus thrown upon his beloved brother Buzacott, who did not suffer tears of grief to blind his eyes to the pressing need of the heathen. Ever since the year 1832, young men had been educated, and some had gone forth and wrought wonders. At the close of this chapter, in illustration, we shall give a brief account of Teava, one of these first evangelists. But those thus sent were very partially trained, and, moreover, the supply was precarious, since each European missionary needed all the best elements of his own church as assistants in his own immediate district.

When the news was brought by Captain Belcher that John Williams had fallen, the whole island was profoundly moved—yet moved as a Christian people should be by such a sorrowful loss—to grief and pity. "Hundreds of prayers ascended to God for his murderers, and many an 'Amen' has been given to the sentiment uttered by one of the students of the institution, who from a heart overflowing with grief and compassion, said, among other things, 'O delay not to send them a missionary, for the word of God must

prosper where the blood of His servant was spilt—the seed is already sown.' One, if not two, of the students promptly volunteered to go as evangelists to Erromanga" (see page 165).

Such sentiments urged on the erection of the first training institution for native evangelists in the South Seas.

The following extract from a letter to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, will explain the way in which Mr. Buzacott proceeded to establish the college, and the work he carried on from day to day in connection with it :—

"I have purchased a piece of ground for 150 dollars, and have had a stone wall built around it, part of which is plastered with lime. I have also had four stone cottages built, measuring 20 feet by 16 feet. Each will accommodate a man and his wife, or two single men. I have five young men now under my instruction who have devoted themselves to the work of the Lord. Three of them are married, and their wives are being instructed by Mrs. Buzacott in needlework, writing, and arithmetic. They all attend the schools, both students and wives, either as superintendents or teachers. The schools occupy their time till 9 o'clock on each day. From 9 to 11 is devoted to their mental improvement. Mondays and Fridays, lectures are given on Divinity; Tuesdays, reading the New Testament in Rarotongan; and Thursdays, reading the Old Testament in Tahitian; Wednesdays, composition, a sermon, and plans of sermons, with essays on the lectures they have received."

These lectures were Dr. Bogue's lectures to his students, translated into the Rarotongan language. Each student was required to write out a copy for himself. In 1853—57 a revised edition was printed at the Mission Press for the benefit of the students.

The new mission college was built of block coral, and is one of the most comfortable and durable buildings in the South Sea Islands. Its erection did not largely tax the funds of the London Missionary Society, for the burden of the cost was borne by the missionary and his people. It stands on the spot described by Captain Belcher, Chapter XVI., on a terrace cut out of the side of the hill, on the solid rock. The outer walls are more than two feet in thickness, and the roof is double. An accurate engraving heads this chapter.

It is a building peculiarly adapted to its purpose, being not only strong enough to resist the most violent hurricanes, as for example that of 1846, described in page 93, but, in addition to the rooms for the resident missionary, contains a surgery, a large lecture-room for the service of the students, a school-room, in which the daughters of the chiefs and principal families, under the care of Miss Buzacott, have received a higher education than the daily school supplied, thus fitting them, by superior knowledge and manners, both to retain their position amongst a people growing into intelligence, as well as to be their leaders in every good work; there is also a room in which the missionary's wife has been wont to teach the wives of the students, and so qualify them to aid their

husbands as evangelists amongst the heathen. The course occupies four years. This period allows time for the peculiar training required, which includes instruction in general knowledge, in the working of Day and Sunday schools, in divinity, in preaching, and also in house-building, in the manufacture of chairs, sofas, beds, etc., so that the students may be able to raise the heathen in social life, while they preach unto them the word of eternal life. It is certain also that this additional knowledge pre-disposes idolators to listen to new doctrines, taught by men so much their superiors in arts whose usefulness is at once patent to the dullest savage comprehension.

The advantages of the Institution can be enjoyed only by young men of known piety and active habits, who must also be recommended for admission by the missionary of whose church they are members, and with which they must have been connected more than twelve months. Six months' probation on admission is always required.

Contrary to English notions of college life, it is found desirable that the native students should be married men, so that their wives also may pass through a suitable course of instruction. Each married student has a good stone cottage of two rooms to himself. The unmarried have a room to themselves. In a detached eating-house, built for the purpose, the whole of the students and their wives have two hot meals a day, each in turn giving a weekly superintendence to the commissariat department.

The annual cost of each student is £5; and twenty

married students and their wives can be educated, clothed, and boarded for the trifling sum of £3 a week, the college grounds yielding nearly as many vegetables as the establishment requires.

The toil involved in the conduct of such an institution is obviously very great, being additional to the care of the station, and to the superintendence of the press for the whole group, and for some of the Westward Islands. When Mr. Buzacott was compelled, through failure of health and strength, to leave the college in 1857, there were of the students engaged in mission-fields, sixty-one; superannuated, seven; dead, thirty-six; massacred by the heathen, four men, two women, and one child; widows returned home, four; retired from their work, ten; fallen, twenty-one. Many of those who are represented as having fallen into sin have been restored to church fellowship, on the manifestation of sincere penitence. Though lost to the mission-field, many of them are useful assistants to the missionary at their native places.

The Samoan deputation to the Westward Islands in 1854 reports that "God has most extraordinarily blessed native agency in Mare and Lifu, chiefly students from Rarotonga. Nothing like it has been seen in these islands." The value of a well trained native agency is beyond calculation. The evangelization of the numerous islands in the South Pacific can only be accomplished through such agency. One European missionary can superintend the labours of twenty or thirty teachers. The Rarotongan teachers

have exerted a powerful influence in many of the islands of Western Polynesia

We shall close this chapter with a brief outline of the labours of Teava. He was ordained as an evangelist by Mr. Buzacott at Avarua, and located by Mr. Williams on the island of Manono during his second visit to the Navigator's Group. He had for a long time given satisfactory evidence of his piety, was apt to learn and to teach, and could read and write well, and had some little acquaintance with arithmetic. Teava laboured in the Master's service at Manono, and in the Samoan islands, for more than twenty years. While the group was still heathen, he visited every tribe and village, announcing the glad tidings of salvation. With his life in his hand, he travelled in an open canoe from island to island, striving to remove the prejudices of the people, and to prepare the natives to receive European missionaries. The inhabitants of Tutuila were by him disposed to welcome the Rev. Mr. Murray and Mrs. Murray, and the Rev. Mr. Branden, as their missionaries. Through the larger islands of Savaii and Upolu he had proclaimed the gospel of peace. At Manono he had built a good house for the expected European missionary. The Rev. J. Heath and Mrs. Heath were located there, and occupied that house. His zeal and piety were admired alike by natives and by Europeans. Many converts throughout the group traced their first religious convictions to his ministry, while through his teaching, whole tribes abandoned their idolatry, and expressed their readiness to put themselves under

Christian instruction. When the "Dunotar Castle" brought a goodly band of missionaries to Samoa, they found the people made ready to welcome them. "The fields were white already to harvest."

A few years ago, Teava returned to Rarotonga, worn out with labour in the cause of his Divine Master, without one stain upon his Christian character, and possessing the highest testimonials from European missionaries of his devotedness, usefulness, and eminent piety. Latterly, he has suffered severely from elephantiasis, a disease of which a description is given in the chapter on Medical Practice.

Beloved by all who have known him, he devoutly awaits at Rarotonga the Divine summons to come up higher, and enter into the joy of his Lord.

"Rest from thy labour, rest,
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be."

MAKEA.

CHAPTER XI.

MAKEA, CHIEF OF RAROTONGA.

It would be easy to fill a long chapter with illustrative examples of the triumphs of the religion of Jesus in the island of Rarotonga; some have already been given; and as it is most desirable to tell the story of the model missionary in as few pages as justice to our subject will allow, and thus adapt our little volume for wider circulation, so we shall limit ourselves to the story of Makea, the principal chief of the island. He was one of the last to renounce idolatry and put himself under Christian instruction, and yet exerted an influence second to none, in favour of the establishment of "Law and of Religion." The engraving is copied from a camera obscura likeness, taken by Mr. Buzacott. It might interest the readers to be informed, in passing, that Mr. Williams expressing his regret that he could not obtain fair likenesses of some of the natives, in order to illustrate the narrative he designed to publish on his return to England, Mr. Buzacott forthwith resolved to construct a camera obscura, and after many failures, succeeded in making one, which answered his purpose. The views thus obtained were sent to Mr. Williams,

and were inserted in his narrative. It need scarcely be added, that they find quite a natural place in this volume.

Makea was the greatest and bravest man in Rarotonga; answering in some respects to the ideal of a Homeric hero. "He was," writes Mr. Buzacott, "six feet two inches in height, without shoes, which he never wore, and so stout that he looked rather short than tall. His thigh, which I had the curiosity to measure, was exactly the size of my body, his feet and legs up to about two inches above the knee, as well as his hands and arms to a little above the elbow, were most beautifully tatooed. His colour was fair for a native, which displayed the tatooing to advantage. We had no means of accurately weighing him, but I should think he was nearly five cwt. His son, who went to Sydney in 1842, who was short and small when compared with his father, weighed 312 lb.

"In his manner and movements there was such a happy union of ease with dignity, that it was impossible to avoid the conviction that he was born to rule. Many stories were told of his tyranny and cruelty in heathen times; one of these must suffice. On one occasion, he found a native stealing some trifle from his premises. He seized the thief, bound him to a tree, thrust his spear through his body, and thus nailed him to the tree. He then left the poor man in this awful situation, and coolly went home to his dinner. After which he returned to his victim, whose agonies were excruciating, and whose cries for mercy were

heartrending, but the heart of Makea knew nought of mercy, or even of pity. Seizing the end of the spear, he literally dragged the spear to and fro through the poor culprit's body, until death put an end to his torture.

"On the introduction of Christianity, he abandoned these deeds of cruelty, and became apparently much attached to Mr. Williams. He rendered all the assistance in his power in building the 'Messenger of Peace.' When the vessel was completed, he accompanied Mr. Williams and family to the Tahitian Group, where he received much kindness from the chiefs and people. Some of the chiefs, more especially the chief of Raiatea, told him not to pay so much attention to the missionary, neither to work for them, nor supply them with food as he had been accustomed to do.

"He returned back to Rarotonga in a small vessel which was nearly filled with the presents he had received. Mr. Buzacott perceived that a change for the worse had taken place in his conduct towards the missionary. He became haughty and distant, and so influenced the people, as to make the missionary's position uncomfortable. A meeting was called, and Mr. Buzacott asked for an explanation. Makea was present, and appeared much ashamed. Mr. Buzacott said if they were tired of the missionary and wished him to leave, to tell him so at once, as there were other islands in the neighbourhood which would gladly receive him and kindly treat him. Many sacrifices had been made for their good, and the least the chief and his people could do was to treat them with kindness

and respect. The result was all that could be wished. The position of Mr. Buzacott was restored. Makea came in the evening, and holding up a portion of the New Testament, said, 'Barakoti, do not be cast down; henceforth I follow this.' The missionaries had never again to complain of neglect."

For many years Makea was a stranger to vital godliness. The following extract will inform the reader of the remarkable circumstances which resulted in his conversion:—

"*October* 12, 1833.—I must record a week of peculiar interest. Among many others who have come to me for private conversation, Makea's wife and Tapaeru manifested much earnestness. Their impressions had been so powerful as to produce physical agitation. One of them said she felt as though her body was being cut to pieces; and the other, that the thought of her sins produced violent emotions. Tapaeru is the person mentioned in 'Williams's Missionary Enterprises.' She came from Aitutaki, and rendered great service to Mr. Williams in placing and protecting the teachers stationed on Rarotonga. She appeared so burdened with a sense of sin, that she said it would be a relief to her to be allowed to confess some of the principal ones. They were chiefly sins of adultery; and one of the guilty persons had been Makea himself. He had latterly been very anxious about his own state; and since his brother's death, he has acted as *chief judge*. The report got abroad, most likely from herself, that she had told me of her sin. It produced considerable excitement among all parties.

Makea had but recently, in his capacity of judge, passed sentence on several for the like offence. He found himself in a difficulty. 'Thou who condemnest others doest the same things,' he imagined would be said on all hands. In his difficulty he came to me, and frankly told the truth, not only as to this charge, but as to many others; and said it was his intention to make a clean breast of it; that the law must be above king and chief, and that it should not be a law for the poor man only."

Mr. Buzacott thought it right to let him follow his own convictions. But who would fill the office of judge in this case? No one at Avarua would venture to pass sentence on Makea. Hence a meeting of all the chiefs and judges of the other two stations—Ngatangiia and Arorangi—was called. A large concourse of people gathered at the gate of the entrance to his own house, the usual place of trial. Tupe, the excellent and upright judge of Ngatangiia, was appointed to pass the sentence. Makea stood up as a culprit, and made a solemn confession of his sins before them all, and Tupe fearlessly passed the sentence on him and his guilty companion, and accompanied the sentence, which consisted of fines, with faithful and cautionary remarks. This one act of Makea's did more for the establishment of law and order than any other act of his life.

A very powerful influence was produced upon native morality by a sermon preached by Mr. Buzacott on the subject of restitution of stolen property. The Rarotongans, in their heathen days, had been

renowned for thieving. After this sermon on the character of Zaccheus, the missionary's house was beset with persons, some of them in high rank, bringing back tools, etc., which they had stolen, either from himself or Mr. Williams, and also a present of fowl for the long use they had made of the stolen articles. Makea had nothing of this kind to restore, but he had robbed some of the lesser chiefs of their lands, and he had placed some of his favourites as tenants upon them. He invited all those whom he had thus injured to a feast, and when the banquet was over, he made humble confession of the wrong he had inflicted on them in their days of darkness; but now his mind was enlightened, his conscience would not allow him to keep them out of their lands any longer, and he requested them to go back and take possession of their rights, and no one should again disturb them. Every one was taken by surprise, and many exclaimed, "Oh, what a wonderful thing is the gospel!"

These circumstances led to his conversion; and in 1835, after nearly two years' probation, he sought and obtained admission into the church. Henceforth his conduct was exemplary. His anxiety to learn to read fluently induced him to attend the adult morning school daily. On the same form, and composing one class, were Makea, Ma, an old sorcerer, Maeau, an old priest, and two or three other old warriors, all of whom had been notorious for their cruelties and "heathen abominations;" but now all giving convincing evidence of a saving change, and furnishing a striking comment on that beautiful passage in Isaiah

xi. 6, "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatlings together; and a little child shall lead them." The last sentence was literally and frequently fulfilled in that morning school. Those who once were the terror of the widow and the orphan, now no longer filled the defenceless with dread. The cleverest boys from the children's school were, through lack of older persons, placed over some of these adult classes. One of these boys might often be seen teaching Makea and his class-mates the mysteries of reading and writing. "A little child shall lead them." It was a sight suggestive of the wonderful changes wrought by the gospel amongst the most degraded sons of men. "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

During the reign of Makea, some very perplexing questions arose in relation to the punishment of criminals. The following tragic story of a murder and its punishment will serve as an illustration.

"I was informed by Moeara, one of our servants, that his brother Tevioio was dead. This announcement surprised me; for when I left him last evening he appeared convalescent. In the evening I was sent for to attend the funeral. Mrs. Buzacott and myself were on our way to the grave, when we were met by a servant almost breathless with running, who stated that Tevioio had been murdered. Suspicion fell immediately on his wife, as no one else was known to

have been present when he died. The following circumstances led to the discovery. Before the friends were informed of his death, the body had been carefully wrapped round with native cloth, and a shirt carefully buttoned round the throat, so as to hide all marks of violence. One of his friends who had seen the corpse some time in the course of the day had observed a scratch on the face; he did not, however, at the time think much of it. While, however, they were awaiting our arrival at the grave, he mentioned the circumstance to the chief, who immediately approached the body, near which the widow was sitting, apparently very disconsolate, and requested her to uncover his face that he might see him once more before he was put into the grave. Her manifest reluctance excited further suspicion. Besides this, according to their usual mode of laying out the body for burial, the face could be easily uncovered, for though the corpse is generally wound round many times with native cloth, a separate cloth is provided for the head and face. The body is then put into a portion of a canoe, with no lid on the top, so that the face can be easily uncovered. The widow, however, evidently sought to guard and cover the shirt collar with her hands. The chief noticing this, ordered her away. On unfastening the shirt collar, he found unmistakable evidence that the man had been strangled. Marks of a thumb were visible on one side of the gullet, and of fingers on the other. The people crowded around, horror stricken at the sight. The wife was at once charged with the murder, which she vehemently

denied, asserting that those marks were made by himself. The body was removed to the police office. Dr. Stevens, a medical man brought to Rarotonga by Mr. Williams from Samoa, being at Ngatangiia, was sent for to give his opinion as to the cause of death. The woman then became alarmed, and confessed the crime. She stated that it had been done by her paramour, whom they would find with one of his fingers nearly bitten off by the poor man when struggling for life. The culprit was sent for immediately. He denied at first having had anything to do with the murder; but the confessions of the woman, and his *bitten* finger, furnished evidence which he could not resist, and at last he confessed the part he had taken. The woman first suggested the thing to him. Three times she went for him a distance of five miles, but he refused to come. The fourth time, arrangements were made, the night fixed, and at the appointed time, he came and stood outside the door of the poor man's cottage, which unfortunately stood by itself. Breaking off a stick, he threw a part of it into the house. This was the preconcerted signal. The woman immediately went out to him, and requested him to wait at some distance, and she would entice her husband out. She did so; and when her husband reached the spot where the man was lying in wait, she called out, 'There he is; seize him and do your work.' The poor fellow was seized by the throat, and being weak from illness, could offer but little resistance, and was soon dead. The murderers then carried the corpse into the house. The man

seemed to have been struck with remorse; for when he left, he said, 'Good-bye; it is his turn to-day, it will be ours to-morrow.'"

This was the first murder committed on the island since the introduction of Christianity, and no law had been enacted for its punishment. What ought to be done? The natives knew that in England murderers were hung. The chiefs and people from the three stations on the island met together to sit in judgment upon the criminals. They were sentenced to be hung, and the day of execution fixed. Mr. Buzacott visited the murderers. The man appeared sensible of his awful condition, but the woman was altogether unconcerned. The sentence caused great excitement among the people of one of the settlements, Arorangi, who said that if the execution took place at Avarua, the bad people of Ngatangiia would be revenged. Mr. Williams and Mr. Buzacott were consulted, and advised the chiefs to grant a reprieve, and banish them to one of the uninhabited islands in the neighbourhood of Rarotonga, where they would find sufficient food to sustain life. Some objected to this, because they might escape by the first ship that called. By request, Messrs. Williams, Pitman, and Buzacott joined the chiefs in their consultations upon the subject. It was the unanimous opinion of the missionaries that deliberate murder should be punished by death; but yet in the present case it seemed unadvisable to adopt that course, and the brethren retired. The chiefs thought that as Mr. Williams was about to depart with his family to Raiatea, he should be requested to take

the woman and land her on Manuae. The word "Murderer" was tatooed upside down across her face. The letters were a faithful transcript of the copy, written on a slate by Dr. Stephens; and although upside down, the word could be easily read by Englishmen. Mr. Williams's departure being delayed for a month, the woman was kept in prison at Avarua, and the man was given up to the chiefs and judges of Ngatangiia. They built a small house for him, and fastened him to a stake in the middle of it by a chain, just long enough to allow him to go a few steps from his door. A policeman watched him day and night, while the parties who obtained possession of his lands were bound to provide him with food and clothing. No suitable opportunity occurring for his departure, he was kept in this state for five years, when his health giving way, he was set at liberty. His subsequent conduct proved that punishment had led to a moral reformation, and endeavours after the Christian life.

Makea lived long enough after his conversion to prove its reality, and to show his love of the doctrine and service of his new Lord and Saviour. Laws were administered without respect of persons; a liberal list of prices was fixed for the encouragement of barter with whaling-vessels, for the benefit of his people; broad roads connected the settlements. His own settlement was one of the most beautiful in the South Seas. His manners and *new temper* commended him to natives and to Europeans. His rule began in times of fearful darkness and bloodshed. When it closed,

everything seemed changed. The customs, the manners, the habits, the worship, the life of his people, were all changed. He himself was an illustration of the mighty change that God had wrought—a change which justified and rewarded the missionary enterprise.

He died in peace, devoutly hoping to be admitted into that world of light and of glory of which he had only lately heard, and to be welcomed by Him Whom, having not seen, he had loved, and in Whom believing, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of his faith, even the salvation of his soul.

CHAPTER XI.

VISIT TO AUSTRALIA, AND INSPECTION OF MISSION STATIONS IN WESTERN POLYNESIA.

THE mission vessel "Camden" had been long anxiously looked for by the missionaries and natives of Rarotonga. On 27th March, 1842, the news was brought from Rev. C. Pitman's station, that the ship was in sight. It had been arranged that Mr. Buzacott, in the hope of restoring his failing health, his wife and daughter, should visit Sydney. Their only son had been previously sent by a favourable opportunity, and was at school in the colony. Mr. Buzacott had been appointed to take charge of a band of native teachers, and to call at the various islands in Western Polynesia, where efforts had been made to introduce the gospel.

Captain Morgan, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Becknell, came on shore. For two years and a half, the missionaries had received no letters from England, and when their packets were opened, in Mr. Buzacott's case it was to learn that he had lost by death a father, brother, and sister.

All was activity in preparing for the voyage.

Eleven Rarotongans were set apart for the missionary work in Western Polynesia. The dedication service was very solemn. Addresses were given to the teachers and to the people.

On the 31st of March, everything being ready, the captain sent his boat to convey the party on board.

Mr. Buzacott says in his journal:—"When we got about half way to the sea-side, we were met by the widow of our late chief, who, after greeting us in the most affectionate manner, kissing our hands, and bathing them in her tears, preceded us with a loud wailing,

"'Aue to e taku orometua e! Ka akarukeia au e!'

"'Alas! my teacher! I shall be forsaken!'

"Several hundreds were collected at the sea-side, every one of whom was anxious to give us a parting token of their kindness by a hearty shake of the hand. It was a most affecting scene. It was overpowering to witness the streaming eyes of men and women. We scarcely knew the strength of the tie which bound our hearts to these dear people before this parting. Many of them we regarded as our spiritual children, begotten again by the Spirit of God.

"Having got into our boats, one of the deacons commended us solemnly and affectionately to God in prayer, that our heavenly Father would protect us; that our voyage might be crowned with success, and that we might speedily return to them again."

Davida, the chief, accompanied Mr. Buzacott. He was anxious to see foreign lands, having been pro-

mised by Mr. Williams a voyage to Sydney. The influence of such a visit, it was thought, might be the means of promoting the cause of civilization, expanding his mind, and, through him, have a beneficial effect upon his people.

They took with them also a native of Rotuma, who had been a resident at Rarotonga for many years, and had made a consistent profession of religion for some time. His return was deemed a favourable opportunity for the introduction of the gospel, and arrangements were made to locate a Rarotongan evangelist and his wife on that island.

Aitutaki.

On the 2nd of April the island of Aitutaki was sighted. The vessel soon came to an anchor, and the Rev. Mr. Royle and family were delighted to receive a visit from our Christian friends. Mr. Buzacott found the work of the Lord prospering. The devoted missionary had experienced many trials. A small disaffected party among the natives had secretly set fire to the chapel, the chief's house, and the dwellings of several constables. Mr. Royle's house was saved only by the constant watching of the Christian party. This opposition was finally overcome, and the people became united in the worship of God, and in obedience to the truth. Here the Sabbath was spent. The large chapel was crowded, the people listened to the sermon preached by Mr. Buzacott with intense attention, and after the discourse on John xvii. 21, "that they all may be one," etc., the Lord's Supper

was administered to an interesting company of church members. The Sabbath school presented a most gratifying spectacle. The children were eager and willing to learn, and the prospects of the mission were very cheering.

On Monday, April 4th, the wind changed, and placed the "Camden" in danger, as she was anchored near the reef. The captain attempted to get under weigh, and the ship drifted and struck on a rock, which carried away the two lower pintles of the rudder. Providentially, the wind again changed, and a heavy squall filling the sails, drove the vessel out of danger. The rudder was repaired, and a request was sent on shore, urging the missionaries to hasten on board, as the sky threatened rough weather. In consequence of this sudden message great confusion occurred. It had been decided that Mr. and Mrs. Royle should go in the "Camden" to the island of Atiu, an out-station of Aitutaki. The wind began to blow hard, and the natives, unaccustomed to restrain their feelings, thronged and followed the boats into the sea, some crying, others positively screaming, because Mr. and Mrs. Royle were about to leave them for a while. In the haste and confusion the boat was over-loaded with passengers and goods, and when she came out into the open sea, it was evident that she could not live long amid such angry waves. Fortunately the captain, ignorant of their danger, had sent the jolly-boat to procure a cable that had been left behind in the morning. The cries of the terrified passengers brought the boat to their rescue; but even then,

not a little danger attended the transference of the passengers and goods. Mrs. Buzacott met with an accident. The top of her middle finger was crushed between the boats, the bone broken, and the nail torn out by the root; but, although painful, so serious was the danger, that she took no notice of it until she reached the ship. It was a singular mercy that all lives were not lost. Of course Mr. Royle's things were soaked with salt water, and the rain, which descended in torrents, left not a dry article on any of the passengers. The "Camden" was now crowded; there were 75 persons on board; besides cows, a horse, goats, pigs, etc. She reached Atiu in three days, and Mr. Royle and family were landed with difficulty. Okotai and his wife, native teachers from Rarotonga, were appointed as assistant missionaries on this island. The natives gave the visitors a hearty welcome.

Niué, or Savage Island.

The next island visited was Niué, or Savage Island. On board the "Camden" was a native of the island, who had been living in Savaii, in the Navigator's Group, for several years. He had embraced Christianity, and was a member of the church under the pastoral care of the Rev. A. Macdonald. Being anxious to introduce the gospel to Savage Island, Mr. Buzacott determined to leave three Rarotongan teachers, in case Benianima could induce his fellow countrymen to accept their services. Many earnest prayers were offered, that God would open a door for the messengers of mercy. When they drew near to

the island, several canoes came off, the natives showing no signs of fear, but coming alongside the ship, and as many as were permitted, came on board. They gave no encouragement to land teachers among them, as those who had come to see the vessel belonged to the weaker tribes, and they could not protect the missionaries a single day. They were very anxious to sell their clubs and spears, and were very noisy until they had bartered them for fish hooks.

In the evening, a canoe was sent from the stronger party, with a messenger to inquire respecting the object of the visit of the ship. He said their people were engaged that day in a great festival, or else their canoes would have come to the vessel. Benianima explained to him the object of Mr. Buzacott's visit—viz., to teach them the knowledge of the true God and salvation by Christ. The messenger seemed anxious to retain what had been said to him, and wished it to be repeated several times. Inquiries were made about the chief or chiefs of the island. Two names were given by the messenger—Pakoko and Vihikula. A small axe was sent as a present to the head chief.

Pakoko came on board. He said he had not seen the messenger; he consented at first to the proposal of the deputation, that teachers should go ashore to instruct him and his people, saying, that he could and would protect them. He would not, however, consent to take any one in his own canoe, but wished the ship's boat to take those who might go on shore. Nor would he agree to stay on board while the boat landed the teachers. He at last advised Mr. Buzacott to wait

until morning, and he would go and have a meeting with the people respecting the introduction of teachers. A present was made to him, and Davida promised to give him an axe if they decided in favour of the reception of native evangelists.

The appearance of the people gave but little hope of success; yet it was deemed advisable to wait the result of the promised meeting. Early in the morning of the 19th of April, a number of canoes were seen approaching the ship, Pakoko and Vihikula were introduced. They said they had come to fetch the teachers. The missionaries were delighted, hoping that their endeavour was about to be crowned with success. The teachers began their preparations for going ashore and were soon ready. In the meanwhile the relatives of Benianima came around him, and began a most bitter wail over him, entreating him not to leave the ship, as both he and the teachers would assuredly be killed. This induced Mr. Buzacott to proceed with caution. When the chiefs were asked, how they would take the teachers ashore, they were unwilling to take them in their own canoes, but wished the boat to go with them. This was not considered prudent, for there were many armed canoes around the ship. The teachers met for consultation. In spite of every danger, the evangelists declared themselves ready to go ashore, if the missionaries would only say it was their duty. The chiefs when pressed, would not engage to protect them. Under these circumstances the attempt was given up. Benianima gave a faithful address to his countrymen on the guilt of rejecting the messengers of

truth; and the "Camden" set sail for Samoa. All the canoes returned on shore, except one, which held on to the vessel; there was in it a brother of Benianima. He had received a present of a small hatchet the day before, and this had excited so much jealousy, that his life was in danger, and he begged to be taken in the ship, which was readily agreed to; when on deck, he disclosed to his brother a plot, which had been formed by the Savage Islanders to seize the boat, and kill the teachers as soon as they reached the shore. Mr. Buzacott further ascertained, that Fanea and his wife, whom the Rev. John Williams had taken away from Niué, were killed on their return to the island.

It is pleasing to know that the dark night of heathenism has passed away from Savage Island, and that these once ferocious savages are now the consistent followers of Christ. Patience and prayer and effort have been rewarded, and the Rev. G. Lawes, their missionary, now rejoices in the triumphs of the cross, over the superstitions and wickedness of these once degraded natives.

Manua.

Mr. Buzacott touched at Manua. Here also he found the work of the Lord prospering. Nehemia and Anania, with their wives, teachers from the Harvey Group, were labouring with success. He says, "When Mr. Williams visited the people in 1839, they were nearly all heathen, and considered as the most savage of the Samoans, now only thirteen heathen remain out of a population of 1400 souls."

Tutuila.

On the 27th April, the "Camden" entered Pagopago harbour, Tutuila, by moonlight, and the passengers landed about nine o'clock in the evening, to the astonishment of the resident missionaries. The evident marks of progress delighted the visitors, who received a hearty reception from Messrs. Murray and Slatyer. Mrs. Slatyer's state of health necessitated her immediate removal with her husband to Upolu.

The people of the two stations, Leone and Pagopago, assembled on the Lord's-day for united worship. About 400 Christian natives sat down at the Lord's table, to celebrate the dying love of Jesus. It was an impressive sight. The large church was filled with an attentive audience. The communion service indicated the change which had taken place since Mr. Buzacott's previous visit in 1836, when nearly all the people were heathen; now, in 1842, they were most of them nominal Christians.

Upolu.

The "Camden" left Tutuila on the 4th of May, expecting to reach Apia, Upolu, in twenty-four hours. She was, however, nearly six days on the passage. The sea was very rough during most of the way, but as they drew near to the harbour at Apia it died away. Guns were fired, and to the joy of all, three boats were sent off to their assistance, and the brig was towed safely into port. They found the mission families well, and were delighted to hear that the Samoans

were cheering the hearts of the missionaries by their advancing civilization, and their desire for instruction in the Word of God.

Savaii.

Mr. Buzacott spent about three weeks in Samoa. During this time he visited many of the stations. It filled him with joy to meet his relatives Mr. and Mrs. Hardie. Mrs. Buzacott, in her journal says, "We little expected when we parted with our friends five years ago, that we should so soon meet them again. These have been sweet moments, we must not expect many such in this world. We thought and talked of home, of a beloved mother, brothers, and sisters; and we looked forward with joy to a meeting with them where parting will be no more known."

Messrs. Turner and Nisbet had made all due preparations for their mission to Tanna, and during their residence in Samoa, had acquired valuable information relative to missionary work. The members of the Samoan Mission met for conference on the 19th of May. Mr. Buzacott was cordially received by the brethren; and the teachers he had brought from Rarotonga were stationed as follows: Matatia, with his wife, returned to his former sphere of labour on Savaii; Marama and wife went to Manono, to take the Rev. T. Heath's district; Pakiao and wife were to assist the Rev. W. Harbutt, on Upolu; Tekori and wife, and Tutani, to remain with Rev. C. Hardie, at Sapapali; and Tukuau with Rev. A. Macdonald. It was arranged also that the Rev. T. Heath should

accompany Messrs. Turner and Nisbet to Tanna, and remain with them for some months; and the Rev. J. Slatyer and wife, together with Rev. Mr. Johnston, should proceed to Sydney.

A day was set apart, the 18th of May, for devotional exercises, in connection with the mission to Tanna, and the voyage of the "Camden" to the Western Islands and Sydney. The Rev. C. Hardie preached in the morning a sermon in English, and in the afternoon a sermon was preached to the Samoans, and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was celebrated. It was a time of spiritual profit to many, and a most memorable period in the history of the mission.

On Monday, the 6th of June, 1842, the missionary vessel started on her westward voyage. It was an occasion of great excitement amongst the missionaries and natives. Prayers ascended from many hearts that the Lord would watch over all.

Mr. Buzacott was filled with joy at what he had seen in the Navigator's Islands. "We have been very much gratified by our visit to Samoa. A great work is being carried on there. Much, very much, has already been effected. To us who have seen the mission in its infancy, the improvement appeared truly wonderful, and we are frequently led to exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' The churches appeared to us to have sprung up like Jonah's gourd. God forbid that, like it, a worm should be found at the root to wither and to destroy."

Rotuma.

The vessel called at the island of Rotuma. Scarcely any progress had been made amongst the people by the Samoan teacher. Several natives who had returned from Togatabu, and who had been baptized there, had fallen back into heathenism. The native who had been living many years in Rarotonga, and who had brought a Rarotongan wife with him, was left, and the hope was cherished that he might induce his countrymen to give up their heathen customs, and embrace Christianity.

New Hibredes.

On the 24th of June, Erromanga was sighted. Peculiar feelings were excited in the minds of the missionaries as they gazed upon Dillon's Bay, where, three years before, John Williams had finished his useful career. No canoes came off to the vessel, and it was not considered prudent to go ashore (see pages 132—3).

Tanna.

The "Camden" proceeded to Resolution Bay, Tanna. The native teachers gave a favourable account of the treatment they had received. A meeting was held with the chiefs, who consented to the landing of Messrs. Turner and Nisbet, and further gave a solemn promise that they would protect the lives and property of these brethren. The Tannese were very civil, but their appearance was very revolting. The women are

SCENE OF THE MASSACRE OF WILLIAMS AND HARRIS AT DILLON'S BAY.

1. Spot where Harris was struck; 2. Spot where Harris fell; 3. Road down which Williams ran; 4. Place where Williams was killed; 5. Block of stone on which are the measurement marks of Williams' extended body; 6. Printing office and teachers' cottage; 7. Mr. Gordon's cottage and mission chapel; 8. Houses and stores of sandal-wood traders.

the slaves of the men; they till the ground, dig up the yams, climb the cocoa-nut trees, cook the food, and carry burdens, whilst the men walk about with their clubs and spears. The Tannese are great thieves, and were ever on the watch to seize any article which might be put out of hand for a moment.

Mr. Buzacott sought to render every help in his power to the missionaries, and for several days all hands were busy in putting up a wooden house which had been constructed at Samoa for the mission families. He also examined the hot springs at the right side of the bay, whose waters bubble up from underneath the rocks at the foot of the mountain. The springs were so hot that the natives were in the habit of cooking their food in them. The volcano is an object of interest to all who visit Tanna. The smoke can be seen from a great distance ascending in thick volumes, and at night the heavens are red with the reflection of the "burning mountain." There are sudden bursts at intervals of about twenty minutes, like the roar of distant artillery.

Nena, *Fotuma*, *Aneitum*.

Teachers had been stationed at these islands, and Mr. Buzacott found the people reluctant to embrace Christianity. The teachers had, however, succeeded in preventing the massacre of one or two boats' crews, and on several occasions had been able to put a stop to war between opposing tribes. Having visited these out-stations, the "Camden" called again at Tanna,

and a report was sent by boat on shore to the brethren. Mr. Slatyer found Mr. Heath surrounded by a class of Tanna boys, whom he was teaching to read. They were the sons of chiefs. All seemed to be comfortably settled at Resolution Bay.

Mare, Lifu.

The Loyalty Islands were next visited. The teachers were anxiously looking for the vessel. At Mare the evangelists could not give an encouraging report, for the people were divided into hostile parties, and skirmishes were frequent. Considerable jealousy was felt towards those who had received the teachers. The heathen party had cut off a boat's crew who had ventured on shore on their side of the island. Mr. Buzacott waited upon the chief, whom he greatly delighted by a small present. In the interview, the three sons of the chief were presented in a state of perfect nudity, their bodies covered with white ashes. Some of the natives had painted themselves black, while others had been daubed with red colouring. The chief was thanked for his kindness to the teachers, but regret was expressed that neither he nor his people had attended to the gospel message. He replied that he thought the teachers were mere "castaways," that the ship would not return to them, or any further notice be taken of them; but now he found that he was mistaken, and that he and his people would listen to their instructions. A party of Tongans was found on Mare. Many years ago a canoe had drifted from the east, and the voyagers

were cast on shore at this island. They attached themselves to the evangelists, embraced Christianity, and rendered valuable aid in the first stages of the mission. The teachers had built themselves a neat house in the Samoan style. Mr. Buzacott was gratified to hear that the natives of Lifu—an island some thirty-five miles distant, and containing about 7000 inhabitants—were anxious for instruction, and two Rarotongans were left on Mare for Lifu. The language differed so much from that spoken on Mare, that an interpreter had to be employed when the Lifuans visited Mare. An opportunity soon offered, and the Rarotongans took possession of Lifu for Christ.

The Isle of Pines

The "Camden" next sailed for the Isle of Pines, and cast anchor in its magnificent harbour on Sunday, the 17th July. The teachers came off to the vessel, rejoicing to see their missionaries, and expressing their regret that not much positive good had been effected. They had prevented war on several occasions, but the natives were very difficult to influence, owing to their internal feuds. One of the teachers was found in very ill health, and it was resolved to take him away for a while.

Matuku, the great chief of the Isle of Pines, came on board on Monday evening. He was a remarkable man, and received his visitors with apparent pleasure. He had contrived to become an object of worship to his people, and lived in a large house enclosed by a

high fence. Offerings were made to him, that he might be propitious to his people, save them and their families from death, and in their travels grant them prosperous voyages. He himself worshipped his dead parents, and presented yams and fish to their shades. Matuku was a terror to the people. No man dared to approach him except on his hands and knees. Being of great stature, and nearly black, and with a rough voice, he seemed a fair specimen of a heathen tyrant. He kept a great number of wives. He assured Mr. Buzacott that he was anxious for the arrival of European missionaries; yet it was evident that he only wished to be enriched by the property he thought they would bring with them.

The "Camden," in leaving the harbour of the Isle of Pines, had a very narrow escape from shipwreck. The wind and current drove her fearfully close to the reef.

New Caledonia.

Three teachers had been located on this large island—Davida, Taunga, and Noa. About four o'clock in the afternoon two boats were lowered. Captain Morgan, Messrs. Buzacott and Slatyer went on shore. They had an interview with three chiefs, made them presents, and urged them to attend to the instructions of those who had come to tell them of Jesus. Mataio, a young man from Rarotonga, had died at this station. The work of visiting the out-stations was now completed. It had been a duty involving no little anxiety, and considerable danger.

"On a review of our perilous voyage," remarks Mr. Buzacott, "we have cause for much thankfulness. God is opening extensive fields for the gospel. How great is the responsibility of the church! The heathen are perishing; thousands are waiting to be instructed. Let the church arise and shine. Let her obey the injunction of her Lord, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'"

The missionary ship arrived at Port Jackson on the 10th August, 1842, towards evening; suddenly the brig was caught by a violent squall, and driven on shore at Garden Island. A vessel of war, lying at anchor, sent off her boats to render aid, and the "Camden" was towed into safe anchorage. The Rev. Dr. Ross next morning met the missionaries, gave them a hearty welcome, and took them to his house. Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott were delighted to see their only son looking well; he had been at Sydney for education. Mr. Buzacott says, "We felt a little strange to find ourselves again in a civilized country, after fifteen years' residence in the South Sea Islands."

During their stay of five weeks in Sydney, Mr. Buzacott and his family received much kindness from the Christian friends there. The Directors had forwarded instructions that the "Camden" should return to England by way of the islands. Hence, on the 30th of September, Mr. Buzacott again embarked with his wife and two children for Rarotonga.

On the return voyage, they called at the Isle of Pines, and then proceeded to Tanna, where they found the brethren toiling hard, not without hopes, and

enduring many privations. Animal food could rarely be obtained.

Mr. Heath having fulfilled his mission by introducing the Tanna missionaries to their sphere of labour, returned to Samoa in the "Camden." Before leaving Tanna, they availed themselves of an opportunity of visiting the volcano. "During our stay here, I made two visits to the volcano; the first in company with Mr. Turner, Captain Morgan, and my son. We went by an inland route over the mountains, which are fertile even to their summits. We passed several yam plantations and villages; the natives were kind and respectful, many of them joined our party. The distance we found about seven miles. Besides the increasing roar, we had other indications that we were approaching the volcano; the bushes presented a very scrubby appearance, and were covered with ashes. On emerging from the tall brushwood, we saw the object of our visit. An immense border of ashes and cinders surrounds the base of the burning mountain, without a bush or blade of grass upon it. In some places the ashes were very hot, and the lava blocks so friable as to render the ascent difficult. We reached the side of the crater, and in order to get a good view, ascended one of the highest peaks, but the wind shifting a few points and blowing the dense smoke towards us, we were obliged to alter our position. The crater is about a quarter of a mile across, and when the wind blew away the smoke, we could count five principal openings, and several smaller ones. Three of the large ones were in an active state. Every few

minutes, burning lava was thrown up to a great height, with a loud report like the discharge of thousands of guns, while the mountain trembled. It was one of the most splendid and awful sights we had ever seen, and we sat down on the brink of the crater to contemplate His works, who "toucheth the hills and they smoke."

"The wind preventing the sailing of our vessel, we made up a second party the next day, and again visited this grand sight. As our wives and children resolved to accompany us, we resolved to go by water to the foot of the mountains. The wind was blowing towards the shore, and we found considerable difficulty in landing. The ascent on the seaward side we found much more difficult than on the inland side; in addition to what we saw yesterday, we descended to one of the inner ledges of the crater, to behold the boiling lava. As the chimney or mouth did not give indications of activity, we thought we might approach it with safety, although the natives remonstrated with us and would not themselves go down. It had the appearance of an immense furnace of molten iron in a state of great agitation, and constantly blown out on the side of the crater by the steam escaping from below. Feeling ourselves on forbidden ground we made a hasty retreat, and it was well we did, for we had scarcely gained our previous station before there was a tremendous eruption from the opening next to us, some of the burning lava falling where we had been standing. After selecting specimens of lava and filling our baskets with sulphur from the sulphur beds, we quickly returned

to the village. The natives were friendly, but showed themselves in no way inferior to their neighbours in the Bay in their propensity for stealing. We gave some presents to the chiefs, and distributed fish hooks and beads amongst the people. There seemed to be a great deal of excitement amongst them, and it was with no ordinary feelings of relief, that we saw the last of our party safely seated in the boats."

Returning to Port Resolution, the "Camden" set sail for the Navigator's Islands, which she reached on the 20th November, 1842; and after pleasant intercourse with their missionary brethren, and a rehearsal of the work of the Lord in the Westward Isles, Mr. Buzacott and family departed, and arrived safely at Rarotonga on the 2nd of January, 1843, when they were gladly welcomed home by their fellow-labourers, Mr. and Mrs. Pitman, and Mr. and Mrs. Gill. Their own people at Avarua received their beloved teacher with characteristic enthusiasm. This joyful welcome enabled our friends the more easily to bear one of the severest trials attendant upon missionary life.

The departure of the missionary vessel to England, is always a period of interest and anxiety amongst the mission families, especially to those who avail themselves of her return, to send children home to be educated. The vessel has generally returned to dear old England every fourth year for repairs, and then returned to the islands with new missionaries and stores. The 11th of January, 1843, was a memorable period. The following extract needs no comment: "We were called to-day," writes Mr. Buzacott, "to undergo

the severest trial we have experienced since we left home—that of parting with our two, our only two, dear children at one time. We know not whether we shall ever meet them again. The grace of the Saviour was given to us, and strength imparted to carry us through it, yet when they gave us the last kiss, and bade us the last farewell, the heart felt ready to break. Preserve them, O God, from all harm; watch over them; conduct them in safety to the land of our fathers; incline the hearts of Christians to receive them, and train them for Thee; and when their parents' heads are laid low in the grave, then may these dear ones be long spared to labour in Thy vineyard."

CHAPTER XIII.

TRANSLATIONS AND THE PRESS.

THE primary duty of a missionary, when first located at his appointed station, is to learn the language of the natives. Now, in the early days of missions, this was a task of no ordinary character; for he found no written works of any kind; nay, the aborigines were without an alphabet; and after the introduction of as many of the English characters as the sounds of the words seemed to require, it became no easy task to persuade the willing scholars that the letters and root syllables were not a part of a new and cabalistic system essential to the new faith. Happy are they who, ere quitting the shores of England, are able to familiarize their eyes with the new dialect, to study its grammar, and to read the Bible—the great source of their teaching—in the language of the natives.

When Mr. Buzacott landed at Rarotonga, there was not one page of print in the language of the people. Mr. Williams was attempting the translation of the Gospel of John, and the Epistle to the Galatians, into Rarotongan; his acquaintance with the cognate dialect of Tahitian enabling him in a few weeks to converse

freely with the people. The number of words was not very great, being limited by the simple wants and customs of their former mode of life; but the idioms were often perplexing, and to some Europeans some of these idioms might ever remain a mystery.

When the language has been carefully acquired and studied, then begins the herculean task of translations; days of labour yielding at first only a few verses; gradually confidence is acquired, and progress becomes more rapid. The gospels, a few hymns, and a Scripture catechism, were the first rendered into the language of Rarotonga. For years the sacred books were presented to the people, as in ancient times, in the form of written manuscripts; in course of time some of these were printed. The first portion printed was 1st Peter. It was put into type by Mr. Buzacott at the Mission Press at Bunanuia, in Tahiti, and thus he taught himself the art of composing and printing. During a brief stay at Huahine, in the course of the same voyage, he sought, with the able assistance of Mr. Barff, to print the Gospel of Mark, but was compelled to leave the task unfinished. Mr. Barff generously completed it, and forwarded the sheets to Rarotonga. In the year 1832 the Directors forwarded a new iron press to Huahine, and Mr. Buzacott obtained the old worm-eaten wooden one, and rejoiced not a little in his unsightly prize. The woodwork was repaired, an intelligent native was selected as an assistant, and from this press there issued, in spite of immense labour, the books of the Old and New Testaments.

The following list will perhaps best convey to the reader the division of labour amongst the missionaries in the work of translation. The task of putting into type, correcting, printing, and binding the sheets were done at Avarua, and when not otherwise stated, done by the subject of this memoir. From six o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night, he toiled at his manifold engagements for many long years; indeed, every member of his family had to take part in the absorbing labour—Mrs. Buzacott and his daughter, amidst many other duties, assisting in the correction of proof sheets; while his son, when not engaged as interpreter and translator of sermons and speeches into the vernacular for some new missionary, spent his days at the printing office, composing or printing, as the occasion demanded.

The mission-house at Avarua was in the truest sense a work-house; and the exhausting labour continued until the labourer's health and strength gave way, and he was compelled to pay a visit to his native land, in order to recruit himself for further years of missionary toil.

The first complete edition of the New Testament was carried through the press in England by the Rev. John Williams, who brought out in the "Camden," in 1839, 5000 copies. This edition was fairly distributed, according to the number of readers at each island and settlement in the Harvey Group. The universal anxiety to purchase a copy crowded the mission-houses with eager natives, who gave no rest to the brethren until the whole edition was sold.

It is believed that this edition of the New Testament was the first grant made by the Bible Society to the heathen, the complete cost of which was repaid by the natives into the coffers of the Society. Many other islands have since followed this noble example. To Mr. Buzacott's great joy, his brother Williams brought out with him on this occasion an iron printing-press, and all requisite materials.

The first edition of the complete Bible was published by Mr. Buzacott (assisted by his daughter) in 1847-51, during his stay in England, under the generous auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society. This fact suggests how our devoted friend occupied his so-called years of rest in his native land.

COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS

TRANSLATED AND PRINTED AT THE MISSION PRESS AT RAROTONGA.

Date.	Books.	Copies.	Translator.	Printer.	Remarks.
1828 to 1839	Matthew	..	Rev. A. Buzacott ..	Rev. A. Buzacott	The whole of the New Testament revised and carried through the press by the Rev. John Williams in England, 1839.
	Mark	..	Rev. C. Pitman	Rev. A. Buzacott & Rev. C. Barff	
	Luke	..	do.	Rev. A. Buzacott	
	John	..	Rev. John Williams ..	do.	
	Acts	..	Rev. C. Pitman	do.	
	Romans	..	Rev. John Williams ..	do.	
	1 Corinthians	..	Rev. A. Buzacott ..	do.	
	2 Corinthians	..	do. ..	do.	
	Galatians	..	Rev. John Williams ..	do.	
	Ephesians	..	Rev. C. Pitman . ..	do.	
	Philippians	..	do.	do.	
	Colossians	..	do.	do.	
	1 Thessalonians	..	do.	do.	
	2 Thessalonians	..	do.	do.	
	1 Timothy	..	do.	do.	

	2 Timothy	do.	do.	
	Titus	do.	do.	
	Philemon	do.	do.	
	Hebrews	Rev. John Williams	do.	
	James	do.	do.	
	1 Peter	do.	do.	
	2 Peter	do.	do.	
	1 John	do.	do.	
	2 John	do.	do.	
	3 John	do.	do.	
	Jude	do.	do.	
	Revelations	do.	do.	
1828	Hymn-Book (25 Hymns)	do.		
1830	Watts's Scripture Catechism	Rev. A. Buzacott	do.	
to	Good Boy, by Malan	do.	do.	
1838	Children's School-Books	Rev. J. Williams		A tract printed in England.
	Rainbow	do.		
	Three Jews	do.		
	New Heart	do.		
	Watts's First Catechism	Rev. C. Pitman.	do.	
	Watts's Scripture Names	do.	do.	
	Browne's Catechism	do.	do.	

Date.	Books.	Copies.	Translator.	Printer.	Remarks.
	Life of John Knill	..	Rev. C. Pitman	Rev. A. Buzacott	Tract.
	Rowland Hill's Catechism ..	..	do.	do.	
	Pinnock's Geography	3000	Rev. A. Buzacott ..	do.	
1841	First Class Reading-Book ..	6000	do. ..	do.	
	Arithmetic	4000	do. ..	do.	
1841	Punavai Periodical (only 7 Nos.)..	3600	do. ..	do.	
	James' Church Member's Guide .	3000	do. ..	do.	
1843	Hymn-Book (105 Hymns) ..	..	do. ..	do.	
	Catechism on Errors of Rome (20 pp.)	..	do. ..	do.	
1846	Elementary Book	5000	do. ..	do.	
	Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress ..	..	do. ..	do.	
1847	Aitutakian Laws	..	Rev. H. Royle		
	Scrip. Extr. in New Caled. language	..	Tauga		
	Elementary Work, do.	..	do.		
	Do. do., Mare & Loyalty Islands	..	Upokumana	Rev. W. Gill	
	Do. do., Tanna language	..	do.		
	Rev. W. Gill's Western Voyage .	..	Rev. W. Gill		
	Director's Letter respecting Hurricane Fund	..	do.		
	First Five Books of Moses ..	..	Rev. C. Pitman ..	Rev. A. Buzacott	

Joshua	do. ..	do.		
Judges	do. ..	do.		
Ruth	do. ..	do.		
1 & 2 Samuel	do. ..	do.		
1 & 2 Kings	do. ..	do.		
1 & 2 Chronicles	do. ..	do.		
Job	Rev. A. Buzacott ..	England		
Psalms	Rev. C. Pitman ..	Rev. A. Buzacott		
Proverbs	Rev. A. Buzacott ..	do.		
Ecclesiastes	do. ..	do.		
Song of Solomon	do. ..	do.		
Isaiah	do. ..	do.		
Jeremiah	do. ..	do.		
Lamentations	do. ..	do.		
Ezekiel	do. ..	do.	From	
Daniel	do. ..	do.	Ezekiel to	
Hosea	do. ..	do.	Malachi	
Joel	do. ..	do.	were first	
Amos	do. ..	do.	put into	
Obadiah	do. ..	do.	type by	
Jonah	do. ..	do.	Buzacott in	
Micah	do. ..	do.	England,	
Nahum	do. ..	do.	1847-1851.	

Date.	Books.	Copies.	Translator.	Printer.	Remarks.
	Habakkuk	..	Rev. A. Buzacott ..	Rev. A. Buzacott	
	Zephaniah	..	do. ..	do.	
	Haggai	..	do. ..	do.	
	Zechariah	..	do. ..	do.	
	Malachi*	..	do. ..	do.	
1849	Arithmetic Enlarged	..	Rev. H. Royle		
1850	Elementary Book	..	Rev. W. Gill	Rev. W. Gill	
	Ui Ariki, for Maniki	400	do.	do.	
	Annual Repoits, from 1844—1851	..	Revs. A. Buzacott & W. Gill	A. Buzacott & W. Gill	
	Hymns for Conferences ..	1000	Rev. A. Buzacott ..	Rev. A. Buzacott	
	Geography, with cuts	10,000	do. ..	do.	
	Chronological Arrangement of Scripture Books	..	Rev. G. Gill	do.	
1853	Enlarged Hymn-Book	13,300	Rev. J. Williams .. Rev. A. Buzacott .. Rev. C. Pitman .. Rev. W. Gill .. Rev. G. Gill	do	

* The Old and New Testaments were revised throughout, and carried through the press through the liberality of the British and Foreign Bible Society, by Rev. A. Buzacott, in England 1847—1857, this being the first edition of complete Bible in Rarotongan; and in 1853-56 a second edition of 5000 was printedunder supervision of by Rev. W. Gill.

1853 to 1857	Rarotongan and English Words ..	1000	Rev. A. Buzacott ..	Rev. A. Buzacott
	Annual Calendar	..	do. ..	do.
	English and Rarotongan Grammar	1400	do. ..	do.
	Hymn-Book for Children ..	10,000	do. ..	do.
	Elementary Book, No. 1. ..	7600	Miss Buzacott	do.
	Commentary on Leviticus ..	3000	Rev. A. Buzacott ..	do.
	Pleasant Pages	1100	do. ..	do.
	Scriptural Questions. Matt. Vol. I.	4600	Mrs. and Miss Buzacott .	do.
	Astronomy	9500	Rev. A. Buzacott ..	do.
	Scriptural Questions. Matt. Vol. II.	..	Mrs. & Miss Buzacott ..	do.
	Dr. Bogue's Theological Lectures .	..	Rev. A. Buzacott ..	
	New Edition of Hymn-Book	..		
	Second Edition of Bible	..	.. ..	
	Church History, and Judges of Israel. 1 vol...	..	Rev. W. Gill	Printed in England by Rev. W. Gill.
	Commentaries on Isaiah ..	..	do.	
	Do. John ..	..	do.	
	Do. 1 & 2 Corinthians	..	do.	
	Annual Report, 1852—57 ..	..	Rev. A. Buzacott ..	Rev. A. Buzacott

The translations of the Old and New Testaments were guided by the following printed regulations of the British and Foreign Bible Society, with the assistance of the best critical commentaries; the scholarly Rev. J. W. Mellor, rector of Woodbridge, carefully going through the translation with Mr. Buzacott, ere it was put into the printer's hands:—

"1. For the Hebrew Bible, the edition of Van der Hooght is considered the standard; and in the use of this, the translator is at liberty to follow either the *ketib* or the *keri;* but not to adopt any rendering which is not sanctioned by the Masoretic vowel points, *or* the *keri*, *or* the English authorized version, *or* the marginal reading of this last.

"2. For the Greek Testament, the Elzevir edition of the Textus Receptus, A.D. 1643, and reprinted by the Bible Society, is considered the standard; but in cases where the English authorized version differs from this, either *in the text* or in the *marginal reading*, the translator is at liberty to adopt the rendering which may agree with any one of these three.

"3. The verb *βαπτίζω*, and its cognates, in the New Testament, are either to be represented by the Greek word being *transferred* into the form of the language of the version, or else to be translated by terms not *definitely* limited to the sense of either *sprinkling* or *immersion*."

We cannot close this chapter without asking the reader to pause for one moment, and estimate the years of labour and of anxiety involved in the significant list of work done.

The Rarotongan Bible is a sacred memorial, more enduring and honourable than the most costly mausoleum, of the self-denying labours of John Williams, Charles Pitman, and Aaron Buzacott. The highest ambition can desire no better mission or loftier place in the moral and religious life of a people than this, to be the translators into a new language of the inspired Word of God, thus enabling a new nation to read and study in their own mother tongue, the wonderful story of redeeming love, the revealed will of that eternal Father, who sent not His Son into our world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. It is interesting to notice how the labour was divided; of the New Testament, John Williams translated eleven books, Charles Pitman another eleven, and Aaron Buzacott only three; but the labour of carrying the whole through the Mission Press, devolved upon the subject of this memoir. Of the Old Testament, Charles Pitman translated eighteen books, and Aaron Buzacott the remaining twenty-one, and, as before, it fell to his lot to print twenty-four books at the Mission Press at Avarua, and to carry the whole Bible through the press in England.*

* It is but just to remark that Mr. Buzacott's wife and daughter gave considerable help in the revision of proofs, etc.; and the following note from the Secretary of the Bible Society, Rev. G. Browne, to Mr. Buzacott, will shew how they appreciated the work of his daughter:—

"Bible Society House,
July 8th, 1851.

"My dear Friend,

"Your letter of report, etc., was yesterday laid before our Committee, and their attention being especially drawn to the services rendered by your

It should be observed, that the greater part of this work was done while native students were being trained as evangelists to the heathen, and with all the care of his own station upon his shoulders. Whether extraordinary labour be an essential quality or not in the model missionary, assuredly Aaron Buzacott was in labours most abundant.

daughter in the course of the work, it was resolved to request Miss Buzacott to accept of £10 as a small acknowledgment from the Committee of the Society, together with a copy of the Bible in Rarotongan and English, the latter of any size and kind she may select."

The above was a pleasing testimonial of worth.

MISSIONARY WELCOME.

CHAPTER XIV.

VISIT TO ENGLAND, AND RETURN WITH FIRST COMPLETE EDITION OF THE RAROTONGAN BIBLE.

TOWARDS the close of 1846, Mr. Buzacott's health completely gave way, and it was deemed advisable to visit his native land on the next return home of the "John Williams;" in the expectation of at least partial restoration. The translation of the Bible was so nearly complete that Mr. Buzacott might hope to be able to finish it, and to carry the whole through the press in England. Now as soon as the natives heard of this decision their grief was profound, and the manifestation of their sympathies and sorrow clearly revealed the place which the missionary had won in their heart of hearts.

The "John Williams" being expected in a few weeks, the natives of Arorangi (Mr. W. Gill's station) sent an urgent request that Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott would spend a few days with them. They went to Arorangi on the 5th of November, 1846. The people called upon them in procession—the women coming first with their teachers, then the men; each person brought a present, consisting of a mat, or a basket, or a piece

of native cloth, and laid it at their feet. Each person claimed the privilege of shaking hands. This ceremony was a mournful one, for although they had arranged to spend some days at that settlement, this was taking leave and saying "Farewell." All hearts seemed heavy, and tears glistened in many eyes. Great order and silence prevailed, until a voice was heard from the hindmost ranks, exclaiming, "Aue touie! Aue touie!" This was poor old Ruta, an affectionate and good old man, who could not control his feelings. He continued his sobs and lamentations in such plaintive tones, and with such excessive yet sincere grief, that the whole of the people were affected. Seating himself at Mr. Buzacott's feet and kissing his knees, he persisted in crying, "Alas! alas! my Father, Barakoti e! Alas! my Son, Barakoti e! Alas! my Friend, Barakoti e!" and then he repeated a song he had made for the occasion. Every endeavour to soothe his grief proved vain.

On Friday a meeting was held, and many affecting addresses were delivered by the natives. One *young man* said, "Stay, Barakoti, do stay. Don't leave us. You have suffered much here of various kinds in former years. You have borne all that. Try to bear this last trial of bodily affliction. Think how Job bore his trials, and imitate him." Mr. Buzacott reminded them of his feeble state of health for two years past. He was advised to go to England in the "John Williams," for there were skilful physicians in the land of his birth. The long voyage also might benefit him, and should his life be spared, and his health restored,

he hoped to return to them again, but in all things he wished to say, "Thy will be done." The people listened with tears and said, "Our prayers shall ever follow you and yours, and may we all at last meet at the right hand of God."

The feeling at Mr. Buzacott's own station was very strong. They prepared a farewell feast. The natives tried to give expression to their affection in words, but tears for a while stifled their utterances. At length one old man, nearly eighty years of age, rose and said that Barakoti was his father, and praised God for all the benefits he had received from the missionary and his beloved wife. Pita rose to speak, but could only utter a few sentences at intervals. *Ma*, one of the deacons, tried to speak, but he broke down, and wept aloud. Then Ngatae stood up on a seat and requested silence. He said he had great fault to find with the chiefs. Why did they permit their teacher to leave them? Had they for a moment reflected on what they should do when he was gone? He thought the case required desperate measures, and he would advise them to use force rather than allow it. His proposal was that when the ship arrived, and the boxes were sent down to the beach, that the packages should be seized and carried back to the house, and let no one be timid that day, but do their utmost to prevent the missionaries leaving.

Rio was the next speaker. He said "he would advise them to view the subject more calmly. It was indisposition alone that caused their missionary to leave them for a time. They were to remember it was only

for a time; that the visit to his native land might restore his health. We ought not to prevent his doing so. It is true we shall suffer. We can never love another as we love him. He is our father. He is like one of our earthly parents. He bears with our infirmities. He allows us to tell him all our thoughts, and if we ever contend with him (though we never do that in anger), he forgives us. Is it any wonder, then, that we feel acutely when he is about to leave us? yet let us hope. I do not despair. I think he will return again to us, and that before long. I do not approve of Ngatae's advice. It would not be acting kindly to do as he wishes us. I would say, that when the ship arrives, we should, one and all, refrain from going to the house, lest we trouble them that day. Let us be diligent in getting our presents of food for their voyage. Let our actions show that we love them. When the food is collected on the beach near the boats, let us be in attendance to assist them in carrying their goods. Let us do it very carefully, lest anything be injured. When that is done, let us wait patiently in the front-garden until they are ready to embark; then let us accompany them to the sea-side, and kneeling down, commit them to the care of Jehovah, who will, I doubt not, convey them in safety to their desired port. Our prayers must not cease there. They have a long voyage before them. They will have to contend with strong winds and seas mountains high; and when they arrive in England, they will not be free from trials. Disease may await them there. It is on these accounts that we must con-

tinue to pray; and should it, after all, be the will of God that we never meet again on earth, let us be concerned to meet in heaven, where partings are unknown."

Need it be added, that only the imperative claims of health, and the hope that a visit to old England would restore their health sufficiently to enable them to return to Rarotonga, could separate our friends from so attached and devoted a people.

The "John Williams" called at Rarotonga on her way to England. She had been absent about three years. During that time she had anchored at various ports some forty-two times, and had touched at and communicated with different islands in the Pacific seventy-two times. Her arrival was hailed with gladness even at islands where, a short time before, the crews of ships had been cut off by the savage natives. Not only to the heathen was the "John Williams" a messenger of peace, but also to many English and American seamen. Often her decks were crowded, when in port, with those who had few opportunities of listening to the message of salvation. Souls have been converted through the preaching of the missionaries on board this floating church. She left Rarotonga in December, 1846, and after touching at Huahine and Tahiti, she set sail for London, having on board twenty children belonging to the various mission families, Rev. W. Mills and wife, Rev. C. Barff and wife, Rev. A. Buzacott and wife, Mr. Smee and wife, in addition to Captain Morgan, Mrs. Morgan, and the crew; so that the vessel was crowded with passengers.

The voyage was of an ordinary character. The only saddening event was the death of Mr. Smee, the missionary printer of Tahiti. He was in a feeble state of health when he came on board, and gradually grew worse. The brethren did all they could for his comfort. It was very touching to see his anxiety to reach his native land and see his friends once more; but his hour was come, and on the 29th March, 1847, he died, leaving a wife and one child to deplore his loss. Mr. Buzacott gave an address at the strange funeral, and the body was cast into the deep, there to await the day in which the sea shall give up the dead at the command of Him who is the resurrection and the life.

The "John Williams" reached London in May, 1847. As the ship had sailed along the English coast, many of her passengers saw in the distance locomotive engines and railway trains for the first time in their lives. To our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott, who had been absent more than twenty years, everything seemed strange. The three natives—Kiro, from Rarotonga, who came home to assist Mr. Buzacott in completing the translation of the Scriptures; Mamoe and his wife, from Samoa, became speechless with amazement, as the Blackwall train hurried the missionary party over the tops of houses into London. When they recovered the use of their tongues, Mamoe broke out into the usual Samoan cry, "Auauauau," etc. —"Oh, oh,—we have beaten the birds—we have beaten the birds."

At Blomfield Street, George Hitchcock, Esq., welcomed his brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Buza-

cott, to dear old England, and to his own house, where they stayed a few weeks; and all through the next five years, the warm friendship shown by Mr. Hitchcock to his brother and sister, constituted one of the most pleasant memories of their visit to their dear native land.

Nothing could be more touching than the first meeting of our friends with their son and daughter, both of whom had so changed in appearance and stature since they last met, that the parents did not for a while recognize their own children. They next hurried down into Devon to see an aged Christian mother, and several other relatives, at Great Torrington.

"Since we parted from her in 1827, she had given up two other daughters to the missionary work, never expecting to see them again in this world; but she lived to see them return, two of them after twenty years' absence. When the last arrived in London, she was, in consequence of her growing feebleness, so impatient to see her, that Mrs. Hardie had to start for Torrington as soon as she landed. The excitement was so great, and the meeting so affecting, that my mother died the next day. She sweetly slept in Jesus, having fulfilled her mission on earth. Nearly all the inhabitants of the town paid a tribute to her worth. We next visited South-Molton, and we were greatly affected by the many changes which had taken place since we left. We worshipped again on the very spot, but in a better chapel, where we had first learned the value of the gospel of Christ, and for nine years had

devoted our Sabbaths to instructing the young. Here I was requested to tell to a crowded chapel what God had done in heathen lands, and many hearts joined in ascribing grateful praise to the God of our salvation. On looking over the congregation on the first Sabbath we were there, we could only recognize eight persons, so great a change had taken place in twenty years."

Guided by the advice of medical men, our friends spent two years at Dartmouth, South Devon; the second year being spent mainly in completing and revising the translations, and occasionally in short deputation journeys. It is scarcely credible how strange it was to Mr. Buzacott to preach or speak in the English language, which seemed now almost a foreign tongue to his lips; his mind being prone to think according to the habits and ideas of the Rarotongans. In spite of this difficulty, and of the extreme nervousness it excited, he was frequently called on by the Society to advocate the cause of missions in the cities and towns of England, when his details of the power and success of the gospel in the hearts of savages, touched the hearts of his hearers, and will not easily be forgotten. It was impossible to avoid observing his extreme anxiety to attribute to his fellow-labourers in the mission the full credit of their labours, and his evident reluctance to tell what God had done by his own unwearied and laborious efforts. In social circles, a vein of quiet humour ran through his conversation; and rarely did he seem at a loss for an apt illustrative anecdote.

In his journeys he was usually accompanied by

Kiro, whose intelligence and gentlemanly conduct were a proof of what the gospel could effect. Kiro's father was a cannibal, but Kiro himself had never seen the idol gods of his fathers until he saw them in England in the Missionary Museum. He kept a journal of all the wonders he saw, but no opportunity of sending it out to his friends occurred; and when compelled by ill health to return to the islands, it was published in the "Child's Magazine," and revealed to his countrymen the thoughts and workings of his mind in reference to civilized life.

During the next three years, he resided in London, in order to carry the Scriptures through the press, under the generous auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The reader may gain some idea of the labour required, even when the translations were fairly finished, from the fact that *four proofs* of each sheet had to be corrected by himself and Mr. Mellor, involving, of course, innumerable letters between them.

"At one period we removed to Woodbridge for three months, to enable Mr. Mellor and myself to work more easily together. The Rev. Mr. Mellor and his wife, and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, showed us no small kindness. We also met with Rev. J. Ross and family. Here I saw the working of the 'Weekly Offering system,' which so commended itself to my judgment, that I have ever since commended 'Systematic Beneficence.'" Through his advocacy in after years, the practice was adopted by some of the Congregational Churches in New South Wales.

As the time drew near for the "John Williams"

to make another visit to the islands, Mr. Buzacott found it necessary to redouble his efforts, that he might return in her. His lamp was often burning until midnight. When the last correction of the last sheet of the Rarotongan Bible was sent to the press, a hymn of praise was sung, and prayer offered to Him who had given strength to complete the work; and in the brief space of a fortnight, 5000 copies of the Bible were bound, and preparations made for their return to Rarotonga.

On the eve of the day of departure, the missionary party, consisting of the Rev. A. Buzacott, Mrs. Buzacott, and Miss Buzacott, Rev. Messrs. Darling, Wyatt Gill, Law, Spencer, and Lind, took leave of the Directors at the mission-house. Next morning a very interesting service was held on board a steamer hired to convey the party with their friends down the river to the "John Williams." The late Dr. Morison, of Chelsea, gave the farewell address. On reaching the "John Williams," the passengers were quickly transferred, and the gallant ship unfurled her sails, and started on her holy mission. In addition to those passengers already named, there were five daughters of missionaries returning to their parents, some of whom were going out to render assistance in the instruction of youth in the islands. Miss Ross, the sister of the Rev. Dr. Ross, and Mr. A. Fairfax, the nephew of J. Fairfax, Esq., of Sydney, were also passengers. The voyage passed pleasantly. A considerable portion of the time was occupied by Mr. Buzacott in teaching the new missionaries and their wives the different dialects of the

islands to which they were going. Messrs. Spencer and Lind were appointed to the Tahitian, Mr. Wyatt Gill to the Rarotongan, and Mr. Law to the Samoan Groups.

Our friends enjoyed a very pleasant visit to Hobart Town. H. Hopkins, Esq., the warm and attached friend of the Society, and other members of the Christian churches in that city, generously entertained the missionaries. Meetings were held, and liberal contributions were made to the funds of the Society. As soon as Mr. Buzacott could leave, he crossed over the straits to Melbourne, accompanied by Mr. W. Gill, whilst the other brethren continued their efforts in Tasmania.

"In due time we all met again in Sydney, and received a most cordial welcome from the late Rev. Dr. Ross, and other ministers. Our old and valued friends, D. Jones, Esq., and Mrs. Jones, Mr. J. C. Williams and his wife, were very kind to us. Meetings and social gatherings were held, when the new brethren were introduced to the Christian friends; but as we drew nearer the scene of our labours, we were impatient to be among the islanders. We gladly embarked again, and after touching at Tahiti and Moorea, Huahine, Raiatea, and Mangaia, we reached Rarotonga on the 4th of March, 1852, my fifty-second birthday."

"It is now twelve months since we bade farewell to our dear native land, relatives, and friends. It has to us been an eventful and interesting year. Nearly two-thirds of it have been spent on the mighty

deep, some short portions of it in fellowship with the beloved ministers and Christian friends in the Australian colonies, and fellow-labourers in the missionary work, and the remainder among our dear people in our beloved island home. The hearty welcome we received baffles all description. The poor people had been suffering severely from influenza, but all sickness was forgotten on our arrival. As we neared the shore a simultaneous rush was made for the boat, and soon we found ourselves, boat and all, on the shoulders of the people (*see Engraving*), and we were carried a considerable distance towards our house, before they could be prevailed upon to put down their burden. Men, women, and children, crowded around us, anxious to give us a hearty shake by the hand, while tears of joy were shed in abundance. The chief's house being in our way home, we called there, and, while standing on the verandah, the people all ranged in front, Ma, our excellent old deacon, whom we were glad to find alive, offered a short prayer and thanksgiving to our heavenly Father for His great goodness in permitting us once more to see each other's face in the flesh. We had been absent rather more than five years, but the fact of our having brought back the complete Bible, formed a sufficient excuse for the long absence.

"We were greatly delighted on finding our station in such an interesting state of spiritual prosperity. During our absence, brother Gill had admitted to church-fellowship 115 new members, and re-admitted four backsliders. Thirty were waiting my arrival to be admitted; and two days after, I had the pleasure of

giving them the right hand of fellowship, after having heard many of them give the most delightful testimony to the power of the gospel; all these were the fruit of the revival in June and July, 1851. The first Sabbath was a season I shall never forget, once more to be in the amidst of an affectionate people, numbers of whom were my spiritual offspring; they seemed delighted again to listen to a voice they had long been accustomed to, while they were addressed from the words of Paul: 'Having obtained help of God I continue unto this day.' The afternoon surpassed in interest anything I had ever witnessed before. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered; thirty new members were sitting down for the first time. Captain Morgan also, and several of the crew from the 'John Williams,' five of whom we had the pleasure of admitting to church fellowship during our voyage, the missionaries bound for the Navigators, and four young men from the Rarotongan college, with their wives, who were set apart as evangelists to the heathen islands to the west. Several addresses were given both in English and the native language, and we found it indeed a season of refreshing from the Divine presence.

"I have just mentioned above, that twelve months since, a great revival was experienced both here and at Arorangi, through the instrumentality of brother Gill. Upwards of 300 were brought under deep conviction of sin, the greater part of whom continue to give pleasing evidence of true conversion to God. Including the thirty admitted on our arrival, we have already admitted eighty-five, and fifteen more stand proposed

for next month. Most of them are quite young, and when we left for England in 1846, were children in the school. It is very delightful to hear them give an account of the way in which the Holy Spirit convinced them of sin and led them to the Saviour. The revival happened just after a very trying season to the people of God in this place. Some of the wild young men had been to the Tahitian islands, where they had learnt to make what the natives call *orange rum*—the juice of the orange in a state of fermentation, which is highly intoxicating. Drunkenness, a new vice for Rarotonga, made its appearance in almost every part of the island simultaneously, and required the strong arm of the law to quell it. This stirred up the people of God to renewed exertion. Earnest prayer, followed by domiciliary visits and other means, recommended by brother Gill, were the means, under the blessing of God, of producing the revival. Three very young men, who were taken away by the police in a state of intoxication, to be confined in 'durance vile,' to prevent their injuring each other in their drunken bouts, are now in the church, changed, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. It is our custom to allow the new members, when they are admitted, to give an account of their conversion and subsequent experience. Sometimes as many as ten or twelve have risen one after another to add their testimony, that the gospel is still the power of God unto salvation.

"Various have been the means employed to produce the blessed change. Some attribute their conversion to the visits of the members of the church,

many of whom were very active and earnest in the work, and they laboured not in vain; others came to the house of God not only careless, but to mock the preacher, and make game of what they heard; in some unexpected moment some word or sentence, like the arrow drawn at a venture, pierced them, and they went away wounded and distressed, until they found peace in the Crucified One. One young man said, he came to the house of God as usual, careless and thoughtless, but he had no sooner taken his seat than he became overwhelmed with a sense of the Divine presence—that it was the house of God, and that God who had been an eyewitness to all his sins, was now looking on him. The ground being thus already prepared for the reception of the seed, on the announcement of the text—'He drew me out of the horrible pit,' etc., he trembled exceedingly. This sermon, preached by brother Gill, was the means of setting the poor man at liberty; and not only he, but many others have mentioned it as the means of producing a deep impression on their minds. Everything at present looks well, and the young members of the church especially are thirsting for scriptural knowledge, like the parched ground thirsting for the dews and rains of heaven. The complete Bible is a great treasure to them.

"We have now more than recovered from the devastating effects of the hurricane of March, 1846. Between thirty and forty good stone cottages have been built through the kind aid of British Christians, and our settlement is looking very neat. We have a good stone school-house erected; but our chapel, which

was only a temporary one, is in a dilapidated state; we hope soon to commence another; the people are waiting orders, and are ready and willing to arise and build.

"*August* 23*rd*.—The 'John Williams' has arrived, bringing our beloved brother Hardie, wife and family, from Samoa, who will remain with us, while the ship is on her voyage to Tahiti. Our dear brethren from Mangaia, with their families, are also with us for our annual gathering. It is quite a time of delightful excitement for Rarotonga. We all met yesterday at Arorangi, to hear reports of our native brethren from the surrounding islands.

"The news from the New Hebrides is of the most cheering character. More labourers are wanted. We can find plenty of native agents, but they want Europeans to direct and superintend their movements."

At the first meeting of the Mission Committee in Rarotonga, after the arrival of the missionary ship, with its invaluable freight, the members gave expression to their sentiments in the following resolution:—

"That with unfeigned gratitude to the Father of all mercies, and with sincerest joy on behalf of our mission, we welcome *the first complete edition of the Sacred Scriptures in the Rarotongan language:* an object which has engaged our united anxieties, and the devoted labours of the brethren Pitman and Buzacott for the last twenty years. We give thanks to God for the completion of this unspeakable treasure, and pray it may be made the word of eternal life to multitudes of the present and of future generations."

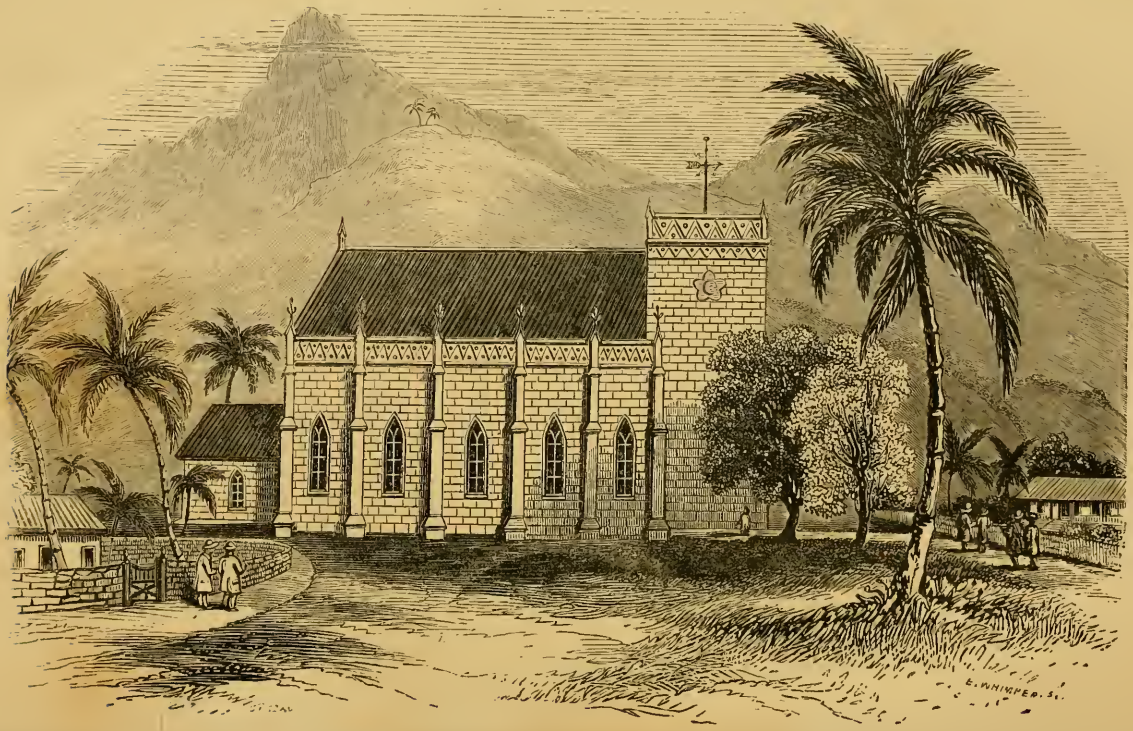
The 5000 Bibles were proportionately divided

amongst all the settlements; the natives being impatient to purchase copies of the complete Word of God. Numbers paid in cash; those who had no money, brought arrowroot, dried bananas, coffee, and various other produce as barter, in exchange for Bibles; and at the end of three years, more than £500 was transmitted, as part payment to the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose generous Committee sympathizing with the eagerness of the natives to procure Bibles, promptly ordered a new edition of 5000, and in due course, sent them out to Rarotonga.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MISSIONARY ARCHITECT.

The extraordinary improvement which took place in the social habits and moral life of the Rarotongans, was in some measure due to the laborious and successful efforts put forth by Mr. Buzacott to improve their dwellings, and to separate the people into families, each having a good cottage to itself. In heathen times, the natives, for the sake of security, lived near the mountains, within easy reach of their plots of land. Each tribe herded and slept in one large shed, whose length was in proportion to their numbers. The sense of insecurity in regard to life and property, and the practice of the whole clan thus herding together in one vast room without any screen or division, led to the most reckless and licentious habits of life. So soon, therefore, as idolatry was abolished, and the chiefs resolved to live in peace, it became desirable to fix upon an eligible site for a township. The site for the Avarua settlement was determined shortly before the arrival of Mr. Buzacott; and many dwellings had been built, but without the slightest regard to order or beauty.



MR. BUZACOTT'S CHURCH AT AVARUA, 1853.

The original native hut was merely a respectable shed; the tall posts, the ridge pole, and rafters, constituted the entire framework. The roof and sides were covered in with a thatch made of the palmetta leaf. One aperture of about four feet square, served for door and window. The earthern floor was covered with a thick layer of hay; upon this, mats were spread; the mats served the double purpose of seats and beds.

It took a considerable time to induce the natives to build separate houses, and it was not until the gospel had quickened their moral natures that they were able to understand and to long for the comforts of a home. In course of time the missionary succeeded in overcoming all obstacles. A wide, noble road was made not far from the beach, and parallel with it, of nearly two miles in length. The wretched huts were removed, and comfortable detached cottages for each family were erected on each side of the high-road. Sufficient spaces were allowed to each cottage for good gardens, both front and rear, while a neat "paepae" or footpath, made of snow-white coral pebbles, led from the door to the street. This foot-path was shaded on each side by rows of ornamental plants, such as the "Ti" tree (*Dracæna terminalis*), the gigantic arum or kapé, whose leaves were commonly used as umbrellas.

The new cottages were built of wood, wattled and plastered with lime obtained from the coral. Of course each dwelling was divided into several apartments, and adorned with venetian windows. The

houses extend nearly a mile on each side of the harbour. The street was also planted at the edge of the kerb stones with rows of the beautiful "Ti" tree. All who have visited Avarua have warmly expressed their admiration at the taste displayed in laying out the streets, and in the simple beauty of the native cottages.

Houses for the chief and missionary were also built—that of the chief's being, of course, of ample dimensions.

A new chapel was also erected, and opened on August 23, 1831. It was 100 feet by 48, with deep galleries on three sides, capable of seating two thousand people.

On this occasion no less than four hundred pigs were killed, and an abundant supply of vegetables and fruit provided. The inhabitants of the other settlements were invited to this grand festival, and more than five thousand persons sat down to dinner. A ludicrous incident is told by Mr. Buzacott:—"I was much amused with a man who was looking on, and trying to count the number of cooked pigs (which were served whole). He made several attempts and failed. At last he seized a knife, and cut off the end of every pig's tail, and putting them together, succeeded in making out two rau, or four hundred."

Avarua was in this condition when Mr. Williams paid the island another visit. The change excited his marvel. Wherever he looked, he saw clear proofs of advancing civilization. He had known the island in heathen times, and the improvement filled him with

intense delight. When he entered the new church, he was so taken by surprise that he examined the building in speechless admiration, and then, with the generous candour that ever distinguished him, turning to his brother missionary, he said, "O Barakoti, you have beaten us all."

But in a few short hours the whole settlement was destroyed. A fearful hurricane swept over the island; the sea rose and covered the lowlands. The cottages, the chapel, and school-house, the mission-house, the chief's house, were all laid low—the labour of three years was annihilated. Famine followed the cyclone; yet amid untold privations and difficulties, the losses were repaired, and the settlement arose with many new improvements. Then came years of trial to the mission, of which an account is given in the fourth chapter. As often as the opposition party burnt the chapel, or school, or cottage down to the ground, so often it arose out of its ashes, like the phœnix, arrayed in new beauty.

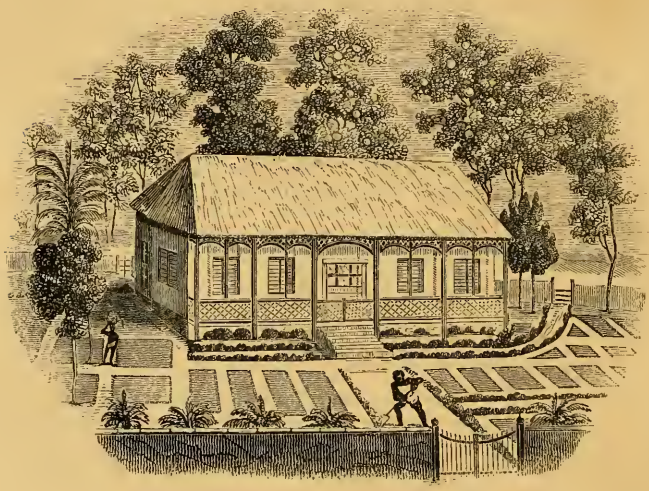
In due course the cause of truth, and freedom, and law triumphed. "Then had the churches rest throughout" Rarotonga, "and were edified, and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied."

It may interest the reader to hear a witness, whom none will charge with partiality towards missionaries and their proceedings, who visited Rarotonga in 1840.

Captain Sir Edward Belcher, in his "Narrative of a Voyage round the World," in Her Majesty's ship

"Sulphur," published by authority of Government, vol. ii. p. 20, writes as follows:—

"Having letters to Mr. Buzacott, the principal missionary, he soon made his appearance, and conducted us to his house, which, for neatness and comfort, surpasses anything we have met amongst the missionaries. The roads, inclosures, church, schools,



MR. BUZACOTT'S RESIDENCE IN 1840.

and private residences, are an age in advance of Tahiti. Neatness and regularity prevail; and the appearance of the resident chief, as well as of those about him, reflects the highest credit on the present missionary, as well as on the unfortunate originator of the present system, the late Mr. Williams, who was recently

murdered at Mallicollo (? Erromanga). It reminds me of what I expected at Tahiti, if their laws had been enforced.

"The residence of Mr. Buzacott is situated about the eighth of a mile from the sea, and about half that distance from the main road, which is perfectly level, and of the ordinary width of those in England, the walls of the inclosures in the town (constructed of coral and mortar) confining it. The road to his house leads through the churchyard, where an artificial raised road* on coral blocks, carries you through a cocoa-nut vista to the house, which is reached by a flight of steps about twenty feet ascent—the house occupying a level terrace, cut away from a rather steep hill.

"With all the difficulties incident to missionary progress, one is not a little surprised to meet not only

* A most amusing incident occurred in connection with this raised pathway. It was made through a piece of low land which heavy rains flooded. A deep canal was therefore dug, of considerable length and depth, in order to carry off the floods into the sea, and turn the marsh into a sugar-cane plantation. The natives worked willingly, until it became necessary to dig out the tunnel beneath the road. They had never seen an arch of any kind, and could not conceive how an archway was possible. To a man, the labourers refused to dig any soil underneath the highway. No persuasions or jesting could induce one of them to make a beginning. The missionary therefore seized a pickaxe and began to remove the soil. This was too much for one poor man, who loved his teacher more than his own life. He sprang from the ground, on which all were resting, and taking the pickaxe out of Mr. Buzacott's hand, first went round, and shaking hands, bade farewell to his fellow-workmen; for he and they were convinced that the earth and coral above would overwhelm and suffocate him. Thus he prepared to die. To his amazement, the stone work forming the arch sustained its heavy burden, and he did not lose his life or suffer any inconvenience. This small arch excited the marvel of the whole community.

the conveniences, but also the comforts, of a well-furnished house. These are principally native, but the result of missionary instruction, care having been taken to teach them useful arts.

"They manufacture tables, chairs, and sofas, with cane bottoms, fit for any of the middling classes in England. These form an article of export to Tahiti, and a pair of their arm-chairs grace my cabins. The wood of the Tamanu, from which they are manufactured, may vie with Honduras mahogany in beauty, and is far superior in durability. Four neat *stone* cottages were just completed, having two good rooms each; these are intended for the students in the college about to be built where Mr. Buzacott's house now stands.

"In the present school-room, where they have also a printing-press, I was shown the production of one of the native scholars, being a manuscript copy of the New Testament in progress, the writing clear and intelligible; the scholar, a native missionary, probably to be forwarded to some island where Christianity is unknown.

"The *church* is an extensive wood and plaster building, accommodating about one thousand persons. It occupies one side of the road, and the native school the opposite. The house of the principal chief, Makea (or perhaps more probably the king), is well built, of two stories, and fit for any European. It was built by the father of the present chief, whose likeness is given in Mr. Williams's work. He has also a very neat cottage within the same inclosure, where

he probably lived during the life-time of his father. Between the two stands very conspicuously the tomb of old Makea, very neatly kept, and white-washed. A covered building, or extensive shed, near the landing-place, is used as a market-place. There I found the chief tidily dressed in European costume—cotton shirt, white trousers, and white frock-coat, superintending the purchases for the captains of the whalers. All this results from a change from absolute barbarism and heathenism since 1825."

If the improvements made in 1831 amazed and delighted the Rev. John Williams, and if the further progress in 1840, in spite of the trials, epidemics, hurricanes, and famines, converted the indifference, if not hostility towards missions of Captain Belcher into warm eulogy, one cannot but wish that these witnesses of the past could have visited Avarua in 1857. The missionary architect had not been idle. The new college referred to by Captain Belcher as already designed, was erected in 1843. An accurate engraving is given in page 130. The amateur architect made his first experiments in coral building by erecting small cottages of two rooms each for the native students. Having gained some experience by this means, he ventured upon the more ambitious undertaking. The new building it was resolved, should be large enough to meet all the requirements of the most important station in the Harvey Group, at which books were printed for the Group, and where evangelists were trained for the Group, and for Western Polynesia. The foundation was

laid deep in the earth, and the outer walls were more than two feet in thickness; thus securing both great strength for resistance to hurricanes, and also coolness towards moderating the tropical heat of the climate. A double roof, one made of wood and zinc, the other of thatch, contributed towards the same ends. In addition to the rooms required by the resident missionary, it included a surgery, a large lecture-room, and a room for female classes, held by the missionary's wife. Not undeserved is the following statement made by one of his fellow-labourers, the Rev. William Gill, who occupied this building for some years, during Mr. Buzacott's visit to England: "The Rev. A. Buzacott was architect and superintendent of the building, the labours of which, together with the duties of the station, were arduous and self-denying beyond all eulogy."

Instead of reed or wattle, stone cottages were becoming very numerous; each containing two or more rooms, generally floored with planks of wood, and having, as in the wattle cottages, venetian blinds. The furniture varied according to the circumstances or habits of the owners. The slothful or poor, contented themselves with a few mats for bedding, a box for clothes, some bowls, a knife or two, a pair of scissors, etc., but the industrious and well to do, indulged beyond these articles—in bedsteads, beds, sofas, tables, chairs, and cupboards, while the wooden floor was covered with suitable mats. Some of these articles so far as actual use is concerned, are ornamental rather than useful; for the natives do not as

yet take kindly to chairs, but prefer infinitely to squat down on the floor mats, with their legs not ungracefully crossed ; and this is their habit, whether at meals, work, or receiving company. To an English eye nothing can be more ludicrous.

The last feat of our architect was also his greatest. It was the building in 1853 of a new Gothic church, of which an accurate engraving is given at page 209. The stone was block coral, as in all other stone buildings. When his first chapel was built, sittings were required for about two thousand persons. The decrease in population had been so great and uninterrupted, that a building capable of accommodating nearly a thousand, was now sufficient. The new church was begun in January, 1853, and was sixty-four feet by forty within, with galleries on three sides. The walls were three feet in thickness, and thirty feet in height, with several strong buttresses, as an additional safeguard against the violence of wind and wave during hurricanes. At the west end, a massive tower was erected, partly for the same purpose. The natives bought a bell, and thus the sweet notes of the church-going bell were heard at Avarua, to the joy and gratification of more than the natives. The building was opened in December of the same year, and is considered the best specimen of Gothic architecture in the South Seas.

The opening day was readily appointed as a general holiday. All that could leave home, in the five settlements, attended the first services, and sat down to the sumptuous feast provided. As an amateur architect,

constrained thereto by the demands of his higher calling, and assisted only by native workmen, whom he himself had trained, the result was in every sense satisfactory, and richly repaid all the anxiety and toil of the missionary.

It is confidently believed, that the present church and mission-house can withstand the violence of any hurricane.

CHAPTER XVI.

FAREWELL TO RAROTONGA.

On the return to their lovely island home, in March, 1852, Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott joyfully resumed their manifold duties amongst a devoted and enthusiastic people. The college alone, being full of students and their wives, and continuing so for the next five years, demanded not a little labour from the missionary and his wife. Miss Buzacott then commenced the high-school for the daughters of the chiefs, and the principal families, to which reference has already been made. Moreover, important changes soon took place in the staff of European labourers on the island, which was not without its influence in hastening the close of our friend's missionary career. In consequence of very enfeebled health—for they had borne the heavy burden during his visit to England—his beloved co-workers, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gill, were compelled to leave the mission only a few months after his return. This grievous loss threw the care of a second settlement upon Mr. Buzacott. Moreover, in the following year it became necessary to build a new church at his own station, involving immense anxiety and work to the

missionary architect. The reader will find an engraving of the beautiful coral Gothic church then built, in page 130; and as if all this were not more than enough, the health of his dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pitman, completely gave way, and necessitated their removal to Sydney in 1854. Thus the whole burden of the Rarotongan Mission came upon the subject of this memoir. But as he had never spared himself in former years, not even when recruiting his health in England, so now he threw all his energies into his overwhelming duties. By the able assistance of tried evangelists, the services and numerous mission agencies at all the four stations were efficiently sustained; while the abundance of the divine blessing enabled the hardly-pressed labourers to forget for a while the severity of the demand on brain, and health, and strength. Nor was the press suffered to lie idle. Several school-books were revised, and new editions were published, some illustrated with wood-cuts, to the delighted astonishment of the natives. A volume of valuable Annotations on Leviticus was translated and printed; and as if in anticipation of his own approaching feebleness, he printed Dr. Bogue's "Theological Lectures" in Rarotongan, for the benefit of the students; and as a small expression of sympathy towards his successors in office and labour, he published a Dictionary of English and Rarotongan words, as well as an English and Rarotongan Grammar.

But this exhausting process could not be long sustained by one whose health and strength had already once succumbed to the demands of missionary life.

Hence Mr. Buzacott began to flag in 1855, and on the 23rd of September, 1856, alarming symptoms set in. He was seized with violent sickness and severe pains in the stomach. Medicine seemed unable to stay the rapid progress of the disease. His breathing became short and quick, and it seemed more than probable that the end was at hand. At length he remarked, "I can only breathe from my throat;" while his countenance bore evidences of great anguish. Mrs. Buzacott said to him, "My dear, you are very ill." He looked her in the face, and replied with difficulty, "These appear to be the struggles of death." His wife said, "I hope not; but how do you feel in reference to death?" He replied, "I have no fear—no fear." She asked, "Is Jesus near to support you?" He answered, "Oh, yes, yes." The emphasis with which these monosyllables were uttered can never be forgotten. Mrs. Buzacott called for one of the students, and with a bursting heart told him her fears that her husband was dying. Immediately all the students assembled in the lecture-room for special prayer. The news excited the deepest concern throughout the settlement. But God was gracious, prayer was heard, symptoms of a favourable character began to appear, and very slowly he was permitted to recover.

Several months, however, passed ere he was able to preach or teach. The impression gained ground in the minds of the natives that they must soon part with their beloved missionary; and however painful this thought might be to all parties concerned, yet it

was only too evident that the climate and the labours devolving upon him would soon bring him to the grave, unless he took the opportunity of leaving Rarotonga on the next visit of the "John Williams."

In anticipation of his departure, it was arranged that Mr. G. Gill should leave Mangaia and take charge of the Institution for Training Native Teachers, and the station at Avarua. The "John Williams" brought Mr. Gill and family from Mangaia on April 7th, 1857. Now, when it became known that our friends must leave, the people from various parts of the island began to come to express their regrets at the thought of his final departure. He said to them that ill health alone could cause his separation from them; that his Master, who thirty years ago said to him, "Go to Rarotonga," now appeared to him to be saying, "Leave Rarotonga, and go elsewhere."

Mr. Buzacott had for many years resolved upon leaving his beloved island as soon as he became unfit for duty; for he fancied that the presence of an old useless labourer must greatly interfere with the freedom and usefulness of a young missionary, and without ample freedom there can be no moral power and elevating influence.

For several weeks before the arrival of the mission ship, the natives came with presents, and on such occasions, uttered in impassioned language their love and sorrow. One said, "Barakoti, I know what we were in heathenism. These eyes of mine have seen it. No lives were safe. We were like beasts; and when our bodies were slain, they were dragged about

the ground and ill-treated; others were cut in pieces whilst alive, and suffered all kinds of cruelties. This was our state when you came amongst us. You taught us better things. You bore with our ignorance and wretchedness, and pointed out to us the way of salvation. Do not leave us. Live and die amongst us."

Teava, the evangelist of Samoa, seemed almost beside himself, and could not find words in which to express his feelings. He walked, he ran, he shouted until he was exhausted, crying, "How can we separate? You, and I your associate, have worked together and apart since your arrival amongst us, and how can we separate?" He ran towards Mr. Buzacott and his wife, and kneeling down kissed their feet. Who could remain unmoved amid these singular manifestations of sincere affection?

On Sabbath-day, October 5th, 1857, all the native teachers assembled at Avarua, and Mr. Buzacott, as the apostolic bishop of Rarotonga, gave them a parting address from Acts xx. 28, "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." The service was thrillingly solemn, and every bosom heaved with emotion, and every eye was blinded by tears. He who had been their friend and pastor for thirty years, was now speaking to them as officers of Christ's church, and in the presence of the great congregation for the last time. On the afternoon of the same day, five students were set apart by prayer and imposition of hands, as

evangelists to the heathen. The Rev. George Gill gave the charge.

The last Sabbath on Rarotonga was a day of the most trying description. Every effort was made to suppress feeling, but when Mr. Buzacott ascended the pulpit stairs for the last time, it was almost more than the people could bear. God mercifully granted him strength to deliver his message, and close his ministrations amongst a people greatly beloved.

Now amid all these manifestations of deep and genuine grief, we must acquaint our readers with the fact that not only the love of *persons*, but also the love of *places*, bound our friends to Avarua. One sacred spot contains a little grave, in which had been tenderly laid the fairest flower that bloomed in the mission-house at Avarua. Maria Jane Buzacott, aged two years and nine months, had been carried off by croup.

"To see, in one short hour, decayed
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close,
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth—
This is a mother's grief.

"Yet when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, 'My child is there!'
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief."

THOMAS DALE.

She had been a lovely child, and Makea had requested that he also might give her a name, viz., Takau a Makea. Her little coffin had been made of some planks which had been sawn by the natives to make a little carriage for the missionary's children, and death came so suddenly that these planks had to be used for the coffin. This bereavement was taken up by the kind-hearted chiefs and people as their own ; and on the following Sunday, to the amazement of the sorrowing parents, the whole congregation appeared in deep mourning. Only once, viz., on the last Sabbath spent on the island, was it harder to preach than on that occasion.

The little grave, and its tombstone with her English and native names engraved upon it, still stand there. Rarotongan love will carefully tend it, and protect it from all harm. At first, to leave the island seemed like leaving the beloved child to wake up on the resurrection morning and find herself alone ; but a momentary reflection suggested that among those who loved her as the natives did, she could never feel alone, being surrounded by many devoted friends. So there she sleeps until all shall awake and greet the Lord of life.

On the 9th day of November, 1857, the Rarotongans assembled to take their last farewell of Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott and their beloved daughter, who walked to the beach amidst a concourse of people, all weeping, some making loud lamentations, many rushing forward to get a last shake of the hand. They were at length carried into the boat, and as soon as she

was afloat, the missionary and his family waved their handkerchiefs to the vast assembly weeping on the shore. Mr. Buzacott dared not look back until he reached the "John Williams," and when he gained the ship's deck he exclaimed, "the bitterness of death is past." The long-dreaded hour was over. The grace of God sustained our beloved friend through this trial. We need not describe with what sorrowful pleasure Aaron Buzacott gazed a long last lingering look on beloved Rarotonga as it receded from his view.

In this his last voyage amongst the islands, Mr. Buzacott had the gratification of introducing the gospel to Pukapuka, or Danger Island—the island on which on May 14th, 1865, the missionary ship was wrecked. It was assuredly a happy and providential circumstance that the savages of Pukapuka had been taught by Rarotongan evangelists to renounce idolatry with its cruelties ere the "John Williams" drifted on her coral reef, and all her passengers fell into the hands of its inhabitants. The story is so full of interest that we give it in detail, and in Mr. Buzacott's own words :—

"In our way to Sydney we had to call at several of the islands where our native teachers were labouring, such as Mangarongaro (Penrhyn), Manihihi (Humphrey's Island), and Rakaanga. We found that in each of these places heathenism had completely disappeared ; the people were all under Christian instruction, churches formed and the Bible read by most of the people, chapels and school-houses erected, the people happy and contented, and generally in a state of prosperity.

"We had long heard of Pukapuka, or Danger Island, but could not ascertain its exact locality until now; Captain Williams had obtained its latitude from some one who had fallen in with it. As it was not out of our way we determined to call, and took with us Luka and his wife, native teachers from the Training Institution at Rarotonga, to locate there if we found the door open.

"On December 5th, Pukapuka came in sight, and by the aid of our glasses we could see many of the inhabitants. As we approached the shore, several canoes were seen coming through the surf and paddling towards our ship. It was some time however ere they ventured to come near enough to have any communication. Then one of the largest, containing about a dozen men, all standing up and talking at the top of their voices, approached and threw some small pieces of matting over the stern of the vessel, we also threw a number of fish-hooks into their canoe. Even then, none would venture very near. At last the people in one of the canoes accepted a rope's end with which to fasten their canoe, and we drew it alongside, still none of them could be persuaded to come on board. Luka asked to be allowed to go down among them to shew them that he was not afraid, but no sooner had he got there than he was hugged by two powerful men so tightly, as almost to deprive him of breath. They now began to untie the rope which held their canoe, and only by a desperate effort did Luka manage to disengage himself and seize the rope; they then attempted to cut it, but by our loud and continued

remonstrances they were induced to let him go, and he escaped again on board, to the great disappointment of those in the canoe, and amid cries of disapprobation from the others that they had allowed their man to escape. One of them was induced to climb up the side of the ship and look in over, but not until we had all moved to the other side. While his attention was engaged in viewing the ship, I quietly went over to him, and, ere he was aware, had put my hand upon his, when he immediately descended greatly frightened at his narrow escape. Night was now drawing on and we had to stand off, but before parting I inquired for the chief, and told them we should come again in the morning—that then they must bring off their chief, as I wanted to see him: this they appeared to understand, and we parted for the night.

"In the evening, earnest prayers were put up to our Heavenly Father that He would grant success to our endeavours to benefit these benighted people. Luka's wife became quite terrified at their wild and savage appearance, and told her husband that she could not think of landing among them. We had Ngutimoare with us, a young man from the Training Institution, who we thought would be serviceable to us in Sydney while his studies could be attended to, as he had no idea of giving up the mission work to which he had consecrated his life. On seeing these people, and being a single man, he begged to be allowed to remain among them. Luka also expressed his willingness to accompany him, if we would take care of his wife, and bring her back again in the vessel.

"The next day, December 6th, was the Sabbath, and early we were close in shore. All on board agreed to leave me and the native teacher alone to talk with the strangers. Twenty-two canoes, averaging twelve men in a canoe, soon drew alongside. The foremost approached us boldly, and, when near enough, one of the men threw on board the top part of a cocoa-nut leaf, saying as he did it: 'Tera te naukuru o te Kainga'—that the cession of our country to you. 'E au to tatou'—let there be peace between us: which was joyfully responded to by us. We now inquired, where is your chief? He was pointed out to us, and we invited him on board. He quickly jumped over the side, and, ere I was aware, I was locked in his arms, and received a very warm but rather greasy rubbing of noses. I was quite willing however to submit to this for the sake of our enterprise. He now turned round to the ladies, to salute them in like manner, and succeeded in laying hold of one of them, but ere he had done, all the others had disappeared. No sooner had the chief got on deck than he was followed by so many, that our decks became crowded, and the alarm was soon given that everything they could find loose on deck was walking overboard. The cook was calling out for his pots and kettles, the iron belaying pins, the buckets, and a live pig went over the side in quick time. Mrs. Wyatt Gills's children were also in danger of being kidnapped, and she had to lay hold of them and keep them near to protect them.

"The mate on seeing one of the buckets passed over board, laid hold of the telescope and pointed it to

the canoe where the bucket was deposited; they thought this to be a fearful instrument of destruction, and all in the canoe immediately leaped overboard; a rope was thrown to them and the bucket was returned. Strange to say, this stopped the pilfering, remorse seized upon the thieves, and a note of wailing was heard from all sides that they should have been so wicked; those who had been most active wailed the loudest. I followed the chief to every part of the vessel, but he was in such a state of excitement, attempting to barter his strips of matting and bits of sinnet, that he could not, or would not give heed to anything I had to say until late in the day. I then took him by the hand and led him to a chair, and obliged him to sit still till I had called Luka and Ngutimoare to come before him. On their arrival, I asked him if he would allow these two men to go ashore with him, and would he treat them kindly, and take care of them till the vessel returned? 'What!' said he, 'will they go ashore with me?' He then hugged and rubbed noses with both, and said they should be his fathers. In a moment he called out to those in his own canoe to come near, and at a word of command all the others were manned and waiting around. Luka and Ngutimoare were again asked if they would trust themselves among these wild people. They answered they were quite willing, if we would stand off for the night and come in next morning to see how they did. They now prepared to go, and were soon ready, taking nothing with them but the clothes they had on. They came round to give us all

a hearty shake by the hand, the captain, officers, and crew all standing by, wondering at their courage. The old chief in his impatience, was already in his canoe waiting to receive them, and they cheerfully passed over the side of the vessel and were soon seated by his side. During this, there was such a drumming with paddles from all the surrounding canoes, as almost to put one in mind of an Exeter Hall cheer, while from more than one of the sailors we heard the expression, 'noble fellows, noble fellows;' and such, they certainly were. It was one of the most interesting sights I ever witnessed, to see these two courageous young men venture themselves among such a host of savages. The chief's canoe leading the way, and the rest following, they paddled off with their prize; and we stood off for the night. A mixed prayer-meeting was that evening held on the deck of the 'John Williams,' and earnest supplications were presented both in English and Rarotongan for the safety of our beloved brethren, and the success of our enterprise.

"After spending an anxious night, early next morning we stood in towards the shore, watching anxiously for a canoe from the island. Presently one was seen coming over the reef; but, instead of approaching us, it seemed to avoid coming too near. We made towards it, and when within hail, inquired where are the teachers? They answered, 'Ashore: we have been feeding them until they are quite big,' accompanying the words with their folded hands before their stomachs, to intimate the size to which they had grown. Another canoe came with the same story. At last, the chief's

canoe was seen approaching, but without the teachers. Our anxiety had now reached its highest pitch, and we thought our worst fears were about to be realized. The canoe, however, drew near; and in answer to the question, where are the teachers? the same answer was returned. The old chief further said that he was come to fetch me and Mrs. Buzacott, the captain, and any others who may like to accompany us. This we thought to be a mere decoy to draw us also into their net; and looking angry at the chief, and striking my hand on the side of the bulwarks, I commanded him to go immediately and fetch the teachers. The old chief now became frightened, but recollecting he had something given him by the teachers, which he was ordered to present to me, he held up some cocoanut leaves carefully folded and tied, inside of which was a leaf which had scratched on it the following joyful news:—(Translation)—'This is a very good land; the people will not allow us to go on board again; send all our goods ashore. Send also Luka Vainé. Blessings on you, (or good-bye), pray for us.' This was all we wanted; and the chief being invited on board, came up, bringing with him some of the native pudding, with which he said they had been feeding the teachers. The effect produced on us by the letter was witnessed by these poor ignorant people with the greatest surprise; and I was both amused and interested to hear the chief describe the change produced to those who came afterwards on deck. He said, 'When I first came, they looked so angry, and stormed at me, saying, where are the teachers? where are the

teachers? but they had no sooner looked at that bit of cocoa-nut leaf than they began to laugh, and invited me on deck, and have been very kind.' He appeared quite as much astonished as the Rarotongan chief, who exclaimed, under similar circumstances, when he carried a chip to Mrs. Williams for some tool, 'These are the wonderful people, they can make chips speak.' Luka Vainé was now quite willing to join her husband, and having dressed the chief in a black alpacca coat of my own, accompanied with several other (to him) valuable presents, he left us for the shore, light-hearted and joyful, with Luka Vainé and the teachers' goods; and we set sail for Samoa, thankful to God for the success He had vouchsafed to us."

The "John Williams" made only a brief stay at the Navigator's Islands, and in due time arrived safely in Sydney, where her passengers received a most cordial welcome from the Christian friends in that city.

CHAPTER XVII.

RAROTONGA IN 1828 AND IN 1857.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things—God."

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

IF we institute a brief comparison between the condition of Rarotonga in 1828, when Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott first arrived, and in 1857, when they finally left the beloved scene of thirty years' toil, we shall qualify ourselves to estimate in some degree the wonderful changes wrought by God through their self-denying labours. The exact stage of the mission, regarded only in reference to its highest aim—the salvation of sinners—has been described in page 30; where also the most cheerful testimony is borne to the devotedness and heroism of the native evangelist, Papeiha, and of Messrs. Williams and Pitman.

The Rarotongans had renounced idolatry, and nominally embraced Christianity. The different

tribes had consented to live in suitable settlements. Rough chapels and school-houses had been built at three of these stations, where the religious services and schools were well attended, and, speaking generally, the people were eager to learn the novel arts of civilization. In the following brief details the most scrupulous care has been taken to avoid the ascription to one missionary of results due to the labours of others. Indeed, this canon has guided our pens through the whole narrative, and will account for the absence of more frequent reference to names more or less known to the Christian public. It should also be stated that from 1828 to 1839, when Mr. Williams brought out a notable band of young missionaries to the South Seas, and Mr. W. Gill took charge of the mission at Arorangi, the only labourers on Rarotonga were Messrs. Pitman and Buzacott. Unfortunately the health of the former had always been very indifferent, constraining him to limit his efforts to his own station, and to his share of translations. On the other hand, the subject of this memoir had the charge of Avarua and Arorangi, of the Training Institution, and of the press, as well as his portion of translations ; and God further enabled him to make many missionary voyages with Messrs. Williams, Barff, and others, some of which, being similar to those narrated, have not even been mentioned. It is presumed that in this age of rapid thought and fondness for variety, the reader does not wish for all the innumerable details of thirty years' active life, but only for such as may faithfully and

vividly describe the man and his work. Let him, therefore, note the following contrasts :—

Appearance and Dress.

In 1828 the natives appeared as naked savages, the men wearing a narrow belt of cloth round the loins; the women girded with a short petticoat of tapa; on special occasions they wore large lengths of the same material twisted several times around their waists; but all children, from infancy up to ten or twelve years of age, walked about everywhere in a state of perfect nudity. The exposed part of their person (*i.e.*, all but the loins) were besmeared with oil and turmeric, which they were most unwilling to wash off. Hence cutaneous and other diseases were very prevalent, and it was no infrequent thing to see a native whose diseased limbs were black with the flies that had settled upon them. These swarms were an awful pest, so numerous as to defy all efforts to brush or fan them away.

In 1857, the fly pest had long since disappeared with the indisposition to thorough cleansing, while soap had come into constant use. One of the first articles they learned to manufacture was combs, which they made of wood until better could be purchased from whalers. Moreover, they have a goodly supply of garments, made mostly by themselves (for they have learnt the use of needles and cotton) out of English cotton goods obtained on the island. Captain Belcher, commander of H.M.S. "Sulphur," found the chief in

the market-house, "tidily dressed in European costume—cotton shirt, white trousers, and white frock coat—superintending the purchases of the captains of whalers." The women generally gird themselves with a wrapper of tapa as an inner garment, a long flowing robe is then thrown over the whole person, and a bonnet of finely wrought plait, and trimmed with gay ribbons according to fancy, completes "my lady's" toilet.

In 1854, Her Majesty Queen Victoria was graciously pleased to accept a bonnet of this native material, made up in England; and deigned at the same time to express her deep feelings of gratification at the result of the teachings of the doctrines of Christianity to the islanders; and in order to encourage the industry of the natives, Her Majesty ordered a considerable quantity of the plait, intending to have it made up in England.

The men wear coats, waistcoats, shirts, and trousers; most have coarse rush hats for daily use, and better ones for Sundays. A few may be seen wearing shoes and stockings; while all the children are decently clothed. In short, the change is almost as complete as the climate and circumstances will admit. This was the expressed conviction of a native teacher, who had spent many years as an evangelist among the heathen, and who had returned to Rarotonga in 1865. To his mind his countrymen appeared clothed like many persons he saw in Sydney. Money was comparatively plentiful. Amongst the presents brought to him by his personal friends, there were

small pieces of coin which amounted to £5. He regretted that drinking to excess occurred occasionally, and he closed his statement by mourning over what he described as the strong desire to acquire wealth. This note of lamentation may excite a smile, yet it witnesses to the completeness of the contrast as to appearance and dress.

Dwellings.

In 1828 their dwellings were mere wigwams, as described in page 211. The whole clan lived and slept under one roof, old and young, men and women, herding together on mats, without even a screen to separate them. The door, about four feet square, served also for a window.

In 1857 every family had a good cottage to itself, with plenty of garden ground. The houses of the poor were made of wattle, and contained at least two rooms, and were infinitely superior to the dwellings of the chiefs in 1828. The industrious and upper classes dwelt in beautiful cool stone cottages built of block coral, each containing three or more rooms, with wooden floors and venetian windows to each room. Chairs, tables, sofas, and beds, and mats instead of carpets, constitute their furniture. *Vide* page 218.

Diet.

In 1828 the natives lived upon cocoa-nuts, bread fruit, bananas, and taro (wild arum), with what fish

they could catch. The original breed of pigs was very small, and pork was rarely tasted by the middle class, never by the poor.

In 1857, cattle, a better and more prolific breed of pigs, turkeys, fowls, Muscovy ducks, sweet potatoes, beans, oranges, limes, citrons, tomatoes, turnips, loquet, custard apples, pineapples, coffee, Indian corn, carrots, cabbages, arrowroot, rice, and tapioca, had been introduced into the island. It is worthy of note that the diet of 1828 was such as a hurricane could and would utterly destroy, while many of the new articles of consumption were capable of being prepared and kept with care for almost any length of time.

Employments.

The list given under the previous heading will indicate the changes in the occupation of the people. It is only necessary to add that cotton and indigo are now cultivated, and that horses have been introduced, and prosper. Mr. Buzacott made several attempts to introduce and breed sheep, but with very indifferent success. About one hundred vessels call at Rarotonga every year for provisions, and keep up a certain briskness of cultivation and barter.

Education.

In 1828, none could read, though many could repeat the Tahitian alphabet, etc. There was not one book in their language, although Mr. Williams was translating the Gospel of John, and composing a few

hymns. Mr. Buzacott could muster only twelve slates for one thousand adult scholars, and fifteen hundred children.

In 1857, school-books and slates could be bought by the poorest without difficulty, the whole population could read, the majority could write and do a little cyphering. Not a few knew the elements of geography, astronomy, and sacred history. The reader will find in the list of works published in Rarotongan, in pages 180—85, enough to make a very respectable little library, including the complete Bible, a few commentaries on books of Scripture, and the immortal allegory of John Bunyan.

Education has produced its usual effects among the Rarotongans. The vacant stare in some, and the ferocious countenance in others, have given way to a mild and engaging demeanour, which of course is most marked in the present generation, since they have all been trained in the mission-schools. In courtesy of spirit and dignity of manners, and delicate consideration for the feelings of others (*see* Rio's speech, page 193), some of the Rarotongans excel the majority of Englishmen.

Laws.

In 1828, the only law was the arbitrary will of Makea, influenced by any motive which might sway his heart, full of the violent passions which despotism and heathenism usually foster in savage natures.

In 1857, two codes of laws had long been in

existence — one for the natives, and another for foreigners. Makea, the most valiant and dreaded chief on the island, bowed to the majesty of law, and thus gave the people an unmistakable pledge that laws would be administered without respect of persons.

There is also a fixed scale of charges for every article of merchandise, copies of which are printed in the English and Rarotongan languages, and shown to every foreigner on his landing. A list of regulations, controlling the conduct of sailors, was required to be read by the captain or chief officer to his boat's crew ere any were allowed to leave the boats. Judges and police are to be found in every settlement, and are not wanting in the quick detection and punishment of crime.

Religion.

In 1828 idolatry was abolished, and the religious services and schools were well attended, but not one conversion had taken place, nor did any person appear to have gained any clear conception of the nature and character of the living God, of salvation by Christ, of the sin of man, and of divine worship. The Sabbath was strictly observed, but only through a superstitious dread of the new God, and by the express orders of Makea.

In 1857, the Lord's-day was cheerfully devoted to the worship of God, without any fears of sudden death, and without any penalty for breaking the Sabbath. All who were not detained at home by sickness, or by

attendance upon the sick, regularly filled their seats in the house of God, and displayed an intelligent and cordial interest in all parts of the service. The singing at Avarua was noted amongst the islands, chanting was introduced, and a good seraphine, which the natives subscribed for, and persuaded Mr. Buzacott to take out with him on his return from England, and which was played by Miss Buzacott, led the songs of the sanctuary.

The conduct of the people during divine worship excited the admiration of Captain Belcher for its quietness and marked attention. Family prayers were conducted also in most cottages twice every day. But the greatest element in the contrast has yet to be named—namely, the change in the religious life of the people.

In 1828, the Rarotongans were notorious, *inter alia*, for their revengefulness. "On receiving an injury, if they could not at the moment be revenged, it would be recorded by a certain mark tatooed on the throat; and if the father died unavenged, the son would receive the mark on his throat, and thus it would go on from generation to generation, and nothing would obliterate the injury but the death of some one of the family by whom it had been inflicted. Some had two marks, others three, and some so many that their throats were covered."

In contrast to this spirit and practice, let the reader recall the feelings awakened at Avarua by the tidings that their beloved friend, John Williams, had been murdered at Erromanga. Amid their tears and wail-

ings of grief, a native student arose, and uttered these sentiments—"Oh, do not delay to send the gospel to Erromanga. The word of God must prosper where the blood of his servant has been shed. The seed is already sown." And immediately scores of "amens" endorsed this appeal.

It would be easy to give further details, but we shall give only one more contrast, which indeed crowns the whole, that in 1828 not one conversion had taken place, in 1857 nearly half the entire population of Mr. Buzacott's station, and, indeed, of the whole island, furnished clear evidences that they were new creatures in Christ Jesus; and having given themselves to Christ, had also become members of His church. We write most guardedly in stating that many hundreds of Rarotongan savages have joined the church of the Firstborn through the ministry of Mr. Buzacott. On one occasion, at a conference of church members, no less than 700 communicants assembled around the table of the Lord. Let the reader estimate the changes involved in all these contrasts, and he will not hesitate to acknowledge that, by the grace of God, Aaron Buzacott left behind him a memorial of work and worth, not often surpassed; and memories which excite only joy and grateful praise to Him, by whom all good is done in man and by man.

"*Servant of God, well done! They serve God well*
Who serve His creatures; when the funeral bell
Tolls for the dead, there's nothing left of all
That decks the 'scutcheon and the velvet pall,
Save this. The coronet is empty show;
The strength and loveliness are hid below.

The shifting wealth to others hath accrued ;
The learning cheers not the grave's solitude.
What's done is what remains. Ah! blessed they
Who have completed tasks of love to stay
And answer mutely for them, being dead,
Life was not purposeless, though life he fled."

MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LAST DAYS.

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them."—LUKE xxiv. 29.

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness thickens, Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh Thou who changest not, abide with me.

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

THE removal to the colder climate of New South Wales arrested for a while the progress of disease, and gave a happy evening to our friend's earthly life. The improvement in his health enabled him to visit all the principal towns in the colonies of New South Wales, South Australia, Victoria, Tasmania, and Queensland, on behalf of the London Missionary Society. In all these colonies his visits were hailed with

joy by the ministers and churches of all denominations; but more especially by those belonging to the Congregational and Presbyterian sections of the Catholic Church of Christ. His details of mission work, and his appeals on behalf of "those afar off," aroused a missionary spirit in many towns and churches which had hitherto taken no part in sending the good news of eternal life to the heathen, and quickened the liberality of all the friends of missions. When the Rev. W. Cuthbertson left Sydney, Mr. Buzacott was appointed to act as agent for the London Missionary Society. His knowledge of the whole South Sea Mission, and the confidence of all his brethren in his promptitude and careful attention to their requests, qualified him in an eminent degree for this important post. He continued to discharge its duties until the arrival of the Rev. John Graham, who, according to past custom, as pastor of Pitt Street church, became also the agent of the Society.

It would seem that Mr. Buzacott's zeal as agent tasked his strength more severely than he imagined. Moreover, he kept up to the last an extensive correspondence with his brethren and native evangelists in the islands, and with those numerous auxiliary societies which had been originated by his own efforts throughout the colonies. He was actively engaged in his Master's service till within two weeks of his death. A committee meeting, which had in consideration the appointment of a new missionary to Rarotonga, and which sat for many hours, produced great prostration. Severe spasms followed the next

day; from which, however, he gained relief on the 10th September, 1864. He went, accompanied by Mr. Royle, one of the missionaries of the Rarotongan Group, to Coogee, where he was always welcomed by his dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson. He had frequently derived great benefit from visits to that place, where he was wont to amuse himself for hours in fishing. On the present occasion, he went out in the boat, and seemed to feel much better. One day he spent some three hours on the rocks, and found, on his return, that he had caught a severe cold. Violent pains ensued. His friends became alarmed, and after the Sunday morning service, Mrs. Thompson brought Mrs. Buzacott to Coogee. But human love and medical skill could not arrest the progress of disease. Next day he was tenderly taken to his own home, and became so weary, that he said, "I will go to bed." He never again left his room. From this time he suffered very little pain, and gradually grew weaker. His tenderness to his beloved wife, and lively *gratitude* for all the kindnesses of his numerous friends, were very touching. Only once during his illness did he refer to secular affairs. Mr. Scott, a newly arrived missionary, called to see him. He shook hands, saying he was too weak to engage in conversation, and begged him to pray for him. Mrs. Irvine, the widow of a young missionary who had died in Sydney, on his passage to the mission field, Walter Buzacott (his nephew), and the servants, came in, and kneeled around the bed while Mr. Scott engaged in prayer.

When the others had retired, Walter stood by his bedside, and said inquiringly, "May I not stop, uncle?"

"Oh yes," he said; "sit down and look at me as long as you like."

In a few minutes he himself broke the silence by saying:—

> "'My faith would lay her hand
> On that dear head of thine,
> While like a penitent I stand,
> And there confess my sin.'

"Christ is my only hope, my only refuge. I have worked for many years, but there is sin mixed with it all. Nothing but Christ now."

His wife repeated, "Nothing but Christ now; simply to His cross I cling." When he said,

"That is it; *none* but Christ."

After a pause he said, as if in prayer, "If Thou choosest that I should pass away calmly, quickly, and free from pain, it is well; and if it be in struggling and paroxysms of pain, whichever is best, whichever is best." Looking at his nephew, he said, "The other day when I was at Coogee, and the pains were intense, and nipped me here [pressing his side with his hand], I felt as if I could not die like that. It was a moment of weakness, only a moment. It was wrong. I don't feel so now. God knows best; He is very good to me. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. He will never leave me nor forsake me."

On Thursday morning he was very low, and first spoke of death as near. He said, "I only fear the struggles and pains preceding death."

It was said, "Do not fear, you may not have any pains then; you know who has said 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

He replied, "I am praying that I may not experience them."

It was asked, "Are you not supported now equal to your need?"

He replied with emphasis, "Abundantly so; but I do not think it sinful thus to pray. You know Jesus prayed, 'If it be possible let this cup pass from me;' and I think I may do the same in submission to the Divine will; and Dr. Watts felt the same when he said,

> "'The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
> Fright our approaching souls away,
> And still we linger back to life,
> Fond of our prison and our clay.'

"But then," he added,

> "'Jesus can make a dying bed,
> Feel soft as downy pillows are.'"

An hour after this conversation, he said, with great animation and a loud voice, "It is all right now. I have no will but His; whether suffering or ease, life or death, I am content. I had been looking at my own strength instead of to the Rock of Ages." From this time no cloud obscured his vision.

"O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy holy will—
I will lie still,—
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm,
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest."

He said to his wife very lovingly, "I do not like to leave you to struggle on alone; yet, cheer up, it will not be long. Oh, I have many ties on earth;" and then, "I have all things and abound; not a wish of my heart ungratified;" meaning that his beloved wife would be sustained in her widowhood by the love and sympathy of their only son and daughter, who through the grace of God, were not only disciples of Christ, but also engaged in the same Master's service —his daughter having married the Rev. S. Creagh, missionary at Mare, and his son being a Congregational minister in London—separation could only be temporary; all must soon meet again in the better land.

He took leave of the Rev. T. Johnson (on whose ministry he had latterly attended, and of whose church he was a deacon), of Mr. Royle, and Mrs. Irvine, with much feeling.

When the Lord's-day dawned, his wife said, "This is Sabbath morning." She repeated the words,

"Sweet day of rest, for thee I wait," etc.

He asked, "Have you a hymn-book near, read the hymn,

"'Come let us join our friends above.'

"I have been thinking of it all night.

"'One family we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath;'"

and then he said,

"'Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.'"

During the Sabbath, he could say very little. On the Rev. W. Mills, and three of his fellow-deacons coming into his room, he looked lovingly and earnestly, but said he could not talk. Looking upward, he said, "We will talk it over up there, when I have more strength."

He dozed all the afternoon. It was thought he could not again rally; but the Rev. J. Graham coming in, he opened his eyes, and roused himself to listen to all he had to say. At the close of the interview, Mr. Graham said, "I am now going, my dear brother, to do as you have done, to invite sinners to come to Christ. Have you anything for which you would like us to pray? Shall we pray for your beloved people in Rarotonga?" He assented. "Have you any request to make?"

He replied, "I have two beloved ones, a son and a daughter, and my beloved wife here."

"What about them?" Mr. G. inquired.

"Remember them," was all he could say.

During Sunday night he was quiet and free from pain, except a short time when he breathed with difficulty. He seemed to be holding intercourse with

heaven. The words were uttered by one watching him, "Who can separate us from the love of Christ?" He said slowly and emphatically, "Echo answers, who?"

Mrs. Buzacott, being much exhausted, sought rest, saying that she would be with him again in a few hours. He kissed her, and said, "Go, and I hope you will sleep." She was so overcome by fatigue, that she did not awake until five next morning. On going to him, he threw his poor arms around her neck, and said, "God has given me support; He is very good. I have had a good night; Walter has been very attentive to me. I attribute it mostly to him that I have had a good night."

Mrs. Buzacott said, "I am so sorry I slept so long, but some one should have aroused me."

"Oh no," he said, "I gave strict orders that you should not be disturbed; I am so glad you have slept."

"The last night of his sojourn on earth was very memorable. Around his bed were gathered many dear friends and relatives. He was restless, and breathed hardly, but said he was easy and comfortable. About four o'clock in the morning, he held out his hands towards his wife, and said 'Help me.' Two persons were usually required to lift him up; but now, on taking his wife's hand, he raised himself up, and laid his head on her bosom, where he continued to lie for three hours, until he died. During this time he was quite conscious. Once, gazing at his beloved wife, he said, 'Wait a bit.' We understood him

to mean the separation would not be long. On asking him if he knew her, he said, 'Indeed I do.' His last words were, '*Christ is all in all.*'

"As the clock was striking seven, on the morning of September 20, 1864, his ransomed spirit took its flight to another and a better world. There was no struggling, no pain. He quietly breathed his soul away; and there he lay, calm and peaceful, having fallen asleep,

> "'So flies a summer cloud away,
> So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
> So gently shuts the eye of day,
> So dies a wave along the shore.'

Thus he passed away, and we all felt that it was a fitting close of an useful and holy life."

The Rev. T. Johnson and all who were present, bent before the throne of grace, and gave hearty thanks for His sustaining mercy unto Him, "with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity."

> "Happy soul! thy days are ended,
> All thy mourning days below;
> Go, by angel guards attended,
> To the throne of Jesus, go:
> Waiting to receive thy spirit,
> Lo! the Saviour stands above;
> Shows the purchase of his merit,
> Reaches out the crown of love."
>
> C. Wesley.

When it became known that Mr. Buzacott was dangerously ill, numerous and frequent inquiries were made at Melbourne Cottage about him. Amongst many friends, a stranger called, saying he could not refrain coming to tell Mrs. Buzacott that the first sermon he heard on board the "Camden," preached by Mr. Buzacott on the text, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," was made the means of his conversion. "From that day I have been trying to follow on to know the Lord."

The funeral took place on the 21st September. At half-past two o'clock the ministers and friends assembled at Melbourne Cottage. The Rev. S. Humphreys gave out the hymn, "Come let us join our friends above," etc. The Rev. Dr. Steel, Presbyterian Minister, read portions of Scripture, and the Rev. J. West offered prayer. The procession then moved to the Bourke Street Congregational Church, where the Rev. R. Hartley, Primitive Methodist, gave out the hymn, "Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims," etc. The Rev. Adam Thompson, Presbyterian, read several passages of Scripture. The Rev. H. Royle delivered a deeply affecting and loving address, and the Rev. W. Slatyer concluded with prayer. The funeral procession then proceeded to the Congregational burying ground in Devonshire Street.

Twenty-three ministers of the various denominations, five missionaries, two of whom, Mr. Pitman and Mr. Royle, were members of the Rarotongan mission, many of the leading men of the city, and a great number of personal friends composed the pro-

cession; and, at the grave, some hundreds had assembled to testify their esteem and love. The Rev. G. Hurst, Wesleyan, read the Scriptures, and the Rev. J. Graham gave a powerful and touching address from the words, "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." The Rev. S. C. Kent concluded with prayer.

On the following Sunday, funeral sermons were preached in a great many churches in Sydney and its suburbs, and warm and eloquent eulogies pronounced upon the worth and work of Aaron Buzacott. "*So He giveth his beloved sleep.*" (Ps. cxxvii. 2.)

"'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

"Then pass ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief,
Hope of new spring and endless home.

"Then cheerly to your work again,
With hearts new braced and set
To run, untir'd, love's blessed race,
As meet for those, who face to face
Over the grave their Lord have met."

KEBLE

CHAPTER XIX.

ENGLISH AND NATIVE ESTIMATE OF HIS WORK AND WORTH.

Dr. Livingstone, in his last work, entitled "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," gives the following description of the qualities required in a missionary for Central Africa. The preceding pages will enable the reader to judge how far they apply to the subject of this memoir. We may safely assert that what is wanted in Central Africa, is exactly that which has been most successfully done at Rarotonga.

"The qualities required in a missionary leader are not of the common kind. He ought to have physical and moral courage of the highest order, and a considerable amount of cultivation and energy, balanced by patient determination; and above all these, are necessary a calm Christian zeal and anxiety for the main spiritual results of his work. We repeat, that we are expressing no opinion about the qualifications of any individual; but we assert that not every one has this combination of power, and that a man who might be quite in his natural sphere in a quiet round of common duties as a minister of a town, or rural parish in

England, may be very much out of it as a missionary in Central Africa." (See page 572.)

Perhaps the severest test which can be applied to the life and labour of any man, is the judgment respecting him expressed by his brethren in toil, and trial, and reward. There must be a singular combination of good qualities in any man who gains the universal and emphatic approval of his brethren. It has therefore been thought advisable to let those who best knew Aaron Buzacott, give in their own words their estimate of his work and worth. In accordance with this view, the following letters have been selected out of very many which readily came to hand. Not one of them is written by a relative, or by any one whose judgment could be biased by any motive other than respect for his work and worth. From Rarotonga a great many letters were sent by the grateful and sorrowing natives. Only two of them, for the sake of brevity, and as samples, have been inserted; one from Makea, the chief, and the other from Maretu, the native pastor of the church at Ngatangiia. With the exception of the Rarotongan Group, only one letter has been given from each group of islands, for the same reason, and as fair samples of the rest. With one voice his brethren throughout the groups of islands, proclaim Aaron Buzacott as *the model missionary;* as having possessed that rare combination of qualities which enabled him to make savages feel and joyfully acknowledge that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." (1 Tim. iv. 8.) And

lest this unanimity of approval by his *brethren* should appear more kind than just, a letter from a *foreign resident* at Rarotonga, a gentleman who saw and studied him at home and in his work, has been inserted; as well as the critique which Captain Sir Edward Belcher, commander of an English exploring squadron sent out by our Government, has published in his "Narrative Round the World," vol. ii. p. 20. It should be added that his narrative proves that Captain Belcher was no friend to the missionary enterprise.

It is interesting to remember how this unanimous judgment was anticipated by one whose career will ever entitle his judgment to the respect of the Christian public—viz., John Williams—who, after examining the church built by Mr. Buzacott at Avarua, laid his hand on his shoulder, and with noble generosity exclaimed, "Barakoti, you have beaten us all." (See Chapter XVI.)

The reader will not fail to note the profoundness of the grief, and the anguish of the lamentations at Rarotonga, when the news of his death reached the island. "It was no common sorrow, but one deeply and universally felt."

Rarotonga, and the Rarotongan Bible, and Rarotongan evangelists, constitute his monument, while hundreds of saved souls are his crown and rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

No. 1.

From MAKEA, the present Chief of Rarotonga.

(*Translation.*)

RAROTONGA, *February* 1, 1865.

Dear Madam, — Mrs. Buzacott, my beloved friend, blessings on you from God in your separation from us in the body. Blessings on you in your deep affliction on account of the death of your good husband.

This is from Makea, who, with my wife and family, deeply sympathize with you. Great indeed is our grief and lamentations on your account. Great was the grief of our hearts when we read your letter; we read it through our tears as we thought of our father Barakoti, who instructed us in the word of God. Dear friend, we shall never forget Barakoti. It seems to us as if he and you were still together with us; but no, he is gone to his final resting-place, which is the heaven where God is. His was a happy death; and it is our desire that we may all meet in heaven, then we shall be happy for ever and ever. Alas! alas! alas! alas! dear friend, it is then true your companion is taken from you. How mysterious are God's dealings with the children of men! May your heart cleave to Christ, that you may again meet your husband who has gone before.

Dear friend, the whole of the population have gone into mourning for Barakoti; we are still wearing it; it is universal. All the chapels are in mourning.

The pulpit at Avarua is covered with black, and the galleries with white tapa, on which is printed our lamentations for Barakoti.

Dear friend, cast all your care on God. He will console you in all your afflictions. We pray for you continually that He may comfort you in your trials. This is all I have to say. Blessings on you.

From MAKEA.

No. 2.

From MARETU, Native Pastor of Ngatangiia, Rarotonga.

RAROTONGA, *January* 31, 1865.

To Mrs. Buzacott,—To you, my dear friend, I write these few lines. Blessings on you through Christ, the Mesia.

I have only *words of sympathy* to send you, my dear friend, on the occasion of your husband's death (alluding to the native custom of taking presents to the bereaved). Barakoti died in Christ. He is now happy, and resting from all his indefatigable labours. He is happy. He has seen his Lord. Let us walk in his footsteps.

Dear friend, may your God and your husband's God be with you. May Jesus comfort you in your affliction. May the God of almighty power strengthen you as He used to do when you laboured together in Rarotonga. May He bless your past united efforts amongst us. Barakoti has left his impress or likeness

so that all Rarotonga can look at it. Our former missionaries are never forgotten in the prayers of the church. Barakoti's name and Pitimani's name are always on the tongues of the people when exhorting others to do rightly; and now Barakoti has been sent for to come and dwell with his Lord.

Be encouraged, dear friend. Cast all your care on Christ. He will sustain you until He comes to take you also. This is all I have to say to you, my mother. My wife sympathizes deeply, but has nothing to send now, she being unable to do any work. Blessings on you. From MARETU.

Nos. 3, 4.

Extracts from Letters by the Rev. E. KRAUSE and Mrs. KRAUSE, the present Missionaries of Rarotonga.

RAROTONGA, *January* 30, 1865.

My dear Mrs. Buzacott,—We heard the sad tidings more than a week ago from Mangaia, and we sympathize deeply with you. What can a poor worm as I am say to you? You know where to go, and our dear Lord and Saviour will comfort you in your sore affliction; and our prayers, and the prayers of his and your poor people will be heard and answered.

When we heard the sad tidings, Mr. K. sent for our deacons, and told them that their father and teacher was gone home to the realms of peace, where he will get his great reward. The lamentations were so great and so deep—it was not the natives' usual

waii, no, but a deep-felt sorrow. Mr. K. then sent to all the other stations, and now the whole land is in deep mourning. Our church is quite overhung, and dear Mr. Buzacott's name written all over. If I could love our people more than I do, I would have done so on this occasion, because I saw that they can be grateful and affectionate. Yours and dear Mr. Buzacott's memory will be always in the hearts of this people, and, I may say, in ours also. We have only to look around to see your hard work here. On the day of the funeral sermon, the people were quite overcome, and my poor husband also. There was a great sorrow. We shall soon have a monument erected for him in our churchyard; *but Rarotonga's prosperity is his monument.* May our Lord comfort and sustain, is the prayer of your sympathizing and afflicted friend,

MINA KRAUSE.

RAROTONGA, *February* 6, 1865.

Dear Mrs. Buzacott,—We felt deeply grieved on hearing of the death of your dear husband. We had hoped to have had the pleasure of seeing him again here in Rarotonga, but now we are disappointed. I at once sent messengers all round the island to inform the people. We have resolved to erect a monument to his memory, with the assistance of the church members. They will procure the stone, and the students of the institution will make it. It will take us some time to finish it. I send you a rough sketch. The base is to be three or four massive blocks of rock, out of which will rise a thick column, against which a

shield will lean, bearing a proper inscription. On the top of the column will be a Bible (in stone), suitable in size to the monument. I have to consult my ability, and the material we can get, and we now find a monument can be made of it. I think it will meet your approval. We will do our best, and spare no labour.—I am, yours faithfully,

E. KRAUSE.

No. 5.

From P. E. H., a foreigner, resident on Rarotonga, which indicates the estimation in which foreigners held the character and labours of Mr. Buzacott.

RAROTONGA, *February* 1, 1865.

My dear Friend,—Your letter, dated October 6th, 1864, came duly to hand, when I heard for the second time of the death of Mr. Buzacott, my dear and valued friend. We had heard of the melancholy circumstances about a fortnight before. The whole of the inhabitants, natives and foreigners, who knew him, strove to unite in showing the last mark of respect towards our friend.

But when we came to reflect on the deportment of Mr. Buzacott, his delight in doing good, his repugnance to anything that seemed to differ from truth, his perseverance in overcoming obstacles; if he only thought there was any good beyond, he would combat all difficulties until he arrived by the side of that good; and not from any selfish motives, but that the world might be benefited. Enough for him that he had

done what was right—he had pleased God, and benefited his fellow-creatures.

We who knew him know that he possessed those graces which make the Christian shine bright. I have known many a good man, but one so devoted to his profession I never saw his equal. As we valued him here, let us strive to follow him to that place where we shall no more mourn the ravages of death, but justified through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, shall join in one eternal joy in the presence of our God and Saviour.—I remain, with all respect, your faithful friend, P. E. H.

To Mrs. Buzacott.

No. 6.

Estimate by Captain Sir Edward Belcher, in his "Narrative of a Voyage round the World," (1840). Vol. ii. p. 22.

"It is pleasing to witness the influence Mr. Buzacott has acquired, not the servile fear of the Sandwich Islanders, but an honest warm-hearted attachment. He is a pattern for missionaries. Such men by their labours improve all around them. They prove their superiority by their ability to instruct others, and they leave behind them lasting monuments of their utility, in the increased civilization and happiness of their people.

"From constant association in their labours, they acquire a desire to progress, and I have little doubt that this island will hereafter produce valuable results

in many others. They have now three missionary stations, but I fear they have not three Buzacotts." (See also page 214 in this memoir.)

No. 7.

From the Rev. HENRY ROYLE, Missionary at Aitutaki, who was on a visit to Sydney, at the time of Mr. Buzacott's death.

MELBOURNE COTTAGE, *September* 20, 1864.

My dear Aaron,—I address you from a peculiarly sacred stand-point—from the bedside on which lies, stretched cold in death, the remains of your dear and honoured father, and my warm and constant and faithful friend and brother; and oh, such a death as extorted from me an agonized wish, "Let me die the death of this righteous brother, and let my last end be like his." His was a sublime death, a fitting sequel to the sublime life he had lived. He lived for Christ; for him to die was eternal gain. Your dear mother, I know, has kept you carefully cognizant of his precarious health. He had laid himself a sacrifice on the altar of his God, and in the promotion of his glory that sacred fire had been consumed;—seeing, and rightly feeling that he had consummated one of the noblest works in which the highest powers of thought and reason could be employed. Behold! the time of his departure was at hand, and on that last issue he steadfastly fixed his unfaltering eye, and awaited calmly the last complaisant command of his adorable Redeemer, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into

the joy of thy Lord." To have had a father that has given to a nation of savages the holy oracles of God in their own tongue, by which they have been elevated from the lowest type of degradation, to an elevated Christian manhood; to have stood at the very head-spring of an influence that has brought out 180 educated young men and women, that have gone out with their lives in their hands as evangelists to the Samoan, the Hebrides, and Loyalty Groups, besides heavy miscellaneous missionary labours, extending over a space of thirty years—should make you feel honoured that you are the son of such a worthy sire; and give God thanks for the gifts and graces bestowed in life, and for the glory to which He has now taken him on high. I saw him die. In the silence of the night I was summoned from my slumber to his dying couch. Oh it was good to be there. Your amiable and pious young cousin, Walter Buzacott, whispered to me, "Do you think uncle is dying?" It was too evident to be concealed; he was firmly grasped in mortal conflict with death—man's last enemy. And oh, I witnessed too his saintly triumphs, placid and calm in countenance, which also mirrored forth the calm that reigned within; pillowing his heavy head on the bosom of your dear mother, she asked him, "Do you know us?" he replied, "Indeed I do." She then asked for a word, repeating herself some verses; he whispered, "Christ is all in all." The lustre of his eyes now grew dim; the death rattle in the throat commenced; the vital pulsations ceased to beat; he stretched himself upon his couch; the soul, rejoicing in

her new-born freedom from flesh and sense, mounted in the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof, and sped her glad flight to realms of bliss, to the bosom of her God, to dwell for ever in the sun bursts of his favour, while eternal ages shall roll on. Oh my dear Aaron, follow the footprints of your sire, attentively consider the end of his holy conversation, and imitate his steadfast faith, the only object of which was Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. God bless you, my young friend, and may He abundantly prosper your ministerial efforts. Your dear mother will communicate all particulars next mail.—I am ever your attached friend, HENRY ROYLE.

To Rev. A. Buzacott, B.A.

This letter and another from the Rev. Thomas Johnson are addressed to his son, who yields to strong persuasion in their publication. It is just that the reader should know how his brothers in the Rarotongan Group esteemed the subject of this memoir. When the reader is informed that Aaron Buzacott, junior, acted as interpreter and translator to Mr. Royle at Aitutaki, on his first settlement at his station, he will easily understand the kindly feeling expressed by the writer.

No. 8.

From the Rev. WILLIAM WYATT GILL, Missionary at Mangaia, Rarotongan Group.

MANGAIA, *January* 17, 1865.

My dear Mrs. Buzacott,—An hour or two ago,

we heard with deep astonishment and grief that God has been pleased to take to Himself your beloved husband. Can it be true? When, and how did it happen? What a feeling of utter loneliness and sorrow must be yours. The Lord sustain you in this terrible shock, dear and honoured friend. Be assured of our most deep-felt sympathy. The natives, too, feel the stroke as deeply as their natures will permit them. A profound and universal grief reigns throughout our churches for one so honoured of God, and so useful to his fellow-men. Though dead, his works speak of his gentleness, his humility, his unwearied perseverance in his Master's work, his entire consecration of himself to the good, spiritual and temporal, of the natives of these seas. His translation of the Rarotongan Bible, in connection with our friend Mr. Pitman, is enough to claim for him a high place in heaven's roll of worthies.

Unborn generations will be the better for it. Though passed away from our midst, we daily sing the hymns he wrote, and teach the books he printed for us. Though his tongue be silent, scores that he trained for the ministry in the islands, are continually proclaiming the words of life.

I can say of your dear husband what can be said of very few—I never heard him speak an unkind word that might injure the reputation of a brother, or wound the feelings of a friend. And yet it was impossible to be in his company without catching the contagion of his good humour and genial wit.

But for him, as you are aware, I should never have

seen the South Seas. He has gone to his rest and reward in heaven; to meet the many who through his direct or indirect labours have been led to Christ, and who have preceded him to the world of bliss. His name will long be fragrant on earth. May his mantle fall upon those who are permitted to carry on the noble work of evangelization, which he and others were permitted to commence. God grant to us all a happy meeting at last, with our poor people who so largely shared his sympathies and prayers, around the great white throne. Like him, may we who yet linger in the field hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

An unanswered letter from your husband lies before me, it is dated March 24th ult., *now* there is no need to refer to the various points of that letter. The Lord bless you and comfort you in your affliction; may He prove indeed to be the husband of the widow.

Mrs. Gill will send you a line.—I remain, my dear Mrs. Buzacott, yours very truly,

Mrs. Buzacott. WILLIAM WYATT GILL.

No. 9.

From the venerable Rev. GEORGE PLATT, Missionary at Raiatea, Society Islands.

RAIATEA, *January* 6, 1865.

My dear Mrs. Buzacott,—I received on the 3rd instant your letter informing me of your great loss; but, I hope, of Mr. Buzacott's unspeakable gain. You weep, not as those without hope. Yet you feel

your loss. Cheer up; there is a Comforter. You have been permitted to travel together a long time in the way to cheer and comfort each other, to labour together for the salvation of souls, and ere long will be united in the rest and reward. You will be very solitary for a while, but you have a throne of grace to fly to. When lonely thoughts intrude, there is one on that throne can throw light into the gloom. Recollect one promise, and who it is for—"All things work together for good to them who love the Lord," etc.

Mr. Buzacott was a man I loved and respected for his work, and activity in it. After he joined the mission, I soon felt attached to him—I soon perceived he was the right man for the work in which he was engaged. Kind and affable to the people, he soon won their regard, and showed that he was the man adapted to instruct the unlettered, untutored, and ignorant heathen. His talents were so versatile. He could and did show himself able to instruct the people in the momentous concerns of their souls, but also to promote the comfort and welfare of their bodies, and to improve their habitations. To improve their minds, he gave the language a written form, taught the children and adults the alphabet, made school-books, and taught them to read, and also to write on rocky slates with pencils of fish spines. From writing and printing of school-books he rose to the translation of the Scriptures. In the lecture-room, he gathered his improved pupils. He taught them to build great houses. Last, and not least, he did what Mr. Williams said no body could do—teach the Rarotongans to sing, which

Brother Williams had said was impossible. On one of my visits, I was delighted with the singing in public worship. I could scarcely recognize the same people.* Since he retired from the field, I find he has been very active, as usual, in voyaging and travelling for the Society, and has collected considerable sums for it. His work is done, he is gone to his rest. "Well done, good and faithful servant," etc.

Now he is gone, and I am left almost alone. All of our date are either dead or have left the mission. All the faithful have received, or soon will receive, their reward. Our turn will come, whether ready or not ready. Let us be ready, with loins girt and lamps burning, waiting to hear the Master's summons. In all your troubles and lonely moments, look up, and think the time is short. My sister joins in love to you, and may the great Comforter comfort you and hold you up.—I remain, with kind regards, your humble servant,

GEORGE PLATT.

* Mr. Buzacott was distinguished for his love of music. He took with him a flute when he first went to the islands, but he soon found that he required a different kind of instrument, one which he could play whilst he led with his voice in the singing-classes, and in family worship. There being very few opportunities of getting musical instruments from Sydney or England, he took some natives to the mountains, cut down a suitable tree, took it home, and out of it made a bass viol, which was of great service for many years.

The Rarotongan Hymn-Book, which had gone through three or four editions, increasing and improving, contained at length 279 hymns, 204 of which were his own composition. He delighted to sit down at the harmonium or piano, and play the various favourite psalm tunes and chants with which he had made his people familiar.

No. 10.

From the Rev. G. Pratt, the learned Missionary of Matautu, Samoa.

Matautu, *January* 18, 1865.

My dear Sister,—Alas! for the model missionary is gone! Alas for you, for you will have to finish your journey alone. And how much of that journey remains? Safely may you say, Yet a little, little while, and He that shall come will come. Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus.

You knew his many excellences, but you may be pleased to know the estimate formed of him by his brethren. For a long time I have been in the habit of pointing to him as the model missionary. His very varied talents, and his untiring trading with them, are not surpassed; and, as I think, are not equalled by any Polynesian missionary of whom we know anything. Such a peaceful end is just what might have been expected. Blessed are the dead, etc. Would you call him back? No! I know you wouldn't. Rather you will be content to walk on for a little while in your solitary path, cheered by the hope of meeting in your Father's house, to go no more out for ever. Cheer up, sister, the night is far spent, the day is at hand, and now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

All unite in kind sympathy.—Your affectionate brother, G. Pratt.

No. II.

From the Rev. JOHN INGLIS, Missionary at Aneityum, New Hebrides.

ANEITYUM, NEW HEBRIDES,
November 23, 1864.

My dear Mrs. Buzacott,—We have just received the mournful intelligence that you have lost the society on earth of your venerated and beloved husband. He has gone, as we trust, to his rest and his reward. You mourn, but he rejoices. He has received the cheering welcome of, Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

Ever since I read Williams's "Missionary Enterprises," when the book was first published, Rarotonga and Mr. Buzacott have been familiar to my ear as household words; and the more I read and heard of Mr. Buzacott, my respect and esteem for him increased, till my felicity in this respect was completed when I met with him in Sydney last year, and had such delightful intercourse with him face to face. We always regarded Mr. Buzacott as a model missionary. He was eminently successful in all departments of missionary labour, and he was happy in securing the esteem of all his brethren in the mission field, of his fellow-countrymen sailing in these seas or sojourneying among these islands, while he was beloved, and esteemed, and honoured by the natives. He has lived a long, a useful, and an honoured life, and in His own good time the Master has removed him to the upper

sanctuary, to take a part in those songs in which he felt such enjoyment on earth. You have lost your earthly husband, the guide of your youth, a loss irreparable on earth; but you can now plead a class of promises to which hitherto you could lay no claim—"Thy Maker is thy Husband. The Lord of Hosts is His name."

I enclose a minute passed at our meeting to-day. We feel our own loss as a mission. A wise counsellor and a faithful worker has been taken away. Mrs. Inglis unites with me in sincere sympathy and affectionate regards.—I remain, my dear Mrs. Buzacott, yours very sincerely,

JOHN INGLIS.

ANEITYUM, NEW HEBRIDES,
November 23, 1864.

"At a meeting of the New Hebrides Mission held here this day—present, Rev. Messrs. Inglis, Copeland, M'Cullagh, Ella, and Captain Fraser; Mr. Inglis in the chair, *inter alia*, it was resolved,

"That, We have just heard with deep regret of the death of our venerated father, the Rev. A. Buzacott. He has acted as agent for this mission for the last three years; he was eminently kind and courteous to all connected with the mission; he did all in his power to meet their wishes and to promote their interests, and, as far as in him lay, sought to benefit this mission. His high Christian character, and his marked success as a missionary, have been long known to the Christian public. We sincerely sympathize

with his widow and family in their afflictive bereavement, and earnestly commend them to Him who comforteth the mourners.

"That the chairman be instructed to forward a copy of this resolution to Mrs. Buzacott.

"JOHN INGLIS, *Chairman*."

No. 12.

From the Rev. THOMAS JOHNSON, Minister of the Congregational Church, Surry Hills, Sydney, whose ministry Mr. Buzacott attended latterly, and in whose church he filled the office of Deacon. It is given to record the estimation in which he was held, not only in Sydney, but throughout the Colonies.

371, BOURKE STREET, SURRY HILLS,
September 22, 1864.

My dear Sir,—Though unknown to you, except as you may have heard of me through your friends, yet I knew and loved your honoured father, and that must be my apology for writing you at this time. It is surprising how near we may be to some great grief, some crushing calamity, and yet be all unconscious of its presence. The same post that conveys this to you will also convey other communications, all bearing upon the same subject. To you it will be inexpressibly sad to learn that your honoured and much-loved father has passed from our midst. He exchanged earth for heaven at seven a.m., on the 20th instant. He had long been waiting for his Master's call, there-

fore death did not take him by surprise. "There is rest for the weary;" and after a long and toilsome life, he has ceased from his labours, and has entered into the joy of his Lord. Other friends will probably give you the details of his short illness, all I need say, therefore, is, that his death became his life. It was a fitting close to his useful career. He calmly and quietly fell asleep in Jesus, without a doubt or a fear, in simple reliance upon the atonement, and with assured hope in the mercy promised to our fathers. As we watched the struggles of expiring nature, we felt the truth of the poet's words—"The chamber where a good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life, close on the verge of heaven."

Yesterday devout men carried him to his burial; but all felt it would be out of place to make lamentation over him. Twenty-three ministers, and five missionaries, of different denominations, and a large concourse of people, attended his funeral. Your mother, who feels the trial greatly, is yet calm and happy. She is comforted concerning him, and would not have him back again if she could. He will not return to her, but she, ere long, will go to him. For more than thirty years I have cherished a great respect for him, loving him for his works' sake. But I account it one of the greatest felicities of my life that I have been brought into such close connection with him. Ever since we met, he has been my kind and generous, my firm and fast, friend. He was more to me than a brother. Alas! my Father, he is gone. He was to me a wise and judicious adviser—too prudent

to offend, too gentle to wound, too amiable not to love. I have known him very intimately for the last three years. I have seen him in public and in private, at home and from home, but I never saw him do a thing, or heard him utter a word, which would have been out of place to have said or done the last hour of his life, or when going to the judgment-seat of God.

I cannot but congratulate you, my dear sir, on being the son of such a father. I can bear my testimony to the affectionate interest he ever felt in your behalf, and the many and earnest prayers he addressed to heaven for your success and comfort in your work. Shortly before he died, he said, "I have two beloved ones, a son and a daughter—*pray for them.*" Indeed, no name is more revered, and no man that I have known in these colonies has been more loved and respected than *Aaron Buzacott.*

We saw him enter the cloud, we saw the great darkness gradually thickening upon him; but the cloud is dispersed, the darkness has passed away. He is now, I doubt not, in the clear and cloudless light of heaven. Absent from the body, he is present with the Lord. For him to live was Christ, therefore to die was gain. As your father's pastor and friend, I cannot wish for you, his son, a more honoured or useful career, or a more satisfactory close, than was his.

Be ye therefore followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.—I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

THOMAS JOHNSON.

Rev. A. Buzacott, B.A.

No. 13.

From the Rev. ARTHUR TIDMAN, D.D., Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society.

LONDON, *November* 26, 1864.

Dear Mrs. Buzacott,—Having received no previous intimation that your beloved husband had been suffering from any *serious* ailment, I was greatly surprised to receive Mr. Graham's letter with the affecting announcement of his decease. The event must, I am sure, have fallen upon you with most oppressive weight, and I deeply sympathize with you under the sorrowful bereavement. But how acutely soever you may feel the stroke, it has been evidently attended with many alleviations. After a life of honourable toil in the service of his gracious Master, your beloved husband was enabled on his bed of death, to bear testimony before many witnesses that, in the full prospect of putting off this mortal, and putting on immortality, he possessed a peace and holy confidence which passed all understanding. As during life moreover, our dear brother enjoyed the esteem and affection not only of his fellow-labourers on missionary ground, but of all who knew him; so, when the last sad rites were to be paid to his memory, multitudes pressed around the grave to testify their high appreciation of the character and Christian labours of your excellent husband. When the first emotions of sorrow, which such a loss is calculated to inspire, have been modified by time, it will become a source of sacred delight to you and to your children, to recall the scenes of the

family circle in which he who is now gone to his rest formed so prominent a figure, and to think of those who have been saved and blest through his labours, many of whom are now bowing with him before the throne, hymning the Redeemer's praise.

With every assurance of Christian esteem and sympathy, I remain, dear Mrs. Buzacott, yours very truly, ARTHUR TIDMAN.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—Prov. x. 7.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

May the spirit of Aaron Buzacott descend upon all who henceforth consecrate themselves to the work of Christ amongst the heathen. Variety of talents and labour, zeal tempered by prudence, patient continuance in well-doing, and the strong tender love for souls such as distinguished the subject of this memoir, will lead to similar successes, will cause new islands and new nations to see the light, and to share in the glory of being born sons of God by faith in Jesus Christ, and by the energy of the Holy Ghost.

"Ye, who your Lord's commission bear,
His way of mercy to prepare:
Angels He calls ye: be your strife
To lead on earth an angel's life!

"Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
Start up, and ply your heavenward feet.
Is not God's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed;
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your Master's midnight call.

"On, champions blest, in Jesus' name,
Short be your strife, your triumph full,
Till every heart have caught your flame,
And, lightened of the world's misrule,
Ye soar, those elder saints to meet,
Gathered long since at Jesus' feet;
No world of passions to destroy;
Your prayers and struggles o'er, your task
all praise and joy."

KEBLE.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

A COMPLETE LIST OF DISEASES PREVALENT IN THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

The list has been kindly supplied by the Rev. George Gill, a returned Missionary from the Rarotongan Group (the native names vary in each group), and has been carefully revised by Dr. R. Bennett, an eminent London physician.

Native Names.	*English Names.*
No te Mimiti.	Relating to the Head.
Pakaoa	Sick headache.
Rorongaa	Cephalalgia, from disease of the brain.
Neneva.....	Imbecility and lunacy.
Matapoto	Vertigo, epilepsy, apoplexy.

No te Mata.	Eyes, etc.
Matapirau.....	Lippitudo, purulent ophthalmia.
Matakana.....	Conjunctivitis.
Kovi.....	Cataract.
Tona	Stye.
Matapo.....	Ophthalmia, amaurosis, blindness.

No te Butaiu.	Nose, etc.
Upē	Ozœna, fetid discharge.

Native Names.	*English Names.*
No te Vaa.	Mouth, etc.
Keaunga	Thrush.
Niongaa	Decayed teeth.
Niopopo	Decayed and foul teeth.
Kikotupu	Gum-boil.
Tuitanga	Hare lip.

No te Karaponga.	Throat, etc.
Mare	General name for coughs.
Nga	Asthmatic cough.
Keaputa	Thrush severe, ulcerated sore throat.

No te Rima.	Hand, etc.
Tona*	Scrofula.
Kovi.....	Lepra, psoriasis (ringworm).
Eé.....	Boils, pimples.
Katikatiivi	Rheumatism.

No te Taringa.	Ears, etc.
Taringaturi	General term for deafness.

No te Kaki.	Neck, etc.
Táapú	Glandular swellings.
Ditto	Mumps.

No te Ate.	Chest, Lungs, etc.
Otui ate ..... } Maki maro ..... }	Consumption.
Keakai ate	Tubercular disease.
Atekea.....	Inflammation of chest.
Ruakitoto.....	Hoemoptysis, spitting and vomiting blood.

* See Note at end of Appendix.

Native Names.	*English Names.*
No te Manava.	Stomach, etc.
Keamanava	Indigestion, or foul stomach.
Katikatimanava	Gastralgia.
Kokomanava	Spasms, colic.
Atekereia.....	Black vomit.

No te Mokotua.	Back, Spine, etc.
Tuaati	Broken or fractured spine.
Tuapuku	Humpback, deformed spine.

No te Mīmī.	Bladder, etc.
Mimivae	Watery and hysterical urine.
Mimitoto	Hoematuria (urine with blood).
Mimitae	Incontinence of urine.
Mimitapou	Thick chalky urine.
Mimitaturi	Disease of the kidneys.
Tira	Disease of penis.
Tona*	Syphilis.

No te Rao.	Terms for various forms of Hydrocele, and diseases of the Scrotum.
Raotoro	Hydrocele large and full.
Raomoa	Hydrocele and ulcerations.
Raotoka	Hydrocele cystata, hardened.

No te Kona.	Bowels, etc.
Opi	Bowel complaints generally.
Opitapou	Chalky concretions.
Opitatua	Griping of the bowels.
Opitae	Diarrhœa.
Opitoka	Constipation.
Eketoto	Dysentery.
Tutaetumu	Ditto.

* See Note at end of Appendix.

Native Names.	*English Names.*
No te Tapa.	Thigh, etc.
Kauki	Sciatica.
Mariri anga i te po	Swelling and aedema of the thigh, resulting from intermittent fever.
Mariri anga i te ao	
Táapú	Abscess.

No te Vaevae.	Feet, etc.
Ekéeke	Elephantiasis lepra.
Ngungu	Lameness.
Kovi	Lepra.
Tona*	Ulcerations, sore leg.
Katikatiivi	Rheumatism.
Búuki	Sore feet, throbbing and swollen.
Akatako	Large black varicose veins.
Uauamotu	Varicose veins.
Uti	Tetanus.

* Tona means a scab, and is a general term for various kinds of sores or ulcers. It is given to a stye on the eye; to scrofula on the hand, or on the leg, or on the feet. It is also the usual name for syphilis, which affects the natives in the same way as it does in England, and all other countries. The natives were wont to use powdered charcoal for the sores, and this treatment has sometimes affected a cure. Of course the venereal disease has been aggravated by foreign contact. In heathen times the disease was often supposed to be brought on by incantations. "Kia tona ia koe"—"May you have the tona,"—was then regarded as a terrible curse, the natives firmly believing that the disease always followed the curse.

N.B.—In 1848 the hooping-cough, and in 1854 the measles, were introduced into the islands.

HARRILD, PRINTER, LONDON.

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 01039 1821